THE WORKS OF

PETER PINDAR, Esq[R].

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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AN

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

ODE UPON ODE.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est. 

The Bard whose verse can charm the best of Kings,
Performeth *most extraordinary* things!

THE ARGUMENT.

Peter nobly acknowledgeth error, ſuſpecteth an interfering Devil, and ſupplicateth his Reader—He boaſteth, wittily parodieth, and moſt learnedly quoteth a Latin Poet—He ſhoweth much affection for Kings, illuſtrating it by a beautiful ſimile—Peter again waxeth witty—Reſolution declared for rhyme in conſequence of encouragement from our two Universities—Peter wickedly accuſed of King-roaſting; refuteth the malevolent charge by a moſt apt illuſtration—Peter criticiſeth the blunders of the ſtars—Peter replieth to the charges brought againſt him by the World—He diſplayeth great Bible knowledge, and maketh a ſhrewd obſervation on King David, Uriah, and the Sheep, ſuch as no Commentator ever made before—Peter challengeth Courtiers to equal his intrepidity, and proveth his ſuperiority of courage by giving a delectable tale of Dumplings—Peter anſwereth the unbelief of a vociferous World—Declareth *totis viribus* love for Kings—Peter peepeth into Futurity, and telleth the fortune of the Prince of Wales—He deſcanteth on the high province of ancient Poets, and diſplayeth claſſical erudition—Peter holdeth conference with a Quaker—Peter, as uſual, turneth rank *Egotiſt*—He telleth ſtrange news relating to Majesty and Pepper Arden—Peter apologiſeth for impudence, by a tale of a French King—Peter, imitating Ovid, who was tranſported for his impudent Ballads, talketh to his Ode—Suggeſteth a royal anſwer to Odes and Ode-factors—Happily ſelecteth a ſtory of King Canute, illuſtrating the danger of ſtopping the mouths of Poets with halters, &c. inſtead of meat—Peter concludeth with a wiſe obſervation.

AN

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

ODE UPON ODE.

READER, I solemnly protest
  I thought that I had work'd up all my rhyme!
What stupid demon hath my brain possess'd?
  I prithee, pardon me this time:

Afford thy patience through more Ode;
'Tis not a vast extent of road:
  Together let us gallop then along:
Most nimbly shall old Pegasus, my hack, stir.
  To drop the image—prithee hear more song,
Some '*more last words of Mr. Baxter.*'

A wond'rous fav'rite with the tuneful throng,
Sublimely great are PETER's pow'rs of song:
His nerve of satire, too, so very tough,
Strong without weakness, without softness rough.

What Horace ſaid of ſtreams in eaſy lay,
The marv'ling World of Peter's tongue may ſay;
His tongue, ſo copious in a flux of metre,
"Labitur et labetur!"

ODE.



WORLD! ftop thy mouth—I am refolv'd to rhyme—
I cannot throw away a vein fublime:
  If I may take the liberty to brag;
I cannot, like the fellow in the Bible,
Venting upon his mafter a rank libel,
  Conceal my talent in a *rag:*
Kings muft continue ftill to be my theme—
    Eternally of Kings I dream:

As beggars ev'ry night, we muft fuppofe,
  Dream of their vermin, in their beds;
Becaufe, as ev'ry body knows,
  Such *things* are always *running* in their heads.

Befides—were I to write of *common* folks,
No foul would buy my rhymes fo ftrange, and jokes:
Then what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork?
How would my mafticating mufcles work?

Indeed, I dare not ſay they would be idle;
   But, like my Pegaſus's chaps, ſo ſtout,
Who plays and wantons with his bridle,
   And nobly flings the foam about,

So mine would work—"On what?" my reader cries,
With a ſtretch'd pair of unbelieving eyes—
Heav'n help thy moſt unpenetrating wit!
On a *hard* morſel—Hunger's iron bit.

By all the rhyming goddeſſes and gods
I will—I *muſt*, perſiſt in Odes;
   And not a pow'r on earth ſhall hinder:
I hear both * Univerſities exclaim,
" Peter, it is a glorious road to fame;
   " *Euge Poeta magne*—well ſaid, Pindar!"

Yet ſome approach with apoſtolic face,
And cry, " O Peter, what a want of grace

" Thus

* The violence of the Univerſities on this occaſion may probably ariſe from the contempt thrown on them by his Majeſty's ſending the Royal Children to Gottingen for education; but have not their Majſties amply made it up to Oxford, by a viſit to that celebrated ſeminary? and is not Cambridge to receive the ſame honour?

"Thus in thy rhyme to roaſt a King!"
I roaſt a King! by heav'ns 'tis not a fact—
I ſcorn ſuch wicked and diſloyal act:
Who dares aſſert it, ſays a ſland'rous thing.

Hear what I have to ſay of Kings:
If, unſublime, they deal in childiſh things,
And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope;
Each mighty Monarch ſtrait appears to *me*
A roaſter of *himſelf—Felo de ſe*;
I only act as Cook, and *diſh him up*.

Reader! another ſimile as rare:
My verſes form a ſort of bill of fare,
Informing gueſts what kind of fleſh and fiſh
Is to be found within each diſh;
That eating people may not be miſtaken,
And take, for ortolan, a lump of bacon.

Whenever I have heard of Kings
Who place in goſſipings, and news, their pride,
And knowing family concerns—mean things!
Very judiciouſly, indeed, I've cry'd,
"I wonder
"How their blind ſtars could make ſo groſs a blunder!"

" Inftead of fitting on a throne
  " In purple rich—of ftate fo full,
" They fhould have had an apron on,
  " And, feated on a three-legg'd ftool,
" Commanded, of dead hair, the fprigs
  " To do their duty upon wigs.

" By fuch miftakes, is Nature often foil'd:
  " Such improprieties fhould never fpring—
" Thus a fine chattering *barber* may be fpoil'd,
  " To make a moft indiff'rent *King*."

" Sir, Sir, (I hear the world exclaim)
  " At too high game you impudently aim.
" How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,
  " Tread, like a horfe, on kingly kibes?"

Folks who can't fee their errors, can't *reform*:
  No plainer axiom ever came from man;
And 'tis a Chriftian's duty, in a ftorm,
  To fave his finking neighbour, if he can:
Thus *I* to Kings my Ode of Wifdom pen,
Becaufe your Kings have fouls like *common men*.

The

The Bible warrants me to ſpeak the truth;
Nor mealy-mouth'd my tongue in ſilence keep:
Did not good NATHAN tell that buckiſh youth,
DAVID the KING, that he ſtole ſheep?

Stole poor URIAH's little fav'rite lamb—
An ewe it chanc'd to be, and not a ram;
For had it been a ram, the royal glutton
Had never meddled with URIAH's mutton.

What *modern* Courtier, pray, hath got the face
To ſay to Majeſty, "O King!
"At *ſuch* a time, in *ſuch* a place,
"You did a very fooliſh thing?"
What Courtier, not a foe to his own glory,
Would publiſh of his King this ſimple ſtory?

THE

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.



ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tir'd with hooping,
Whipping and ſpurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceleſs, harmleſs buck,
(The horſe and rider wet as muck,)
From his high conſequence and wiſdom ſtooping,
Enter'd, through curioſity, a cot,
Where ſat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-ey'd, good, old GRANNY,
In this ſame cot, illum'd by many a cranny,
Had finiſh'd apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When, lo! the MONARCH, in his uſual way,
Like lightning ſpoke, "What's this? what's this?
"what? what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did Majeſty the dumpling grapple:

'Tis

" 'Tis monſtrous, monſtrous hard indeed," he cry'd:
" What makes it, pray, ſo hard?"—The Dame reply'd,
Low curtſying, " Pleaſe your Majeſty, the apple."

" Very aſtoniſhing indeed!—ſtrange thing!"
(Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the King.)
" 'Tis moſt extraordinary then, all this is—
" It beats * Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces—
" Strange I ſhould never of a dumpling dream!
" But, Goody, tell me where, where, where's the ſeam?"

" Sir, there's no ſeam (quoth ſhe); I never knew
" That folks did apple dumplings *ſew*."
" No! (cry'd the ſtaring Monarch with a grin)
" How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On which the Dame the curious ſcheme reveal'd
By which the apple lay ſo ſly conceal'd,
Which made the Solomon of Britain ſtart;
Who to the Palace with full ſpeed repair'd,
And Queen, and Princeſſes ſo beauteous, ſcar'd,
All with the wonders of the Dumpling art!

There

* Formerly a great favourite at Court.

There did he labour one whole week, to ſhow
The wiſdom of an APPLE-DUMPLING MAKER;
And lo! ſo deep was Majeſty in dough,
The Palace ſeem'd the lodging of a BAKER.

READER, thou likeſt not my tale—look'ſt *blue*:
Thou art a Courtier—roareſt, "Lies, lies, lies!"
Do, for a moment, ſtop thy cries—
I tell thee, roaring infidel, 'tis *true*.

Why ſhould it not be true?—The *greateſt men*
May aſk a foolish queſtion now and then—
This is the language of all ages.
FOLLY lays many a trap—we can't eſcape it
Nemo (ſays ſome one) *omnibus horis ſapit:*
Then why not Kings, like *me* and *other* ſages?

Far from deſpiſing Kings, I like the breed,
Provided *King-like* they behave:
Kings are an inſtrument we need,
Juſt as we razors want—to ſhave;

To

To keep the State's face ſmooth—give it an air—
Like my Lord North's, ſo jolly, round, and fair.

My ſenſe of Kings though freely I impart—
I hate not royalty, Heav'n knows my heart.

Princes and Princeſſes I like, ſo loyal—
Great GEORGE's children are my great delight;
The ſweet Auguſta, and ſweet Princeſs Royal,
Obtain my love by day, and pray'rs by night.

Yes! I like Kings—and oft look back with pride
Upon the Edwards, Harry's of our iſle—
Great ſouls! in virtue as in valour try'd,
Whoſe actions bid the cheek of Britons ſmile.

Muſe! let us alſo *forward* look,
And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold! the ſceptre young AUGUSTUS ſways;
I hear the mingled praiſe of millions riſe;
I ſee uprais'd to Heav'n their ardent eyes,
That for their Monarch aſk a length of days.

Bright

Bright in the *brighteſt* annals of renown,
Behold fair FAME his youthful temples crown
With laurels of unfading bloom;
Behold DOMINION ſwell beneath his care,
And GENIUS, riſing from a dark deſpair,
His long-extinguiſh'd fires relume.

Such are the Kings that ſuit my taſte, I own:
Not *thoſe* where all the *littleneſſes* join;
Whoſe ſouls ſhould ſtart to find their lot a *throne*,
And bluſh to ſhow their noſes on a coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications,
I now allude to Kings of *foreign nations*.

Poets (ſo unimpeach'd tradition ſays)
The ſole hiſtorians were of ancient days,
Who help'd their heroes FAME's high hill to clamber;
Penning their glorious acts in language ſtrong,
And thus preſerving, by immortal ſong,
Their precious names amidſt their tuneful amber.

What am I doing? Lord! the very ſame—
Preſerving many a deed deſerving Fame,

 Which

Which that old lean, devouring ſhark, call'd TIME,
  Would, without ceremony, eat;
  In my opinion, far too rich a treat:
I therefore merit *ſtatues* for my rhyme.

"All this is laudable (a Quaker cries);
  "But let grave WISDOM, Friend, thy verſes rule;
"Put out thine IRONY's two ſquinting eyes—
  "Deſpiſe thy grinning monkey, RIDICULE."

  What! ſlight my ſportive monkey, RIDICULE,
  Who acts like birch on boys at ſchool,
Neglecting leſſons—truant, p'rhaps, whole weeks!
  My RIDICULE, with humour fraught, and wit,
  Is that ſatiric friend, a gouty fit,
Which bites men into health and roſy cheeks:

A moral MERCURY that cleanſeth ſouls
  Of ills that with them play the devil;
Like mercury that much the pow'r controls
  Of preſents gain'd from ladies *over civil.*

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you pleaſe:
  The ancients did ſo, therefore why not *I*?
Lo! for my good advice I aſk no fees,
  Whilſt other Doctors let their patients die;

That

That is, ſuch patients as can't pay for cure—
A very ſelfiſh, wicked thing, I'm ſure.

Now though I'm ſoul phyſician to the King,
I never begg'd of him the ſmalleſt thing
For all the threſhing of my virtuous brains;
Nay, were I my poor pocket's ſtate t' impart,
So well I know my ROYAL PATIENT's heart,
He would not give me *two-pence* for my pains.

But hark! folks ſay the King is very mad:
The news, if true, indeed, were very ſad,
And far too ſerious an affair to mock it;
Yet how can this agree with what I've heard,
That ſo much by him are my rhymes rever'd—
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket?

And when *thrown out*—which often is the caſe,
(In bacon hunting, or of bucks the race)
My verſe ſo much his Majeſty bewitches,
That out he pulls my honour'd Odes,
And reads them on the turnpike roads—
Now under trees and hedges—now in ditches.

It

Hark! with aſtoniſhment, a ſound I hear,
That ſtrikes tremendous on my ear;
It ſays, Great Arden, commonly call'd Pepper,
Of mighty George's thunderbolts the keeper,
Juſt like of Jupiter the famous eagle,
Is order'd out to hunt me like a beagle.

But, eagle Pepper, give my love
Unto thy lofty maſter, Miſter Jove,
And aſk how it can ſquare with his religion,
To bid thee, without mercy, fall on,
With thy ſhort ſturdy beak, and iron talon,
A pretty, little, harmleſs, cooing pigeon?

By heav'ns, I diſbelieve the fact—
A Monarch cannot ſo unwiſely act!

Suppoſe that Kings, ſo rich, are always *mumping*,
Praying and preſſing Miniſters for money;
Bidding them on our hive (poor bees!) be thumping,
Trying to ſhake out all our honey;

A thing that oft hath happen'd in our iſle!—
Pray, ſhan't we be allow'd to ſmile?

To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,
By way of ſolace for our plunder'd hive?

A King of France (I've loſt the Monarch's name)
Had, avaricious, got himſelf bad fame,
By moſt unmannerly and thieviſh plunges
Into his ſubjects purſes—
A *deep manœuvre* that obtain'd their curſes,
Becauſe it treated gentlefolks like *ſpunges.*

To ſhow how much they reliſh'd not ſuch ſqueezing,
Such goods and chattel-ſeizing,
They publiſh'd libels to diſplay their hate;
To comfort, in ſome ſort, their ſouls,
For ſuch a number of large holes
Eat by this Royal Rat in each eſtate.

The PREMIER op'd his gullet like a ſhark,
To hear ſuch ſatires on the GRAND MONARQUE,
And roar'd—" Meſſieurs, you ſoon ſhall feel
" My criticiſm upon your ballads,
" Not to your taſte ſo ſweet as frogs and ſallads;
" A ſtricture critical, yclep'd BASTILE."

But

But firſt he told the tidings to the King;
Then ſwore *par Dieu* that he would quickly bring
Unto the grinding-ſtone their noſes down—
No, not a ſoul of 'em ſhould ever thrive;
He'd flay them, like St. BARTLEMEW, alive—
Villains! for daring to inſult the Crown.

The Monarch heard Monſieur le PREMIER out,
And, ſmiling on his loyalty ſo ſtout,
Reply'd, "Monſieur le PREMIER, you are wrong;
"Don't of the pleaſure let them be debarr'd;
"You know how we have ſerv'd 'em—faith! 'tis hard
"They ſhould not for their money have a *ſong*."

OVID, ſweet ſtory-teller of old times,
(Unluckily tranſported for his rhymes,)
Addreſs'd his book before he bade it walk;
Therefore my Worſhip, and my Ode,*
In imitation of ſuch claſſic mode,
May, like two Indian nations, have a *talk*.

"Dear Ode! whoſe verſe the true ſublime affords,
"Go, viſit Kings, Queens, Paraſites, and Lords;
"And if thy modeſt beauties they adore,
"Inform them they ſhall ſpeedily have more."

But poſſibly a mighty King may ſay,
"Ode! Ode!—What? what? I hate your rhyme
"haranguing;
"I'd rather hear a jackaſs bray:
"I never knew a poet worth the hanging.

"I hate, abhor them—but I'll clip their wings;
"I'll teach the ſaucy knaves to laugh at Kings:
"Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues, their ſongs ſhall rue,
"A ragged, bold-fac'd, ballad-ſinging crew.
"Yes, yes, the poets ſhall my pow'r confeſs;
"I'll maul that ſpawning devil call'd the Preſs."

If furious thus exclaim the King of glory,
Tell him, O gentle MUSE, this pithy ſtory.

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES.

A TALE.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught to fancy,
That, by a kind of royal necromancy,
He had the pow'r OLD OCEAN to controul:
Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand,
And issued, like a Solomon, command—
Poor soul!

"Go back, ye waves, you blust'ring rogues," quoth he,
"Touch not your Lord and Master, SEA;
"For by my pow'r almighty, if you do"—
Then staring vengeance, out he held a stick,
Vowing to drive OLD OCEAN to OLD NICK,
Should he ev'n wet the latchet of his shoe.

OLD SEA retir'd—the Monarch fierce rush'd on,
And look'd as if he'd drive him from the land;
But SEA not caring to be put upon,
Made for a moment a bold stand:

Not only make a *stand* did MISTER OCEAN,
But to his honest waves he made a motion,

And bad them give the King a hearty trimming:
The orders ſeem'd a deal the waves to tickle;
For ſoon they put his Majeſty in pickle,
And ſet his Royalties, like geeſe, a ſwimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
Soon did they make him wiſh himſelf on ſhore;
His head and ears moſt handſomely they dous'd;
Juſt like a porpus, with one general ſhout,
The waves ſo tumbled the poor King about—
No Anabaptiſt e'er was half ſo ſous'd.

At length to land he crawl'd, a half-drown'd thing,
Indeed more like a crab than like a King,
And found his Courtiers making rueful faces.
But what ſaid Canute to the Lords and Gentry,
Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
All trembling for their lives or places?

"My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,
"I've had with Mister Sea a pretty buſtle,
"My treatment from my foe not over nice,
"Juſt made a jeſt for ev'ry ſhrimp and muſcle:

"A pretty trick for one of my dominion!—
"My Lords, I thank you for your great opinion.

"You'l

" You'll tell me, p'rhaps, I've only loſt *one* game,
" And bid me try another—for the rubber:
" Permit me to inform you all, with ſhame,
" That you're a ſet of knaves, and I'm a lubber.

Such is the ſtory, my dear Ode,
Which thou wilt bear—a ſacred load!
Yet, much I fear, 'twill be of no great uſe:
Kings are in general obſtinate as mules;
Thoſe who ſurround them, moſtly rogues and fools,
And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet ſtories, ſentences, and golden rules,
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools:
But this unluckily the ſimple fact is;
Thoſe rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
And, all ſo dev'liſh modeſt, don't deſire
The glory of reducing them to *practice*.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO A

CELEBRATED LAUREAT;

ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

ALIAS

A BIRTH-DAY ODE;

ALIAS

MR. WHITBREAD'S BREWHOUSE.

Sic transit gloria mundi!——OLD SUN-DIAL.

From *House* of Buckingham, in grand parade,
To Whitbread's *Brewhouse*, mov'd the Cavalcade.

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER's loyalty—He ſuſpecteth Mr. Warton of joking—Complimenteth the Poet Laureat—PETER differeth in opinion from Mr. Warton—Taketh up the cudgels for King Edward, King Harry V. and Queen Beſs—Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our moſt gracious Sovereign—King Charles the Second half damned by PETER, yet praiſed for keeping company with *gentlemen*—PETER praiſeth *himſelf*—PETER reproved by Mr. Warton—Deſireth Mr. Warton's prayers—A fine ſimile—PETER ſtill ſuſpecteth the Laureat of ironical dealings—PETER expoſtulateth with Mr. Warton—Mr. Warton replieth—PETER adminiſtereth bold advice—Wittily calleth Death and phyſicians poachers—Praiſeth the King for parental tenderneſs—PETER maketh a natural ſimile—PETER furthermore telleth Thomas Warton what to ſay—PETER giveth a beautiful example of Ode-writing.

THE CONTENTS OF THE ODE.

His Majeſty's love for the arts and ſciences, even in quadrupeds—His reſolution to know the hiſtory of brewing beer—Billy Ramus ſent ambaſſador to Chiſwell-ſtreet—Interview between Meſſrs. Ramus and Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's bow, and compliments to Majeſty—Mr. Ramus's return from his embaſſy—Mr. Whitbread's terrors deſcribed to Majeſty by Mr. Ramus—The King's pleaſure thereat—Deſcription of people of worſhip—Account of the Whitbread preparation—The royal cavalcade to Chiſwell-ſtreet—The arrival at the Brewhouſe—Great joy of Mr. Whitbread—His Majeſty's nod, the Queen's dip, and a number of queſtions—A Weſt-India ſimile—The marvellings of the draymen deſcribed—His Majeſty peepeth into a pump—Beautifully compared to a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone—The *minute* curioſity of the King—Mr. Whitbread endeavoureth to ſurpriſe Majeſty—His Majeſty puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's horſe expreſſeth wonder—

Alſo

Alſo Mr. Whitbread's dog—His Majeſty maketh laudable enquiry about Porter—Again puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—King noteth *notable* things—Profound queſtions propoſed by Majeſty —*As* profoundly anſwered by Mr. Whitbread—Majeſty in a miſtake—Corrected by the brewer—A noſe ſimile—Majeſty's admiration of the bell—Good manners of the bell—Fine appearance of Mr. Whitbread's pigs—Majeſty propoſeth queſtions, but benevolently waiteth not for anſwers—PETER telleth the duty of Kings—Diſcovereth one of his ſhrewd maxims—Sublime ſimile of a water-ſpout and a King—The great uſe of aſking queſtions—The habitation of Truth—The collation—The wonders performed by the royal viſitors—Majeſty propoſeth to take leave—Offereth knighthood to Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's objections—The King runneth a rig on his hoſt—Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majeſty—Miſs Whitbread curtſieth—The Queen dippeth—The Cavalcade departeth.

PETER triumpheth—Admoniſheth the Laureat—PETER croweth over the Laureat—Diſcovereth deep knowledge of Kings, and ſurgeons, and men who have loſt their legs—PETER reaſoneth—Vaunteth—Even inſulteth the Laureat—PETER proclaimeth his peaceable diſpoſition—Praiſeth Majeſty, and concludeth with a prayer for *curious* Kings.

INSTRUC-

INSTRUCTIONS, &c.

TOM, ſoon as e'er thou ſtrik'ſt thy golden lyre,
Thy brother PETER's muſe is all on fire,
  To ſing of Kings and Queens, and ſuch rare folk:
Yet, 'midſt thy heap of compliments ſo fine,
Say, may we venture to believe a line?
  You Oxford wits moſt dearly love a joke.

Son of the NINE, thou writeſt well on *nought*;
Thy thund'ring ſtanza, and its pompous thought,
  I think, muſt put a dog into a laugh:
EDWARD and HARRY were much braver men
Than this new-chriſten'd Hero of thy pen;
  Yes, laurell'd ODEMAN, braver far by half;

Though on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,
GEORGE keeps his hat off in a ſhow'r of rain;
Sees ſwords and bayonets without a dread,
Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head:

Although

Although at grand reviews he ſeems ſo bleſt,
And leaves at ſix o'clock his downy neſt,
Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, and bolſter;
Unlike his officers, who, fond of cramming,
And at reviews afraid of thirſt and famine,
With bread and cheeſe and brandy fill their holſters.

Sure, TOM, we ſhould do juſtice to QUEEN BESS:
His preſent Majeſty, whom Heav'n long bleſs
With wiſdom, wit, and arts of choiceſt quality,
Will never get, I fear, ſo fine a niche
As that old queen, though often call'd old b—ch,
In FAME's coloſſal houſe of immortality.

As for John Dryden's CHARLES—that King
Indeed was never any mighty thing;
He merited few honours from the pen:
And yet he was a dev'liſh hearty fellow,
Enjoy'd his girl and bottle, and got mellow,
And mind—kept company with *GENTLEMEN*:

For, like ſome Kings, in hobby grooms,
Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,
Loſt to all glory, CHARLES did not delight—

Nor

Nor jok'd by day with pages, ſervant maids,
Large, red-poll'd, blowzy, hard two-handed jades:
Indeed I know not what CHARLES did by *night*.

THOMAS, I am of candour a great lover;
In ſhort, I'm candour's ſelf all over;
Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe;
Make it a rule that VIRTUE ſhall be prais'd,
And humble MERIT from her bum be rais'd:
What thinkeſt thou of PETER now?

Thou cryeſt, "Oh! how falſe! behold thy King,
"Of whom thou ſcarcely ſay'ſt a handſome thing;
"*That* King has virtues that ſhould make thee ſtare."
Is it ſo?—Then the ſin's in *me*—
'Tis my vile optics that can't ſee;
Then pray for them, when next thou ſay'ſt a pray'r.

But, p'rhaps, aloft on his imperial throne,
So diſtant, O ye gods! from ev'ry one,
The royal virtues are like many a ſtar,*
From this our pigmy ſyſtem rather far;

Whoſe

* Such was the ſublime opinion of the Dutch aſtronomer Huygens.

Whoſe light, though flying ever ſince creation,
Has not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

Then may the royal ray be ſoon explor'd—
And, THOMAS, if thou'lt ſwear thou art not humming,
I'll take my ſpying-glaſs, and bring thee word
The inſtant I behold it coming.
But, THOMAS WARTON, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou *not*, thy Sov'reign ſmoking?

How canſt thou ſeriouſly declare,
That GEORGE the THIRD
With Creſſy's EDWARD can compare,
Or HARRY?—'Tis too bad, upon my word:
GEORGE is a clever King, I needs muſt own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'ſt, "G—d rot it! PETER, pray,
"What to the devil ſhall I ſing or ſay?"

I'll tell thee what to ſay, O tuneful TOM:
Sing how a Monarch, when his Son was dying,
His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,
By Abbey company and kettle drum:

Leaving

Leaving that Son to death and the phyſician,
Between two fires—a forlorn-hope condition;
Two poachers, who make man their game,
And, ſpecial markſmen! ſeldom miſs their aim.

Say, though the Monarch did not ſee his Son,
He kept aloof through fatherly affection;
Determin'd nothing ſhould be done
To bring on uſeleſs tears, and diſmal recollection.
For what can tears avail, and piteous ſighs?
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes:
And what are ſighs and tears but wind and water,
That ſhow the leakyneſs of feeble nature?

TOM, with my *ſimile* thou wilt not quarrel:
Like air and any ſort of drink,
Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
That proves the weakneſs of the barrel.

Say—for the PRINCE, when wet was ev'ry eye,
And thouſands pour'd to heav'n the pitying ſigh
Devout;
Say how a KING, unable to diſſemble,
Order'd Dame SIDDONS to his houſe, and KEMBLE,
To ſpout:

Gave them ice creams and wines, ſo dear!
Deny'd till then a thimblefull of beer;
For which they've thank'd the author of this metre,
Videlicet, the moral-mender PETER;
Who, in his ODE ON ODE, did dare exclaim,
And call ſuch royal avarice, a ſhame.

Say—but I'll teach thee how to make an ode;
Thus ſhall thy labours viſit FAME's abode,
In company with my immortal lay;
And look, TOM—thus I fire away—

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day, gave birth,
Not to the brighteſt Monarch upon earth,
Becauſe there are ſome brighter, and as big;
Who love the arts that man exalt to heav'n:
GEORGE loves them alſo, when they're giv'n
To four-legg'd gentry, chriſten'd dog and pig,*
Whoſe deeds in this our wonder-hunting nation
Prove what a charming thing is education.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The Monarch heard of WHITBREAD's fame:
Quoth he unto the Queen, "My dear, my dear,
"WHITBREAD hath got a marvellous great name;
"CHARLY, we muſt, muſt, muſt ſee WHITBREAD brew—
"Rich as us, CHARLY, richer than a Jew:
"Shame, ſhame, we have not yet his brewhouſe ſeen!"
Thus ſweetly ſaid the King unto the Queen!

 Red

* The dancing dogs and wiſe pig have formed a conſiderable part of the royal amuſement.

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,
To Miſter WHITBREAD forth he ſent a page,
To ſay that Majeſty propos'd to view,
With thirſt of wond'rous knowledge deep inflam'd,
His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogſheads fam'd,
And learn the noble ſecret how to *brew*.

Of ſuch undreamt-of honour proud,
Moſt rev'rently the Brewer bow'd;
So humbly (ſo the humble ſtory goes)
He touch'd e'en *terra firma* with his noſe;

Then ſaid unto the page, *hight* BILLY RAMUS,
" Happy are we that our great King ſhould name us,
" As worthy unto Majeſty to ſhew,
" How we poor Chiſwell people *brew*."

Away ſprung BILLY RAMUS quick as thought:
To Majeſty the welcome tidings brought,
How WHITBREAD ſtaring ſtood like any ſtake,
And trembled—then the civil things he ſaid—
On which the King did ſmile and nod his head;
For Monarchs like to ſee their ſubjects *quake*:

Such

Such horrors unto Kings moſt pleaſant are,
   Proclaiming rev'rence and humility:
High thoughts too all thoſe ſhaking fits declare
   Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worſhip, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler ſons of earth,
   Indeed in a moſt humble light, God knows!
High ſtations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
Where ſhips below appear like little ſkiffs,
   The people walking on the ſtrand, like crows.

Muſe, ſing the ſtir that happy WHITBREAD made;
Poor gentleman! moſt terribly afraid
   He ſhould not charm enough his gueſts divine:
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and ſmocks;
And lo! two hundred pounds were ſpent in frocks,
   To make th' apprentices and draymen fine:

Buſy as horſes in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and ſtools were tumbled over,
Amidſt the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty RULER of the nation.

Now mov'd King, Queen, and Princeſſes ſo grand,
To viſit the firſt Brewer in the land;
Who ſometimes ſwills his beer and grinds his meat
In a ſnug corner chriſten'd Chiſwell-ſtreet;
But oft'ner, charm'd with faſhionable air,
Amidſt the gaudy Great of Portman-ſquare.

Lord AYLESBURY, and DENBIGH's Lord *alſo*,
  His Grace the DUKE of MONTAGUE *likewiſe*,
With Lady HARCOURT, join'd the raree-ſhow,
  And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes:
For lo! a greater ſhow ne'er grac'd thoſe quarters,
Since Mary roaſted, juſt like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the King broad grinn'd, and gave a nod
To ſmiling WHITBREAD, who, had God
  Come with his angels to behold his beer,
With more reſpect he never could have met—
Indeed the man was in a ſweat,
  So much the Brewer did the King revere.

HER MAJESTY *contriv'd* to make a dip:
Light as a feather then the King did ſkip,
And aſk'd a thouſand queſtions, with a laugh,
Before poor WHITBREAD comprehended *half*.

Reader!

Reader! my Ode ſhould have a *ſimile*—
Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,
  Five hundred parrots, gabbling juſt like Jews,
I've ſeen—ſuch noiſe the feather'd imps did make,
As made my very *pericranium* ache—
  Aſking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouſe fill'd with gabbling noiſe,
Whilſt draymen, and the Brewer's boys,
  Devour'd the queſtions that the King did aſk:
In diff'rent parties were they ſtaring ſeen,
Wond'ring to think they ſaw a *King* and *Queen!*
  Behind a tub were ſome, and ſome behind a caſk.

Some draymen forc'd themſelves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,
  To view, and be aſſur'd what ſort of things
  Were Princeſſes, and Queens, and Kings,
For whoſe moſt lofty ſtation thouſands ſigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now MAJESTY into a pump ſo deep
Did with an opera-glaſs ſo curious peep;

Examining with care each wond'rous matter
That brought up water!

Thus have I ſeen a magpie in the ſtreet,
A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
A bird for curioſity well known;
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious M——y did ſtoop
To count the nails on ev'ry hoop;
And lo! no ſingle thing came in his way,
That, full of deep reſearch, he did not ſay,
"What's this? hæ, hæ? what's that? what's this? what's that?"
So quick the words too, when he deign'd to ſpeak,
As if each ſyllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilſt others crawl,
Our Sov'reign peeps into the world of *ſmall*:
Thus microſcopic geniuſes explore
Things that too oft provoke the public ſcorn;
Yet ſwell of uſeful knowledges the ſtore,
By finding ſyſtems in a pepper-corn.

Now

Now boasting WHITBREAD serious did declare,
To make the Majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Plac'd side by side, to reach along to Kew:
On which the King with wonder swiftly cry'd,
" What, if they reach to Kew then, side by side,
" What would they do, what, what, plac'd end to end?"
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The Man of Beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend;
On which the King, with wond'ring mien,
Repeated it unto the wond'ring Queen:
On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
The Brewer's horse, with face astonish'd, neigh'd;
The Brewer's dog too pour'd a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the King for other beers enquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And, after talking of these diff'rent beers,
Ask'd WHITBREAD if his porter equall'd theirs?

This was a puzzling, disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;

A kind

A kind of queſtion to the Man of Caſk
That not ev'n Solomon himſelf would aſk.

Now Majeſty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of aſſes' ſkin ſo white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
For roaſting cheſnuts or potates.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterneſs to beer—
Hops grow in Kent, ſays WHITBREAD, and elſewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper ſtuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horſe-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it ſoon on our ſmall beer—
'Twill ſave us ſev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.

To remember to forget to aſk
Old WHITBREAD to my houſe one day.

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the caſk,
The Brewer offer'd me, away.

Now having pencill'd his remarks ſo ſhrewd,
Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,
His Majeſty his watch moſt ſagely view'd,
And then put up his aſſes' ſkin.

To WHITBREAD now deign'd Majeſty to ſay,
"WHITBREAD, are all your horſes fond of hay?"
"Yes, pleaſe your Majeſty," in humble notes,
The Brewer anſwer'd—"alſo, Sir, of oats:
"Another thing my horſes too maintains,
"And that, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, are grains."

"Grains, grains," ſaid Majeſty, "to fill their crops?
"Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops?"

Here

Here was the King, like hounds ſometimes, at fault—
"Sire," cry'd the humble Brewer, "give me leave
"Your ſacred Majeſty to undeceive:
"Grains, Sire, are never made from hops, but malt."

"True," ſaid the cautious Monarch, with a ſmile;
"From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."
"Yes," with the ſweeteſt bow, rejoin'd the Brewer,
"An't pleaſe your Majeſty, you did, I'm ſure."
"Yes," anſwer'd Majeſty, with quick reply,
"I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I."

Now this was wiſe in WHITBREAD—here we find
A very pretty knowledge of mankind:
As Monarchs never muſt be in the *wrong*,
'Twas really a bright thought in WHITBREAD's tongue,
To tell a little fib, or ſome ſuch thing,
To ſave the ſinking credit of a King.

Some Brewers, in the rage of information,
Proud to inſtruct the RULER of a Nation,
Had on the folly *dwelt*, to ſeem damn'd clever!
Now, what had been the conſequence? Too plain!
The man had cut his conſequence in twain;
The King had hated the *wiſe* fool for ever!

Reader,

Reader, whene'er thou doſt eſpy a noſe
That bright with many a ruby glows,
That noſe thou may'ſt pronounce, nay ſafely ſwear,
Is nurs'd on ſomething better than ſmall-beer:

Thus when thou findeſt Kings in brewing wiſe,
  Or Nat'ral Hiſt'ry holding lofty ſtation,
Thou may'ſt conclude, with marv'ling eyes,
  Such Kings have had a goodly education.

Now did the King admire the bell ſo fine,
That daily aſks the draymen all to dine;
On which the bell rung out, (how very proper!)
To ſhow it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their Sovereign's curious eye,
  Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful ſprigs,
All ſnuffling, ſquinting, grunting in their ſtye,
  Appear'd the Brewer's tribe of handſome pigs:
On which th' obſervant man, who fills a throne,
Declar'd the pigs were vaſtly like his own:

On which the Brewer, ſwallow'd up in joys,
Tears and aſtoniſhment in both his eyes,

His

His ſoul brim full of ſentiments ſo loyal,
Exclaim'd, "O heav'ns! and can *my* ſwine
"*Be deem'd by Majeſty ſo fine!*
"Heav'ns! can my pigs compare, Sire, with pigs royal!"
To which the King aſſented with a nod:
On which the Brewer bow'd, and ſaid, "Good God!"
Then wink'd ſignificant on MISS;
Significant of wonder and of bliſs;
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Croſs'd her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her loweſt curt'ſy made
For ſuch high honour done her father's ſwine.

Now did his Majeſty ſo gracious ſay
To Miſter WHITBREAD, in his flying way,
"WHITBREAD, d'ye nick th' Exciſemen now and then?
"Hæ, WHITBREAD, when d'ye think to leave off trade?
"Hæ? what? Miſs WHITBREAD's ſtill a maid, a maid?
"What, what's the matter with the men?

"D'ye hunt?—hæ, hunt? No, no, you are too *old*—
"You'll be Lord May'r—Lord May'r one day—
"Yes, yes, I ve heard ſo—yes, yes, ſo I'm told:
"Don't, don't the fine for Sheriff pay;

I'll

"I'll prick you ev'ry year, man, I declare:
"Yes, WHITBREAD—yes, yes—you ſhall be Lord
May'r.

"WHITBREAD, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
"Job, job, that's cheapeſt; yes, that's beſt, that's beſt.
"You put your liv'ries on the draymen—hæ?
"Hæ, WHITBREAD? You have feather'd well your
neſt.
"What, what's the price now, hæ, of all your ſtock?
"But, WHITBREAD, what's o'clock, pray, what's
o'clock?"

Now WHITBREAD inward ſaid, "May I be curſt
"If I know what to anſwer firſt;"
Then ſearch'd his brains with ruminating eye:
But e'er the Man of Malt an anſwer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, MAJESTY turn'd round,
Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the honour of reply.

Kings in inquiſitiveneſs ſhould be ſtrong—
From curioſity doth wiſdom flow:
For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,
The more a man inquires, the more he'll know.

Reader,

Reader, didſt ever ſee a water-ſpout?
  'Tis poſſible that thou wilt anſwer, "No."
Well then! he makes a moſt infernal rout;
  Sucks, like an elephant, the waves below,
With huge proboſcis reaching from the ſky,
As if he meant to drink the ocean dry:
At length ſo full he can't hold one drop more—
He burſts—down ruſh the waters with a roar
On ſome poor boat, or ſloop, or brig, or ſhip,
And almoſt ſinks the wand'rer of the deep:
Thus have I ſeen a Monarch at reviews
Suck from the tribe of officers the news,
Then bear in triumph off each *wond'rous* matter,
And ſouſe it on the Queen with ſuch a clatter!

I always would adviſe folks to aſk queſtions;
  For, truly, queſtions are the keys of knowledge
Soldiers, who forage for the mind's digeſtions,
  Cut figures at th' Old Bailey, and at College;
Make Chancellors, Chief Juſtices, and Judges,
E'en of the loweſt green-bag drudges.

The ſages ſay, Dame TRUTH delights to dwell,
Strange manſion! in the bottom of a well.

Queſtions are then the windlaſs and the rope
That pull the grave old gentlewoman up:
* Damn jokes then, and unmannerly ſuggeſtions,
Reflecting upon Kings for aſking queſtions.

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs
On nails, hoops, ſtaves, pumps, barrels, and their bungs,
The King and Co. ſat down to a collation
Of fleſh, and fiſh, and fowl of ev'ry nation.
Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merc'leſs fell like tomahawks to work,
And fearleſs ſcalp'd the fowl, the fiſh, and cattle,
Whilſt WHITBREAD, in the rear, beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring Monarch, ſtopping to take breath
Amidſt the regiments of death,
Now turn'd to WHITBREAD with complacent round,
And, merry, thus addreſs'd the Man of Beer:
" WHITBREAD, is't true? I hear, I hear
" You're of an ancient family—renown'd—
" What? what? I'm told that you're a limb

* This alludes to the late Dr. Johnſon's laugh on a Great Perſonage, for a laudable curioſity in the Queen's library ſome years ſince.

"Of PYM,* the famous fellow PYM:
"What, WHITBREAD, is it true what people say?
"Son of a Round-head are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?
"I'm told that you send Bibles to your votes—
"A snuffling round-headed society—,
"Pray'r-books instead of cash to buy them coats—
"Bunyans, and Practices of Piety:
"Your Bedford votes would wish to change their fare—
"Rather see cash—yes, yes—than books of pray'r.
"Thirtieth of January don't you *feed?*
"Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head."

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,
Whole hosts o'erturn'd—and seiz'd on all supplies;
The royal visitors express'd a wish
To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes:

But first the Monarch, so polite,
Ask'd Mister WHITBREAD if he'd be a *Knight*.
Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,
WHITBREAD contemplated the Knights of *Peg*,
Then to his generous Sov'reign made a leg,
And said, "He was afraid he was *too old*.

"He

* His Majesty here made a mistake—PYM was his wife's relation.

" He thank'd however his moſt gracious King,
" For offering to make him *ſuch a* THING."

But ah! a diff'rent reaſon 'twas, I fear!
It was not age that bade the Man of Beer
The proffer'd honour of the Monarch ſhun:
The tale of Marg'ret's knife, and royal fright,
Had almoſt made him damn the name of Knight,
A tale that farrow'd ſuch a world of fun.

He mock'd the pray'r * too by the King appointed,
Ev'n by himſelf the Lord's Anointed:
A foe to *faſt* too, is he, let me tell ye;
And, though a Preſbyterian, cannot think
Hea'v'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)
Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table with Cæſarean air
Up roſe the Monarch with his laurell'd brow,
When Miſter WHITBREAD, waiting on his chair,
Expreſs'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

E 2 Miſs

* For the miraculous eſcape from a poor innocent inſane woman, who only held out a ſmall knife in a piece of white paper, for her Sovereign to *view*.

Miss WHITBREAD now so thick her curtsies drops,
Thick as her honour'd father's Kentish hops;
Which hoplike curtsies were return'd by dips
That never hurt the royal knees and hips;
For hips and knees of Queens are sacred things,
That only bend on gala days
Before the best of Kings,
When Odes of triumph sound his praise.—

Now through a thund'ring peal of kind huzzas,
Proceeding some from *hir'd and *un*hir'd jaws,
The raree-show thought proper to retire;

Whilst

* When his MAJESTY goes to a playhouse, or brewhouse, or parliament, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN provides some pounds-worth of MOB to huzza their beloved Monarch. At the Play-house about forty wide-mouthed fellows are hired on the night of their Majesties apearance, at two shillings and sixpence *per* head, with the liberty of seeing the play *gratis*. These STENTORS are placed in different parts of the Theatre, who, immediately on the Royal entry into the Stage Box, set up their howl of loyalty; to whom their Majesties, with sweetest smiles, acknowledge the obligation by a genteel bow, and an elegant curtsy. This congratulatory noise of the STENTORS is looked on by many, particularly country ladies and gentlemen, as an infallible thermometer, ascertaining the warmth of the national regard.

Whilst WHITBREAD and his daughter fair
Survey'd all Chiswell-street with lofty air;
  For, lo, they felt themselves some six feet higher!

Such, THOMAS, is the way to write!
Thus shouldst thou Birth-day Songs indite;
Then stick to earth, and leave the lofty sky:
No more of ti tum tum, and ti tum ti.

Thus should an honest Laureat write of Kings—
Not praise them for *imaginary things*:
I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme
Call ev'ry King a character sublime;
For CONSCIENCE will not suffer me to wander
So very widely from the paths of CANDOUR.
I know full well *some* Kings are to be seen,
To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen,
  Should that bold verse declare they wanted *brains*.
I won't say that they *never* brain possess'd—
They *may* have been with such a present bless'd,
  And therefore fancy that some *still* remains;

For ev'ry well-experienc'd ſurgeon knows
  That men who with their legs have parted,
Swear they have felt a pain in all their *toes*,
  And often at the twinges ſtarted;
Then ſtar'd upon their oaken ſtumps, in vain!
Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men then, who their abſent toes have mourn'd,
Can fancy thoſe ſame toes at times return'd;
So Kings, in matters of intelligences,
May fancy they have ſtumbled on their ſenſes.

Yes, TOM—mine is the way of writing Ode—
Why lifteſt thou thy pious eyes to God?
Strange diſappointment in thy looks I read;
  And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,
" Is this an action, PETER, this a deed
  " To raiſe a Monarch to the ſky?
" Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the WHITBREAD
    " throng,
" Rare things to figure in the MUSE's ſong!"

THOMAS, I here proteſt I want no quarrels
On Kings and Brewers, porter, pumps and barrels—

Far from the dove-like PETER be ſuch ſtrife!
But this I tell thee, THOMAS, for a fact—
Thy Cæſar never did an act
More wiſe, more glorious in his life.

Now God preſerve all wonder-hunting Kings,
Whether at Windſor, Buckingham, or Kew-houſe,
And may they never do more fooliſh things
Than viſiting SAM WHITBREAD and his brewhouſe!

BROTHER PETER

TO

BROTHER TOM.

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

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BROTHER

BROTHER PETER

TO

BROTHER TOM.

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

'SLIFE! Thomas, what hath ſwallow'd all the praiſe?
 Of royal virtues not the ſlighteſt mention!
Strung, like mock pearl, ſo lately on thy lays!
 Tell me, a bankrupt, TOM, is thy invention?

How couldſt thou ſo thy PATRON'S fame forget,
As not to pay, of praiſe, the annual debt?
 WHITEHEAD and CIBBER, all the Laureat throng,
To FAME'S fair Temple, twice a year, preſented
Some royal virtues, real or invented,
 In all the grave ſublimity of ſong.

Heralds

Heralds ſo kind, for many a chance-born WIGHT,
Creeping from cellars, juſt like ſnails from earth,
Or moles, or field-mice, ſtealing into light,
Forge Arms, to prove a loftineſs of birth;
Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*
The branches to the very trunk of ADAM.

Then why not thou, the herald, TOM, of rhyme,
Still bid thy Royal Maſter ſoar ſublime?
Bards ſhine in fiction; then how ſlight a thing
To make a coat of merit for a King!

Know, General CARPENTER had been a theme
For furniſhing a pretty lyric dream;
Once a monopoliſt of nod and ſmile;
Of broken ſentences and queſtions rare,
Of ſnipſnap whiſpers ſweet, and grin, and ſtare,
For which thy MUSE would travel many a mile.

But lo! the General, for a crying ſin,
Loſt broken ſentences, and nod, and grin,
And ſtare and ſnipſnap of the beſt of Kings;
The ſin, the crying ſin, of rambling
Where Oſnaburgh's good Biſhop, gambling,
Loſt ſome few golden feathers from his wings;

Which

Which made th' unlucky General run and drown—
Such were the horrors of the royal frown!
For lo! His M——y most roundly swore
He'd *nod* to General CARPENTER no more.

Oh! glorious love of all-commanding money!
Dear to *some* Monarchs, as to Bruin, honey;
Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck;
Or show'rs to hackney-coachmen or a duck!

THOMAS, thy lyrics might have prais'd the King
For making sinners mind the Sabbath day,
Bidding the idle sons of pipe and string,
Instead of scraping jigs, sing psalms and pray;
Thus piously (against their inclination)
Dragooning souls unto salvation.

The MONARCH gave up Mister JOAH BATE,
With that sweet nightingale his lovely MATE;
Who with the organ and ONE fiddle
Made up a concert every Sunday night:
Thus yielding MAJESTIES supreme delight,
Who relish cheapness e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For

For NATURE formeth oft a kind
Of money-loving, ſcraping, ſave-all mind,
That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought
 Of getting every thing for *nought*:,

From Delhi's diamonds to a Briſtol ſtone;
 From royal eagles to a ſqualling parrot;
From bulls of Baſan to a marrow-bone;
 From rich ananas to a mawkiſh carrot:
And getting things for *nought*, we all muſt ſay,
If not the *nobleſt*, is the *cheapeſt* way.

And often NATURE manufactures *ſtuff*
That thinks it never hath enough;
Hoarding up treaſure—never once enjoying—
 Such is the compoſition of *ſome* ſouls!
Like jackdaws all their cunning art employing,
 In hiding knives, and forks, and ſpoons in holes.

Lo! by the pious MONARCH's Proclamation,
The courtier *Amateurs* of this fair nation
On Sundays con their Bibles—make no riot—
The ſtubborn UXBRIDGE, muſic-loving Lord,
Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,
 And bids the inſtruments lie quiet.

Sweet

Sweet Miſtreſs WALSINGHAM is forc'd to pray,
And turn her eyes up, much againſt her will;
SANDWICH ſings pſalms too, in his pious way;
And Lady YOUNG forbears the tuneful trill:
And very politic is Lady Young:
A huſband muſt not ſuffer for a ſong.

The gentle EXETER his treat gave up,
So us'd upon the ſweet repaſt to ſup;
As eager for his Sunday's quaver diſh,
As cats and rav'nous Aldermen for fiſh.

Lord BRUDENELL, too, a Lord with lofty noſe,
Bringing to mind a verſe the world well knows;
Againſt ſublimity that rather wars;
Which in an almanack all eyes may ſee:
" GOD gave to man an upright form, that he
" Might view the ſtars."

I ſay this watchful LORD, who boaſts the knack,
Behind His Sacred Majeſty's *great* back,
Of placing for his *latter end* a chair
Better than any Lord (ſo ſays FAME's trump)
That ever waited on the royal rump,
So ſwift his motions, and ſo ſweet his air;

Who, if His Majesty but cough or hiccup,
Trembles for fear the King should *kick up*;
Drops, with concern, his jaw—with horror freezes—
Or smiles "God bless you, Sire," whene'er he sneezes;
This Lord, I say, uprais'd his convert chin,
And curs'd the concert for a crying sin.

King Watkyn, from the land of leeks and cheese,
With sighs, forbore his bass to seize;
With huge concern he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out in *Welsh* his thankless pray'rs.
The bass, indeed, *Te Deum* sung,
Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very nat'ral case—
Poor, inoffensive bass!
For when King Watkyn scrubbeth him—alack!
The instrument, like one upon the rack,
Sendeth forth horrid, Inquisition groans!
Enough to pierce the hearts of stones!

Thus though in *concert* politics the Knight
Battled with Mistress Walsingham *outright*;
Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
Not in hostilities, but singing psalms.

SAL'SBURY was alſo order'd to *reform*,
Who, with my Lady, thought it vaſtly odd,
Thus to be forc'd, like ſailors in a ſtorm,
Againſt their wills to pray to God.

Thus did the royal mandate, through the town,
Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down!
Great act! ere long 'twill be a ſin and ſhame
For cats to warble out an am'rous flame!
Dogs ſhall be whipp'd for making love on Sunday,
Who very well may put it off to Monday.

Nay, more the royal piety to prove,
And aid the pureſt of all pure religions,
To Bridewell ſhall be ſent all cooing pigeons,
And cocks and hens be laſh'd for making love:
Sparrows and wrens be ſhot from barns and houſes,
For being barely civil to their ſpouſes.

Poor Sir JOHN DICK was, lamb-like, heard to bleat
At loſing ſuch a Sunday's treat—
Sir JOHN, the happy owner of a *ſtar*—,
Which radiant honour on ſurtouts he ſtitches;
Lamenting faſhion doth not ſtretch ſo far
As ſewing them on waiſtcoats and on breeches;

Which thus would pour a blaze of ſilver day,
And make the Knight a perfect milky way.

Yet HAMPDEN, CHOLMOND'LY, thoſe ſinful ſhavers,
Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers;
Thus flying in the face of our GREAT KING,
Profane God's *reſting* day with wind and ſtring;
Whilſt on the Terrace, 'midſt his German band,
On Sunday evenings GEORGE is pleas'd to ſtand,
Contented with a *ſimple* tune alone,
"God ſave great George our King," or Bobbing Joan;

Whilſt CHERUBS, leaning from their ſtarry height,
Wink at each other, and enjoy the ſight;
And SATAN, from a lurking hole,
Fond of a ſeeming-godly ſoul,
His eyes and ears ſcarce able to believe,
Laughs in his ſleeve.

Stay, Muſe—the mention of the German band
Bringeth a tale oppreſſive to my hand,
Relating to a tribe of German boys,
Whoſe horrid fortune made ſome *little* noiſe;
Sent for to take of Engliſhmen the places,
Who, gall'd by ſuch hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent

Sent for they were, to feed in *fields of clover*,
To feaſt upon the Coldſtream regiment's fat:
Swift with their empty ſtomachs they flew over,
And wider than a Kevenhuller hat.
But ah! their knives no veal nor mutton carv'd!
To feaſts they went indeed, but went and *ſtarv'd!*
Their Maſters, raptur'd with the tuneful treat,
Forgot muſicians, like themſelves, could *eat*.
Thus the poor woodcock leaves his frozen ſhores,
When tyrant Winter 'midſt his tempeſts roars:
Invited by our milder ſky, he roves;
Views the pure ſtreams with joy, and ſhelt'ring groves,
And in *one* hour, oh! ſad reverſe of fate!
Is ſhot, and ſmokes upon a poacher's plate!

Thus ending a ſweet epiſodic ſtrain,
I turn, dear THOMAS, to thy Ode again.

What! make a diſh to balk thy Maſter's gums!
A pudding, and forget the plums!
Mercy upon us! what a cook art thou!
Dry e'en already!—what a ſad milch cow!—
Who gav'ſt, at firſt, of fame ſuch flowing pails!—
Say, THOMAS, what thy lyric udder ails?

Since truth belongs not to the laureat trade,
'Tis ſtrange, 'tis paſſing ſtrange, thou didſt not flatter:
Speak—in light money were thy wages paid?
Or was thy pipe of ſack half fill'd with water?
Or haſt thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues?
Or hath a qualm of conſcience touch'd thy Muſe?

Thou might'ſt have prais'd *for dignity* of pride
Diſplay'd not long ago among the Cooks:
Searching the kitchen with ſagacious looks;
Wigs, chriſten'd *ſcratches*, on their heads, he ſpied.

To find a wig on a cook's head
Juſt like the wig that grac'd his own,
Was verily a ſight too dread!—
Enough to turn a King to ſtone!

On which, in language of his *very beſt*,
His Majeſty his royal ire expreſs'd.
" How, how! what! Cooks wear *ſcratches* juſt like
" me!—
" Strange! ſtrange! yes, yes, I ſee, I ſee, I ſee—
" Fine fellows to wear ſcratches! yes, no doubt—
" I'll have no more—no more when mine's worn out—
Hæ?

"Hæ? pretty! pretty! pretty too it looks
"To ſee *my* ſcratches upon *Cooks!*"

And lo! as he had threaten'd all ſo big,
As ſoon as ever he *wore out* the wig,
He with a *pig-tail* deign'd his head to match!
Nor more profan'd his temples with a SCRATCH!

THOMAS, I ſee my ſong thy feelings grate—
Thou think'ſt I'm joking; that the King's my hate.

The world may call me liar, but ſincerely
I love him—for a partner, love him *dearly*;
Whilſt his great name is on the *ferme*, I'm ſure
My credit with the Public is ſecure.

Yes, beef ſhall grace my ſpit, and ale ſhall flow,
As long as it continues George and Co.;
That is to ſay, in plainer metre,
George and Peter.

Yet, as ſome little money I have made,
I've thoughts of turning *'Squire*, and quitting trade:
This in my mind I've frequently revolv'd;

And in ſix months, or ſo,
For all I know,
The partnerſhip may be diſſolv'd.

Whate'er thou think'ſt—howe'er the world may carp,
THOMAS, I'm far from hating our *good* King;
Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp,
As DAVID ſwore, who touch'd ſo well the ſtring—
No, TOM.; the idol of thy ſweet devotion
Excites not HATE, *whatever elſe* th' emotion,

To write a book on the Sublime, I own,
Were I a bookſeller, I would not hire him;
Yet, ſhould I *hate* the man who fills a throne,
Becauſe, forſooth, I can't admire him?

Hate him, becauſe, ambitious of a name,
He thinks to rival e'en the PRINCE in fame?
A Prince of Science—in the arts ſo chaſte!—
A giant to him in the world of taſte;
Who from an envious cloud one day ſhall ſpring,
And prove that dignity may clothe a King,

Who, when by Fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,
Wherever merit, humble plant, is ſhown,

Will

Will ſhed around that plant a foſt'ring ray;
Whoſe hand ſhall ſtretch through poverty's pale gloom
For drooping GENIUS, ſinking to the tomb,
And lead the bluſhing ſtranger into day.

Who ſcorns (like *ſome*) to chronicle a ſhilling,
Once in a twelvemonth to a beggar giv'n;
By ſuch mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
To go as cheap as poſſible to Heav'n!

Hate him, becauſe, untir'd, the Monarch pores
On HANDEL's manuſcript old ſcores,
And ſchemes ſucceſsful daily hatches,
For ſaving notes o'erwhelm'd with ſcratches;
Recovering from the blotted leaves
Huge cart-horſe *minims*, dromedary *breves*;
Thus ſaving damned bars from juſt damnation,
By way of *bright'ning* Handel's reputation?
Who, charm'd with ev'ry crotchet Handel wrote,
Heav'd into TOT'NAM STREET each heavy note;
And forcing on the houſe the tuneleſs lumber,
Drove half to doors, the other half to ſlumber?

Hate

Hate him, becaufe the brazen works of WEST,
His eye (in wonder loft) unfated views?
Becaufe his walls, with taftelefs trumpery dreft,
Robs a poor fignpoft of its dues?

Hate him, becaufe he cannot reft,
But in the company of Weft?
Becaufe of modern works he makes a jeft,
Except the works of Mifter Weft?

Who by the public, fain would have careft
The works alone of Mifter Weft!
Who thinks, of painting, truth and tafte, the teft,
None but the wond'rous works of Mifter Weft!

Who mocketh poor Sir JOSHUA—cannot bear him;
And never fuffers WILSON's landfcapes near him.

Nor, GAINSB'ROUGH, thy delightful girls and boys,
In rural fcenes fo fweet, amidft their joys,
With fuch fimplicity as makes us *ftart*,
Forgetting 'tis the work of art.
Which wonder and which care of Mifter WEST,
May in a fimile be well expreft:—

A SIMILE.

A SIMILE.

THUS have I feen a child with fmiling face,
A little daifey in the garden place,
And ftrut in triumph round its fav'rite flow'r;
Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
Thinking the flow'r the fineft in the nation,
Then pay a vifit to it ev'ry hour:
Lugging the wat'ring pot about,
Which JOHN the gard'ner was oblig'd to fill;
The child, fo pleas'd, would pour the water out,
To fhow its marvellous gard'ning fkill;
Then ftaring round, all wild for praifes panting,
Tell all the world it was its own fweet planting;
And boaft away, too happy elf,
How that it found the daifey all, itfelf!

ANOTHER SIMILE.

IN *fimile* if I may fhine agen—
Thus have I feen a fond old hen
With one poor miferable chick,
Buftling about a farmer's yard;
Now on the dunghill labouring hard,
Scraping away through thin and thick

Flutt'ring

Flutt'ring her feathers—making ſuch a noiſe!
Cackling aloud ſuch quantities of joys,
As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,
Was born to deal prodigious knocks,
To ſhine the *Broughton* of game cocks,
And kill the fowls of all the earth!

E'EN with his painter let the King be *bleſt*;
Egad! eat, drink, and ſleep, with Miſter WEST:
Only let *me*, excus'd from ſuch a gueſt,
Not eat, and drink, and ſleep with Miſter WEST;
And as he will not pleaſe *my* taſte—no never—
Let *me* not give him to the world as *clever*:
A better conſcience in my boſom lies,
Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A GROUP of topers at a table ſat,
With punch that much regales the thirſty ſoul:
Flies ſoon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and, for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in;
And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd!

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
He put in ev'ry mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss—
Swearing, and in the attitude to *smite*:
"Lord!" cry'd the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,
Though I don't like to swallow flies,
not know but *others might*."

WHO says I hate the King, proclaims a lie;
E'en now a royal virtue strikes my eye!
To prove th' assertion, let me just relate
The King's submission to the will of FATE.

Whene'er

Whene'er in hunts the Monarch is thrown out,
  As in his politics—a common thing!
With ſearching eyes he ſtares at firſt about,
  Then faces the misfortune like a *King!*

Hearing no news of nimble Miſter STAG,
He ſits like PATIENCE grinning on his nag!
Now, wiſdom-fraught, his curious eyeballs ken
  The little hovels that around him riſe:
  To theſe he trots—of hogs ſurveys the ſtyes,
And nicely numbers every cock and hen.

Then aſks the farmer's wife or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid!
What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock;
Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock;
Thus from poor hovels gleaning information,
To ſerve as future treaſure for the nation!

There, terrier like, till pages find him out,
He pokes his moſt ſagacious noſe about,
  And ſeems in Paradiſe—like *that* ſo fam'd,
Looking like ADAM too, and EVE ſo fair;
Sweet ſimpletons! who, though ſo very *bare*,
  " Were (ſays the Bible) not *aſham'd*."

No man binds books ſo well as GEORGE the Third.
By thirſt of leather glory ſpurr'd,
At bookbinders he oft is ſeen to laugh—
And wond'rous is the King in ſheep or calf!

But ſee! the PRINCE upon ſuch labour looks
Faſtidious down, and only *readeth* books!—
Here by the Sire the Son is much ſurpaſt;
Which FAME ſhould publiſh on her loudeſt *blaſt!*

The KING beats Monmouth-Street in caſt-off riches;
That is, in coats, and waiſtcoats, and in breeches;
Which, draughted once a year for foreign ſtations,
Make fine recruits to ſerve ſome *near* relations.

But lo! the PRINCE, ſhame on him! never dreams
Of pretty Jewiſh, economic ſchemes!
So very proud, (I'm griev'd, O Tom, to tell it)
He'd rather *give* a coat away than *ſell* it!

Fair juſtice to the Monarch muſt allow
Prodigious ſcience in a calf or cow;
  And wiſdom in the article of ſwine!
What moſt *unuſual* knowledge for a King!
Becauſe pig wiſdom is a *thing*
  In which no SOV'REIGNS e'er were known to *ſhine.*

Yet

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?
The PRINCE, who Britain's throne in time ſhall grace,
Ne'er finger'd, at a fair, a bullock's ribs,
Nor ever ogled a pig's face!
O dire diſgrace! O let it not be known
That *thus* a father hath excell'd a ſon!

Truth bids me own that I can bring
A *dozen* who *admire* the King;
And ſhould he dream of ſetting off for HANOVER,
As once he ſaid he would, to ſpite CHARLES FOX,
Draw all his *little* money from the ſtocks,
Shut ſhop, and carry ev'ry pot and pan over;

I think—indeed I'm *ſure* I know,
That dozen would not let him go;
But in the ſtruggle ſpend their vital breath,
And hug their idol, probably to death;
As happen'd to a Romiſh Prieſt—a tale
That, whilſt I tell it, almoſt turns me pale.

THE ROMISH PRIEST.

A TALE.

A PARSON in the neighbourhood of ROME,
  Some years ago—how many, I don't ſay—
Handled ſo well his heav'nly broom,
  He bruſh'd, like cobwebs, ſins away,

Brighten'd the black horizon of his pariſh;
  Gave to the PRINCE OF DARKNESS ſuch hard blows
  That SATAN was afraid to ſhow his noſe,
(Except in hell) before this prieſt ſo warriſh!

To teach folks how to ſhun the paths of evil,
And prove a match for Miſter DEVIL,
Was conſtantly this pious man's endeavour;
And, as I've ſaid before, the man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal—and FAME declares,
He gallop'd like a hunter o'er his pray'rs;
For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead—
  Petitions on petitions he let fly,
  Which nothing but BARBARIANS could deny—
In ſhort, the *Saints* were to compliance *worried*.

 With

With ſhoulders, arms, and hands, this Prieſt devout,
So well his evolutions did perform;
His pray'rs, thoſe holy ſmall-ſhot, flew about
So thick!—it ſeem'd like taking Heav'n by *ſtorm!*

Without one atom of reflection,
No candidate at an election
Did ever labour more, and fume, and ſweat,
To make a fellow change his coat,
And bleſs him with the caſting vote,
Than this dear man to get in Heav'n a ſeat
For ſouls of children, women, and of men;
No matter which the ſpecies—cock or hen!

Thus did he not like that vile Jeſuit think
Who makes us all with horror ſhrink;
A knave high meriting Hell's hotteſt coals;
Who wrote a ſhocking book, to prove
That women, charming women, form'd for love,
Have got no ſouls!

Monſter! to think that WOMAN had no ſoul!
Ha! haſt *thou* not a ſoul, thou peerleſs MAID,
Who bidſt my rural hours with rapture roll?
Whoſe beauties charm the ſhepherds and the ſhade!

Yes,

Yes, CYNTHIA, and for souls like thine,
Fate into being drew yon starry sphere;
Then kindly sent thy form divine,
To show what wond'rous bliss inhabits there!

In short, no drayhorse ever work'd so hard,
From vaults, to drag up hogshead, tun, or pipe,
As this good Priest, to drag, for *small* reward,
The souls of sinners from the Devil's gripe.

Pleas'd were the *highest* angels to express
Their wonder at his fine address;
And pow'r against the FIEND who makes such strife:
Nay, e'en St. PETER said, to whom are giv'n
The keys for letting people into Heav'n,
He never got more halfpence in his life.

'Twas added that my *namesake* did declare,
(Peter, the porter of Heav'n gate, so trusty;)
That, till this Priest appear'd, souls were so rare,
His bunch of keys was absolutely rusty!

Did GENTLEMEN of fortune die,
And leave the CHURCH a good round sum;
Lo! in the twinkling of an eye,
The Parson frank'd their souls to kingdom-come!

A letter to the PORTER, or a word,
Insur'd admittance to the LORD.
Nor stopp'd those souls an instant on the road,
To take a *roast* before they enter'd in;
For, had they got the *plague*, 'twas said that God
Had let them enter without *quarantine*.

Well then! this Parson was so much admir'd,
So sought, so courted, so desir'd,
Thousands with putrid souls, like putrid meat,
Came for his holy pickle, to be sweet:

Just as we see old hags, with jaws of carrion,
Enter the shop of Mister WARREN;
Who disappoints that highwayman call'd TIME,
(Noted for robbing Ladies of their prime),
By giving SIXTY-FIVE's pale, wither'd mien,
The blooming roses of SIXTEEN.

Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
He always kept his flock *awake*—
In *summer* too—hear, parsons, this strange news,
Ye who so often preach to nodding pews!

A neigh-

A neighb'ring town, into whoſe people's ſouls,
Sin, like a rat, had eat large holes,
Begg'd him to be their tinker—their hole-ſtopper—
For, gentle reader, ſin of ſuch a ſort is,
It ſouls corrodeth juſt as *aqua fortis*
Corrodeth iron, braſs, or copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,
If he'd agree to change his quarters;
Proteſting, when his ſoul ſhould leave its clay,
To rank his bones with thoſe of Saints and Martyrs.

This was a handſome bribe, all Papiſts know!
But ſtop—his pariſh would not let him go:
Then ſurly did the *other* pariſh look,
And ſwore to have the man by *book* or *crook*;

So ſeiz'd him, like a graceleſs throng.
The Prieſt's pariſhioners, who lov'd him *well*,
Rather than to another church belong,
Swore they would ſooner ſee him lodg'd in Hell—
So violent was their objection!
So very ſtrong, too, their affection!

The LADIES, too, united in the ſtrife;
Proteſting that they "lov'd him as their life,
"So ſweetly he would *look* when *down* to pray'r!
"So happy in a ſermon choice!
"And then he had of nightingales the voice—
"And holy water gave with *ſuch* an air!

"Lord! loſe ſo fine a man!—ſo great a treaſure!
"Yielding ſuch quantities of heavenly pleaſure!

"Forgiving ſins ſo free, too, at confeſſion,
"However carnal the tranſgreſſion,
"In ſuch a charming, love-condemning ſtrain!—
"He really ſeem'd to ſay, 'Go ſin again;
"HELL ſhall not throw, my angels, on your ſouls
"So ſweet, a ſingle ſhovelful of coals."

Now in the fire was all the fat:
Juſt as two bulldogs pull a cat,
Both pariſhes with furious zeal contended—
So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
So much from place to place his limbs were lugg'd,
That very fatally the battle ended!
In ſhort, by hugging, lugging, and kind ſqueezes,
The man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces!

This

This work perform'd, the bones were fought for ſtoutly;
And ſo the fray continued moſt devoutly.
Lo, with an arm, away one raſcal fled;
This with a leg, and that the head—
Off with the foot another goes—
Another ſeizes *him*, and gets the toes.

Nay, ſome, a relic ſo intent to crib,
Fought juſt like maſtiffs for a rib;
Nay more, (for truth, to tell the whole, obliges)
A dozen battled for his *os coccygis!**

Heav'n, that ſees all things, ſaw the dire diſpute,
In which each pariſh acted like a brute;
Then bade the dead man as a *Saint* be ſought;
Still, to reward him more, his bones enriches
With pow'r o'er evils, rheumatiſms, and itches,
However dreadful, and wherever caught:
Thus, by the grace of HIM who governs thunder,
His very toe-nail could perform a *wonder*.

 THUS

* The tip of the rump.

THUS might our Monarch, by this dozen men,
Be hugg'd!—and then! and then! and then! and then!
Then what? why, then, this direful ill muſt ſpring:
I a good *ſubject* loſe, and thou a KING!

No, TOM; no more to ſtrike us with amaze,
Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze:
A ſetting ſun art thou, ſo mild thy beam!
Thou (like old OCEAN's heaving wave no more,
That lifts a ſhip and fly with equal roar)
Pour'ſt from thy lyric pipe a *ſober* ſtream.

No more we hear the gale of Fame
Wild bluſt'ring with thy MASTER's name:
No more ideal virtues ride ſublime,
(Like feathers) on the ſurge of rhyme.

But lo the cauſe! it was the ROYAL WILL
To bid the tempeſt of his praiſe be ſtill;
No more to let his virtues make a rout,
Blown by thy blaſts like paper kites about.

Indeed thy Sov'reign, in thy verſe ſo fine,
Might juſtly have exclaim'd at many a line,
"In peacock's feathers, lo, this knave arrays me."

And

And like a King of France of whom I've read,
Our gracious Sov'reign alſo might have ſaid,
"What have I done, that he ſhould *praiſe* me?"

With pity have I ſeen thee, SON OF SONG,
Trundling thy lyric wheelbarrow along,
Amidſt ST. JAMES's gapers to unload
The motley maſs of pompous ode;
And wiſh'd the ſack, for verſe the annual prize,
To poets of a leſs renown—
To poor * WILL MASON, who in ſecret ſighs
To ſtrut beneath the LAUREAT's leaden crown.

Warm in the praiſe, thou mightſt have been,
Of *thy* great King and *his* great Queen;
But not ſo diabolically *hot*—
A downright devil, or a pepper-pot.

By *dev'l*, (without thy being born a wizard)
Thou ought'ſt to know I mean a turkey's gizzard;
So chriſten'd for its quality, by man,
Becauſe ſo oft 'tis loaded with *kian*—

This

* Yes! poor MISTER MASON ſtrove hard for the Bays; but lo! the ſuperior GENIUS of WARTON prevailed againſt the united powers of the *ſweetly-whining* ELFRIDA, the *nobly-bullying* CARACTACUS, and a heap of *cloud-wrapped* ODES beſides.

This dev'l is ſuch a red-hot bit of meat
As nothing but the Dev'l himſelf ſhould eat.

A *ſpoon* was large enough, the world well knows!
  Why give the pap of praiſe then with a *ladle?*
Gently thou ſhouldſt have rock'd him to repoſe—
  Not like a drunken nurſe o'erturn'd the cradle.

I do not marvel that the King was wrath,
(Knowing himſelf no bigger than a lath),
To find himſelf a tall, gigantic oak—
'Twas too much of a magic-lantern ſtroke.

Ah! where was MODESTY, the charming maid?
  Where was the rural vagrant ſtraying,
Not to admoniſh thee, an idle jade,
  When thou thy tuneful compliments wert paying?
Yet why this queſtion put I, TOM, to thee?
Lord! how we wits forget—ſhe was with *me*.

  Yes, MODESTY (by very few careſt)
  Oft condeſcends to be my gueſt:
From time to time the maid my rhyme reviews,
And dictates ſweet inſtructions to the MUSE;

Yes, ſrequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
Juſt like that bluſhful damſel call'd Miss Morn,
Who, ſmiling from the dreary caves of night,
Moves from her eaſt with ſilent pace and ſlow
O'er yonder ſhadowy mount's gigantic brow,
And to my window ſteals with dewy light,
Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
Seems to aſk liberty to enter in.

Now vent'ring on the ſables of my room,
She ſweeps the darkneſs with her ſtar-clad broom;
Now pleas'd a ſtronger ſplendor to diffuſe,
Smiles on the plated buckles in my ſhoes;
Smiles on my breeches, too, of handſome pluſh,
Where George's head *once* made no gingling ſound,
But where amidſt the pockets all was huſh;
Such awful ſilence reign'd around!
Whoſe fob, which thieves ſo often pick,
Was quite a ſtranger to a watch's click.

Now caſting on my pen and ink a ray,
Seeming with ſweet reproof to ſay;
"The lark to Heav'n her grateful matins ſings;
"Then, Peter, alſo ope thy tuneful throat,
"And, happy in a faſcinating note,
"Rise and ſalute the *beſt* of Kings."

 Howe'er

Howe'er the world t' abuſe me may be giv'n,
I cannot do without CROWN'D HEADS, by Heav'n!
Bards muſt have ſubjects that their *genius* ſuit—
And if I've not Crown'd Heads, I muſt be mute.

My verſe is ſomewhat like a game at Whiſt;
Which game, though play'd by people e'er ſo keen,
'Cannot with much ſucceſs, alas! exiſt,
Except their hands poſſeſs a King and Queen.

I own, my muſe delights in royal folk:
Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds!
JOE MILLARS, furniſhing a fund of joke!
Lo, with a fund of joke a Court abounds!

At royal follies, Lord! a lucky hit
Saves our poor brain th' expence of wit:
At Princes let but Satire lift his gun,
The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And, *vice verſâ*, Kings and Queens
Know pretty well what ſcandal means,
And love it too—yes, Majeſty's a grinner:

Scanda

Scandal that really would diſgrace a ſtable
Hath oft been beckon'd to a royal table,
And pleas'd a princely palate more than dinner.

I know the world exclaimeth in this guiſe:
" Suppoſe a King not over-wiſe,
" (A vice in Kings not very oft ſuſpected)
" Suppoſe he does *this* childiſh thing, and *this*,
" If folly conſtitutes a Monarch's bliſs,
" Shall ſuch by ſaucy poets ſtand corrected?
" Bold is the man, old Parſon Calchas* cries,
" Who tells a Monarch where his folly lies."
" Grant that a King in converſe cannot ſhine,
" And ſharp with ſhrewd remark a world alarm;
" What buſineſs, Peter Pindar, is't of thine?
" Grant puerilities—pray where's the harm?"—

To this I anſwer, " I don't think a King
" Will go to *hell* for ev'ry childiſh thing—
" Yet mind, I think that one in *his* great ſtation
" Should ſhow ſublime example to a nation:

" And when an *eagle* he ſhould ſpring
" To drink the ſolar blaze on tow'ring wing,
" With

* Vide Homer.

"With daring and undazzled eyes;
"Not be a *ſparrow* upon chimneys hopping,
"His head in holes and corners popping
"For *flies.*"

Tom, I'm not griev'd that thou haſt chang'd thy
And op'd on Windſor wall thy tuneful throat;
For verily it is a rare old maſs!
Nor angry that to West thou doſt deſcend;
The King's great painting oracle and friend,
Who teacheth * Jervas how to ſpoil good glaſs.

But, ſon of Isis, ſince amidſt this ode,
Thou talk'ſt of painting, like an ardent lover,
Of panes of glaſs now daubing over,
Dimming delightfully the great abode;

Speak—know'ſt thou aught of Raphael's rare *toons?*
I have not ſeen them, Tom, for many moons!

Why didſt thou not, amidſt thy rhyming fit,
Of thoſe moſt heav'nly pictures talk a bit—

* See the windows deſigned for the chapel at Windſor.

For which the NATION paid down ev'ry *souse*?
Rare pictures, brought long since from HAMPTON
COURT,
And by a *self-taught* CARPENTER cut short,
To suit the pannels of the QUEEN's old house.

So says report—I hope it is not true—
And yet I verily believe it too;
It is so like *some people* I could name,
Whose *pericraniums* walk a little lame.

Beshrew me, but it brings to mind
A cutting story, much of the same kind!

It happ'd at PLYMOUTH town so fair and sweet,
Where wandering gutters, wandering gutters meet,
Making in show'rs of rain a monstrous pother;
Bart'ring, like RAG-FAIR JEWS, with one the other,
With carrots, cabbage-leaves, and breathless cats,
Potatoes, turnip-tops, old rags, and hats:

A town that brings to mind SWIFT's City Show'r,
Where clouds to wash its face for ever pour;
A town where Beau-traps under water grin,
Inviting gentle strangers to walk in;

Where

Where dwell the Lady Naiads of the flood,
Prepar'd to crown their visitors with mud.

A town where parsons for the *living* fight,
On every vacancy, with godly might,
Like wrestlers for lac'd hats and buckskin breeches;
Where oft the priest who best his lungs employs
To make the rarest diabolic noise,
With surest chance of vict'ry preaches:
Whose empty sounds alone his labours bless;
Like cannon fir'd by vessels in distress.

A town where, exil'd by the Higher Pow'rs,
The *ROYAL TAR with indignation lours;
Kept by his SIRE from London, and from sin,
To say his Catechism to Mistress WYNN.

* The Duke of Clarence.

THE

THE PLYMOUTH CARPENTER
AND
THE COFFINS.

IN the laſt war French pris'ners often dy'd
Of fevers, colds, and more good things beſide:
  Preſents for valour, from damp walls and chinks;
And nakedneſs, that ſeldom ſees a ſhirt;
And vermin, and all ſorts of dirt;
  And multitudes of motley ſtinks,
That might with ſmells of any clime compare,
That ever ſought the noſe, or fields of air.

As coffins are deem'd neceſſary things,
Forming a pretty ſort of wooden wings
  For wafting men to graves, for t'other world;
Where, anchor'd, (doom'd to make no voyages more)
The rudders of our ſouls are put aſhore,
  And all the ſails for ever furl'd;

A carpenter, firſt couſin to the MAY'R,
  Hight Maſter SCREW, a man of reputation,
Got leave, through borough int'reſt, to prepare
  Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation;
I mean, for luckleſs Frenchmen that were dead:
And very well indeed SCREW's contract ſped.

His good friend DEATH made wonderful demands,
As if they play'd into each other's hands;
As if the Carpenter and DEATH went ſnacks—
Wiſhing to make as much as e'er they could
By this ſame contract coffin wood,
For ſuch as DEATH had thrown upon their backs.

This Carpenter, like men of other trades
Whom conſcience very eaſily perſuades
To take from neighbours uſeleſs ſuperfluity,
Reſolv'd upon an economic plan,
Which ſhows that in the character of man
Economy is not an incongruity.
I know *ſome Monarchs* ſay the ſame—whoſe pulſes
Beat high for iv'ry chairs and beds and bulſes.

For lo, this man of economic ſort
Makes all his coffins much too ſhort:
Yet ſnugly he accommodates the dead—
Cuts off, with much *ſang-froid*, the head;
And then, to keep it ſafe as well as warm,
He gravely puts it underneath the arm;
Making his dead man quite a PARIS beau!
Hugging his jowl *en chapeau bras*.

BUT,

BUT, Thomas, now to thofe Cartoons of fame—
Do afk thy Sov'reign, in *my* name,
What's to be done with thofe rare pictures next;
Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down
To the Queen's Houfe in Windfor town,
At which the London folks were vaftly vex'd.

For if thofe fine Cartoons, as hift'ry fays,
Were (much to this great nation's praife)
Bought for BRITANNIA's fole infpection;
Unafk'd, to fuffer any man to feel 'em,
Or fuffer any forward dame to fteal 'em,
Would be a national reflection.

TOM, afk, to STRELITZ if they're doom'd to go,
Becaufe the walls are naked there, I know.
Strelitz a moufe-hole is, all dark and drear;
And, fhould the pictures be inclin'd to ftray,
Not liking Strelitz, they may lofe their way,
And ramble to fome Hebrew auctioneer;

Where, like poor captur'd negroes in a knot,
The holy wand'rers may be made a lot—
And, like the goods at Garraway's we handle,
Chrift and the Saints be fold by *inch of candle!*

Dearly beloved THOMAS, to conclude—
(I see thee ready to bawl out "*Amen*:")
Joking apart, don't think me rude
For wishing to instruct thy lyric pen.

Whether like trout and eels in humble pride,
Along the simple stream of prose we glide;
Or stirring from below a cloud of mud,
Like whales we flounder through the lyric flood;

Or (if a past'ral image charm thee more)
Whether the vales of prose our feet explore,
Or, rais'd sublime on ODE's aërial steep,
We bound from rock to rock, like goats and sheep,

Whether we dine with Dukes on fifty dishes,
Or, poet-like, against our wishes,
On beef or pork, an economic crumb,
(Perchance not bigger than our thumb,
Turn'd by a bit of packthread at the fire)
To satisfy our hunger's keen desire;
A good old proverb let us keep in view—
Viz. Thomas, "Give the Dev'l his due."

Whether

Whether a Monarch, iſſuing high command,
Smiles us to court, and ſhakes us by the hand;
Or rude bumbailiffs touch us on the ſhoulder,
And bid our tuneful harps in priſon moulder;
Sell not (to meanneſs ſunk) one golden line—
The Muse's incenſe for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuſe of thine, my friend—
" Few are the people that my Ode attend:
" I'm like a country clock, poor, lonely thing,
" That on the ſtaircaſe, or behind the door,
" Cries, 'Cuckoo, Cuckoo,' juſt at twelve and four,
" And chimes that vulgar tune, "God ſave the King."

Oh! if deſerting Windsor's lofty tow'rs,
To ſave a ſixpence in his barrack bow'rs,
A Monarch ſhuffles from the world away,
And gives to Folly's whims the buſtling day;
From *ſuch* low themes thy promis'd praiſe recall,
And ſing more wonders of the old Mud Wall.

PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET;

OR, AN

IMPORTANT EPISTLE TO SIR J. BANKS,

ON THE

APPROACHING ELECTION

OF A

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Tros, Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo. VIRGIL.

Rank is a farce—if people fools will be,
A ſcavenger and king's the ſame to me.

La Societé Royale de Londres fut formée en 1660, ſix ans avant notre Academie des Sciences. Elle n'a point de recompenſes comme la nôtre, mais auſſi elle eſt libre. Point de ces diſtinctions deſagreables, inventées par l'ABBÉ BIGNON, qui diſtribua l'Academie des Sciences en Savans qu'on payoit, & en Honoraires qui n'etoient pas Savans. La Societé de Londres indépendante, & n'etant encouragée que par elle même, a eté compoſée de ſujets qui ont trouvé le calcul de l'Infini, les loix de la lumiere, celles de peſanteur, l'aberration des etoiles, le teleſcope de reflexion, la pompe a feu, le microſcope ſolaire, & beaucoup d'autres inventions auſſi utiles qu'admirables. Qu'auroient fait de plus ces GRANDS HOMMES, s'ils avoient eté penſionnaires ou honoraires?

VOLTAIRE, ſur la Société Royale.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Sublime and poetical Exordium, in which the Bard applaudeth himself, condemneth his Sovereign, and condescendeth to instruct Sir Joseph Banks, F. R. S.—Anecdote of Julius Cæsar and a Conjuror—Peter dwelleth with much solemnity on the gloomy month of November, and compareth Sir Joseph Banks to Jupiter and Mr. Squib—Asketh shrewd questions—Sir Joseph comprehendeth their sage meaning, and flieth into a passion, and boasteth how he revengeth himself on the fun the world enjoyeth at his expence—Sir Joseph animadverteth wisely on a fall from the presidency to the state of a *simple* fellow, obliquely and nobly hinting at a few *traits* of his own character—Peter replieth with good advice, exhibiting at the same time acute knowledge of the sexual system in botanical affairs—Sir Joseph refuseth Peter's counsel—Peter mentioneth men of science, whom Sir Joseph scorneth—Sir Joseph letteth the cat out of the bag, and sheweth principles inimical to the cause of true philosophy, by wishing to make *great* men Fellows, instead of *wise* men—Peter moraliseth with profundity, and flappeth the bugs of Fortune for daring, on account of their Mammon, to place themselves on a level with Genius—Sir Joseph maketh more discovery of his disposition, by abusing painting, poetry, and music, and wisheth to tread in the steps of his Sovereign—Peter illustrateth the President's mode of catching at an argument, by a beautiful spider simile—Sir Joseph boasteth of his tea and toast weapons—Peter animadverteth with his usual wisdom on the miraculous powers of meat, when applied to a hungry stomach—Sir Joseph findeth out a new road to the heart—Boasteth of royal favour—Peter smileth at it, and frighteneth Sir Joseph—Sir Joseph enquireth the World's opinion of himself—Peter giveth it without ceremony—Sir Joseph curseth—Peter prayeth him to be quiet, proceedeth, and telleth terrible

things—

things—Sir JOSEPH sweareth—Praiseth himself again for his being able to lead great folks by the nose, and braggeth of royal whispers—PETER guesseth at the royal whispers, and expresseth pleasure thereat—Again boasteth the President of what he can do—PETER solemnly smileth in a superb simile taken from wild beasts—Sir JOSEPH vaunteth on his great acquaintance with vegetables and monkeys—PETER acquiesceth in his monkey wisdom, but denieth its importance, and turneth butterfly and egg knowledges over to idle old maids—PETER acknowledgeth the merits of Indian, booby, and noddy killing; lizard, bat, scurvygrass, and lady-smock hunting; yet differeth with Sir JOSEPH as to the idea of its importance—The President again boasteth—PETER solemnly replieth, and telleth strange matters of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON—Sir JOSEPH breaketh out violently, and with an air of defiance, on the subject of Mr. HERSCHEL—PETER acquiesceth, in some measure, on the merits of Mr. HERSCHEL, and prophesieth more discoveries by this astronomer than struck the imagination of Sir JOSEPH—PETER prophesieth of the future grandeur of CHELTENHAM, by means of mills to supply the great *flux* of people with paper—PETER giveth more glory to Mr. HERSCHEL'S *glass*, than to Mr. HERSCHEL'S *head*—Sir JOSEPH groweth abusive—PETER properly replieth—Sir JOSEPH again triumpheth—PETER cutteth him down for his laud on his Grace of MARLBOROUGH'S spy-glass discoveries, and JOHN HUNTER'S sows and pheasants—Sir JOSEPH plumeth himself on Dr. BLAGDEN—PETER praiseth Dr. BLAGDEN—Sir JOSEPH praiseth Sir BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Lord MULGRAVE, and the unassuming quaker, Dr. LETTSOME; moreover praiseth the Doctor's hubby-horse, *mangel worsal*, alias *wurtsel*—Sir JOSEPH enquireth the merits of Mr. AUBERT, the silkman—PETER smileth, and answereth wittily—Sir JOSEPH enquireth about Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON—PETER answereth in like manner—Sir JOSEPH'S ire boileth over—PETER laugheth—PETER cometh to the point, and telleth the President in plain terms that he must depend on

the

the *many*, more than *one*, meaning our moſt gracious King—Sir JOSEPH exclaimeth with his uſual vulgarity, and taxeth the revolting members with ingratitude, and flieth to meat and drink for his future ſupporters—PETER praiſeth meat and drink, yet inſiſteth on the truth of an intended rebellion—Sir JOSEPH, in a ſtrain of deſpondency, looketh to the Lord for ſupport—PETER giveth him no hopes from that quarter—Sir JOSEPH, in a tiger-like manner, breaketh out into rage and boaſting—PETER acknowledgeth his merits, but informeth the Preſident of their inſufficiency—Sir JOSEPH voweth to play the devil—PETER exalteth Sir JOSEPH's intended manœuvre, by a compariſon of a miracle frequently worked in Popiſh countries on rats and graſhoppers—PETER ſtill harpeth on the old ſtring of *ſomething more*—Sir JOSEPH adduceth more inſtances of merit, ſuch as eating matters that would make a *Hottentot* vomit—PETER acknowledgeth Sir JOSEPH's uncommon ſtomach-powers and triumph over reptiles; but with obſtinacy inſiſteth upon it that ſomething more muſt be achieved—The Preſident, upon this, moſt wickedly, yet moſt heroically, declareth, that he will then ſwallow an alligator—PETER diſſuadeth Sir JOSEPH, like a friend, from his bold intention, and recommendeth a meal of a milder quality.

PETER's

PETER's PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

THE BARD who, fill'd with Friendship's pureſt fire,
Tun'd to a MIGHTY KING the moral lyre;
With all the magic of the Muſe's art,
Smil'd at his foibles, and enlarg'd* his heart,
Ungrateful Prince! like moſt of modern times,
Who never thank'd the Poet for his rhymes:
The BARD, with Wiſdom's voice ſublimely ſtrong,
Who ſcar'd the maids of honour with his ſong,
Turn'd courtiers pale, and turn'd to ſilent wonder
Ambaſſadors, at TRUTH's deep tone of thunder;
Who in *their* country (ſuch a timid thing!)
Was never known to *whiſper* to a king:

The

* Verily the LYRIC BARD hath cauſe of triumph—by means of a few *hints*, the cloſe fiſt of *Royal Economy* hath been a little unclenched. By God's grace, and the Poet's good health, *greater* things are likely to be accompliſhed; ſuch is the power of *ſong!*

The BARD who dar'd undaunted thus to tow'r,
And boldly oracles to princes pour,
Stoops ſrom the zenith of his eagle flight
To give inſtruction to a *ſimple* Knight.

To CÆSAR, who th' advice with ſcorn repaid,
" Beware the *Ides of March,*" a conj'ror ſaid.
More rev'renc'd let a *greater* conj'ror ſay,
" Beware, Sir JOSEPH BANKS, *St. Andrew's Day.*"
Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
When, of your plumage ſtripp'd, and fav'rite pow'r,
You quit that mace and pompous chair of ſtate,
And ceaſe Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
That awe-inſpiring hammer'd fiſt to rear,
Like ſcepter'd JOVE, and SQUIB the AUCTIONEER!

SIR JOSEPH.

Well! what's *November*'s* gloomy month or hour?
The day which *ravages*, *reſtores* my pow'r.

PETER.

Perchance AMBITION may be doom'd to mourn!
Perchance your honours may no more return!

Think

* On the thirtieth of November the Preſident is annually choſen.

Think what a hoſt of enemies you make!
What feeling mind would be a BULL at ſtake?
Pinch'd by *this* mongrel, by *that* maſtiff torn;
Who'd make a feaſt to treat the public *ſcorn?*
Who'd be a BEAR that graſps his club with pride,
With which his *dancing-maſter* drubs his hide?
None, dear Sir JOSEPH; but the arrant'ſt fool
Turns butt to feel the ſhafts of ridicule.

SIR JOSEPH.

Your meaning, friend, I eaſily divine!

PETER.

Yes, quit for life the chair—reſign, reſign.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! with contempt the grinning world I ſee,
And always laugh at *thoſe* who laugh at *me*.

PETER.

Dear Sir Joſeph, may I never thrive
But you muſt be the *merrieſt man alive*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Good!—but, my friend, 'twould be a black November,
To lose the chair, and sneak a vulgar member;
Sit on a bench *mumchance* without my hat *,
Sunk from a lion to a tame Tom cat:
Just like a schoolboy trembling o'er his book,
Afraid to move, or speak, or think, or look,
When Mister PRESIDENT, with mastiff air,
Vouchsafes to grumble " Silence" from the chair.

PETER.

All this is mortifying to be sure,
And more than flesh and blood can well endure!
Then to your turnip-fields in peace retire:
Return, like CINCINNATUS, country squire:
Go with your wisdom, and amaze the Boors
With apple-tree, and shrub, and flow'r amours;
And tell them all, with wide-mouth'd wonder big,
How gnats † can make a cuckold of a fig.
Form fly clubs, shell-clubs, weed-clubs, if you please,
And proudly reign the PRESIDENT of *these*:

Go,

* The President always wears his hat.
† See the Natural History of the Fig.

Go, and with periwinkle wiſdom charm;
With loves of lobſters, oyſters, crabs, alarm;
And tell them how, like *ours*, the females woo'd,
By kiſſing, people all the realms of mud:
Thus, though proud LONDON dares refuſe you fame,
The Towns of LINCOLNSHIRE ſhall raiſe your name;
Knock down the bull, the magpie, calf, and king,
And bid *Sir Joſeph* on their ſignpoſts ſwing.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! ſince I've fairly mounted FORTUNE's maſt,
Till FATE ſhall chop my hands off, I'll hold faſt.

PETER.

And yet, Sir Joſeph, FAME reports, you ſtole
To FORTUNE's topmaſt through the *lubberhole* *.
Think of the men, whom SCIENCE ſo reveres!
HORSLEY, and WILSON, MASKELYNE, MASERES,
LANDEN, and HORNSBY, ATWOOD, GLENIE, HUT-
TON—

SIR JOSEPH.

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!

Fools,

* A part of the ſhip well known to new ſeamen.

Fools, who to *mathematics* would confine us,
And *bother* all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

PETER.

No more they ſearch the philoſophic mine,
To bid the journals with their labours ſhine,
And yield a glorious ſplendor to the page,
Such as when NEWTON, HALLEY grac'd the age!
Retir'd, thoſe members now behold with ſighs
The dome, like Egypt, ſwarm with frogs and flies,
And *you*, the PHARAOH too without remorſe,
The ſtubborn parent of the reptile curſe;
See WISDOM yield to FOLLY's rude control,
JOVE's eagle murder'd by a mouſing owl.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've ſtar-gazers enough;
I now look round for diff'rent kind of ſtuff:
Beſides—*untitled* members are mere ſwine;
I wiſh for *princes* on my liſt to ſhine:
I'll have a company of ſtars and ſtrings;
I'll have a proud ſociety of *kings!*
I'll have no miſerable ſqueal *tomtit*,
Whilſt FORTUNE offers *pheaſants* to my ſpit!

For me, the Dev'l may take a nameless fry—
No sprats, no sprats, whilst whales can fill my eye.

PETER.

Thus on a stall, amidst a country fair,
Old women show of gingerbread their ware!
King DAVID and Queen BETHSHEBA behold,
Strut from their dough majestic, grac'd with gold!
King SOLOMON so great, in all his glory!
The Queen of SHEBA too, renown'd in story!
The grannies these display with doating eyes;
Delighted see them all the louts surprise;
Whilst no poor bak'd *plebeian*, great or small,
Dares show his sneaking nose upon the stall!

Sir JOSEPH, do not fancy, that by fate
Great wisdom goes with titles and estate!
I grant that pride and insolence appear
Where purblind FORTUNE thousands gives a year.
Too many of FORTUNE's insects have I seen,
Proud of some little name, with scornful mien,
High o'er the head of modest GENIUS rise,
Pert, foppish, whiffling, flutt'ring butterflies!
Weak imps! on whom, their planets all so kind,
In pity to their poverty of mind,

Around, her treasure bountifully shed,
Convinc'd the fools would want a bit of bread.

SIR JOSEPH.

Since truth *must* out, then know, my biting friend,
Philosophers my soul with horror rend;
Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum—
Plague take 'em, should a *President* be dumb?
I loath the arts—the universe may know it:
I hate a painter, and I hate a poet.
To these two ears, a bear, MARCHESI growls;
MARA and BILLINGTON, a brace of owls.
To circles of pure ignorance conduct me;
I hate the company that can *instruct* me;
I wish to imitate my King so *nice*,
Great Prince! who ne'er was known to take advice!
Who keeps no company (delightful plan!)
That dares be wiser than himself, good man!

PETER.

In troth, Sir JOSEPH, I have often seen ye
Look in debate a *little* like a ninny,
Struggling to grasp the sense with mouth, hands, eyes,
And with the philosophic Speaker rise

Just

Juſt like a ſpider bruſh'd by SUSAN's broom,
That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room;
Poor ſprawling reptile, but with humbled air
Condemn'd to ſneak away behind a chair.

SIR JOSEPH.

Still to the point—a rout let *fellows* make;
My pow'r is too well fix'd for *ſuch* to ſhake;
My ſure artill'ry hath o'ercome a *hoſt*.

PETER.

I own the great, paſt pow'rs of tea and toaſt!
Ven'ſon's a CÆSAR in the fierceſt fray;
Turtle! an ALEXANDER in its way:
And then, in quarrels of a *ſlighter* nature,
Mutton's a moſt ſucceſsful mediator!
So much ſuperior is the ſtomach's ſmart,
To all the vaunted horrors of the heart;
E'en LOVE, who often triumphs in his grief,
Hath ceas'd to feed on ſighs, to pant on beef.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and butter'd rolls
Have found an eaſy paſs to people's ſouls:

My well-tim'd dinners (*certain folks* revere)
Have left this eafy bofom nought to fear.
The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their guts, or I miftake mankind;
Befides, whilft thus I boaft my *Sov'reign*'s fmile,
Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

PETER.

Alas! Sir JOSEPH! grant the KING you pleafe,
Which ev'ry courtier's eye with envy fees;
A glorious thing too, no man can deny it;
Though no man ever got a *fixpence* by it;
Yet of our lucky ifland, *certain* KINGS,
Far from *all*-mighty, are not *mighty* things:
And though with many a wren you make him bleft,
And many a tomtit's egg and tomtit's neft;
And many a monkey ftuff'd to make him grin,
And many a flea and beetle on a pin;
And promife (to cajole the royal mind)
To make his butcher, member, and his hind;
It is not *he*, with Polyphemus ftare,
And ftern command, *perpetuates* the Chair!
I know that difaffection taints the throng,
And know the world is *lavifh* in its tongue.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

Ah! tell me fairly without more delay,
What 'tis the blackguard world hath dar'd to *ſay*:
Perhaps a pretty devil I'm pourtray'd;
The world's free bruſh deals damnably in *ſhade*.

PETER.

Thus, then, "How dares that man his carcaſe ſquat,
" Bold, in the ſacred chair where *Newton* ſat;
" Whoſe eye could NATURE's darkeſt veil pervade,
" And, ſun-like, view the ſolitary MAID;
" Purſue the wand'rer through each ſecret maze,
" And on her labours pour a noontide blaze?
" When to the chair BANKS forc'd his bold aſcent,
" He crawl'd a *bug* upon the *monument*."

SIR JOSEPH.

Curſe them!—

PETER.

Have patience, dear Sir Joſeph, pray!
I have not mention'd half the people ſay:—
Thus then again, "He beats the bears, ſo rude,
" With bulldog aſpect, and with brains of mud:

"His words, like ſtones for pavements, make us ſtart;
"Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart;
"Who for importance all his lungs employs,
"And thinks that words, like drums, were made for *noiſe*:
"A fellow ſo unqualified to ſhine!
"Who never to the Journals gave a line;
"But into SWEDEN caſt a fox-like look,
"And caught Gooſe DRYANDER to write his book.*
"Such is the *mania* for the claps of Fame,
"So ſought by many a 'ſquire and gentle dame,
"Reſembling beggars that on alms grow fat;
"Who, if too weak *themſelves* to make a brat,
"*Buy* children up to melt the trav'ler's eye,
"And from his pocket call the charity.

"Through *him* each trifle-hunter that can bring
"A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle's wing,
"Shall to a FELLOW's dignity ſucceed;
"Witneſs Lord CHATHAM and his *piſs-a-bed!*†

"How

* A moſt pompous birth in the botanical way is to make its appearance ſoon; Sir Joſeph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his ſecretary, begets it.

† *Vulgarly* called *Dandelion.* Something of this kind (a moſt wonderful ſpecies!) was preſented by the eldeſt-born of the great PITT, for which he was created F. R. S.

"How had he pow'rs to muster up the face
"To ask a PRESIDENT's important place?
"How with a matchless insolence to dare
"Abuse and jostle PRINGLE * from the chair?
"A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat
"That owes its sole subsistence to a gnat!
"A hunter of the meanest reptile breed,
"A fool that crosses oceans for a weed!

* About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines, to secure them from the effects of lightning. A question then arose, *which* would best succeed, *blunt* or *pointed* conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the sensible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr. Franklin, that points were preferable—Sir Joseph Banks and his party roared loudly for the *blunts*.—The dispute ran so high, that his Majesty took a part in it; and being rather *partial* to *blunt conductors*, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory decision, and announcing to the world the superiority of NOBS. To confirm his *great* and *wise* opinion, NOBS were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham House. This, however, was not all; on the birth day, his Majesty desired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The President replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverse the order of Nature. The Sovereign could not easily *see that*, and therefore *repeated* his commands.—Teazed by the King from time to time to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of Nature; and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph and his moth-hunting phalanx, he resigned the chair, and returned to Scotland.—The honour was instantaneously snapped at, and caught by the present possessor, *such* as he is!

"Once tow'ring SCIENCE made Crane-court* her
 home,
"And heav'n-born WISDOM patroniz'd the dome;
"With awful aſpect at the portal ſhone,
"And to her manſion woo'd the wiſe alone:
"Now at the door ſee moon-ey'd FOLLY grin,
"Inviting birds-neſt hunters to come in;
"Idiots who ſpecks on eggs devoutly ken,
"And furbiſh up a folio on a wren."
You ſee the world, Sir JOSEPH, ſcorns to flatter—

SIR JOSEPH.

By G-d! I think it hath not minc'd the matter.
Yet, by the POW'R who made me, PETER, know,
I'm *honour'd, ſtar'd at,* whereſoe'er I go!
Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks
Get up to compliment Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—

PETER.

And then ſit down again, I do ſuppoſe;
And then around the room a whiſper goes,
"Lord,

* The rooms of the Royal Society are removed from Crane-court to Somerſet-place.

"Lord, that's Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—how grand his look!
"Who fail'd all round the world with Captain COOK!"

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! what the devil's fame, if this be *not?*

PETER.

Sir JOSEPH, prithee don't be fuch a fot—
Thofe wonderful admirers, man, were dozens
Of frefh-imported, ftaring country coufins,
To London come, the waxwork to devour,
And fee their brother *beafts* within the Tow'r.
True fame is praife by men of *wifdom* giv'n,
Whofe fouls difplay fome workmanfhip of Heav'n;
Not by the wooden million—Nature's chips,
Whofe twilight fouls are ever in *eclipfe*;
Puppies! who, though on idiotifm's dark brink,
Becaufe they've *heads*, dare fancy they can *think*.

SIR JOSEPH.

What though unletter'd,* I can lead the herd,
And laugh at half the members to their beard.

Frequent

* In fpite of our objection to Sir Jofeph as a Prefident, we muft allow his candour in acknowledging himfelf *unlettered*, as he really was refufed his degree at CAMBRIDGE, though every intereft was implored to make him pafs mufter.

Frequent to Court I go; and, 'midſt the ring,
I catch moſt gracious whiſpers from the KING—

PETER.

And well (I think) I hear each precious ſpeech,
In ſentiment ſublime, and language rich;
" What's new, Sir JOSEPH? what, what's new found out?
" What's the ſociety, what, what about?
" Any more monſters, lizard, monkey, rat,
" Egg, weed, mouſe, butterfly, pig, what, what, what?
" Toad, ſpider, graſshopper, Sir JOSEPH BANKS?
" Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks, more
thanks?
" You ſtill eat * raw fleſh, beetle, viper, bat,
" Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joſeph—what, what, what?"

Such is the language of the *firſt* of Kings,
That many a ſighing heart with envy ſtings!
And much I'm pleas'd to fancy that I hear
Such wiſe and gracious whiſpers greet your ear:
Yet if the greater part of members growl,
Though owls themſelves, and curſe *you* for an owl,
And

* Ambitious of an *uncommon* path to the temple of FAME, which no man beſides himſelf *dared* to tread, the KNIGHT often exerciſed his teeth in ſuch repaſts, before a number of *wondering* ſpectators.

And bent the great Sir JOSEPH BANKS to humble,
Behold the GIANT PRESIDENT muſt tumble.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! Sir, the GREAT-ONES to my whiſtle come:
I have 'em ev'ry one beneath my thumb.
ELECTORS, MARGRAVES, PRINCES, grace my liſt:
And ſhall a few poor *ragged rogues* reſiſt,
Becauſe (a flock of aſtronomic gulls!)
The cobweb *mathematics* cloud their ſculls?
The GREAT, when beckon'd to, my cauſe ſhall aid,
And, happy, think themſelves with *thanks* o'erpaid:
Theſe ſhall ariſe, and, with a ſingle frown,
Beat the bold front of OPPOSITION down.

PETER.

Thus, by a word, the SHOWMAN at the Tow'r
Exerts on brother ſavages his pow'r;
Bids NERO, CÆSAR, POMPEY, ſpread their paws,
And ſhow the horrors of their gaping jaws!

SIR JOSEPH.

By heav'ns! I've merit, ſay whate'er you pleaſe!
Can name the vegetable tribes with eaſe.
What monkey walks the woods, or climbs a tree,
Whoſe genealogy's unknown to *me*?

PETER.

PETER.

I grant you, Sir, in monkey knowledge great;
Yet ſay, ſhould monkeys give you *Newton*'s ſeat?
Such merit ſcarcely is enough to dub
A man a member of a country club.

With novel ſpecks on eggs to feaſt the eye;
Or gaudy colours of a butterfly;
Or new-found fibre of ſome graſſy blade,
Well ſuits the idle hours of ſome *old maid*,
(Whoſe ſighs each lover's vaniſh'd ſighs deplore)
To murder time when *Cupids* kill no more;
Not *men*, who, lab'ring with a Titan mind,
Should ſcale the ſkies to benefit mankind.
I grant you full of anecdote, my friend—
Bons mots, and wond'rous ſtories without end,
Yet if a tale can claim, or jeſt ſo rare,
Ten thouſand goſſips might demand the chair.

To ſhoot at boobies,* noddies, with ſuch luck,
And pepper a poor Indian like a duck;

To

* "Great and manifold were Sir Joſeph's triumphs over theſe defenceleſs animals," ſays Dr. Hawkſworth's moſt miſerable account; which might more properly be chriſtened, "The Hiſ-"tory of Sir Joſeph Banks," ſo much, indeed, is Sir Joſeph the *hero* of the tale.

To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
And run a dozen miles to catch a bat;
To plunge in marſhes, and to ſcale the rocks,
Sublime, for ſcurvygraſs and lady-ſmocks*,
Are matters of proud triumph, to be ſure,
And ſuch as FAME's fair volume ſhould ſecure:
Yet, to my mind, it is not ſuch a feat,
As gives a man a claim to *Newton*'s ſeat.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yet are there men of genius who ſupport me!
Proud of my friendſhip, ſee Sir *William* court me!

PETER.

Great in the eating knowledge, all allow;
Who ſent you once the *ſumen* of a ſow,†
Far richer food than pigs that loſe their breath,
Whipp'd, like poor ſoldiers on parades, to death.

Sir

* See Hawkſworth's account of Captain Cook's Voyage.

† Sir W. HAMILTON, who ſent Sir Joſeph from Italy this precious preſent. The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a ſow, ſoon after ſhe hath littered, continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhauſted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffuſed through this belly part are ſo delicious, as to be thought ample atonement for the barbarity.

Sir WILLIAM! hand and glove with NAPLES KING!
Who made with rare antiques the nation ring;
Who, when VESUVIUS foam'd with melted matter,
March'd up and clapp'd his nose into the *crater*,
Just with the same *sang-froid* that JOAN the cook
Casts on her dumplings in the pot a look.

But more the world reports (I hope untrue),
That half SIR WILLIAM'S Mugs and Gods are *new*;
Himself the baker of th' Etrurian ware,
That made our British antiquarians stare;
Nay, that he means ere long to cross the main,
And at his Naples oven sweat again;
And, by his late successes render'd bolder,
To bake *new* mugs, and gods some ages *older*!

SIR JOSEPH.

God bless us! what to *Herschel* dare you say,
The astronomic genius of the day,
Who soon will find more wonders in the skies,
And with more *Georgium Siduses* surprise?

PETER.

More Ætnas in the moon—*more* cinder loads!
Perhaps mail-coaches on her turnpike roads,

By

By ſome great LUNAR PALMER taught to fly,
To gain the gracious glances of the eye
Of ſome *penurious man* of high degree,
And charm the monarch with a *poſtage free*;
Such as to CHELT'NAM waters urg'd their way,
Where CLOACINA holds her *eaſy* ſway;
Where paper-mills ſhall load with wealth the town,
And ev'ry ſhop ſhall deal in *whitiſh brown*;
Where for the coach the KING was wont to watch,
Loaded with fiſh, fowl, bacon, and diſpatch;*
Eggs and ſmall beer, potatoes, too, a ſtore,
That coſt in CHELT'NAM market twopence more;
Converting thus a coach of matchleſs art,
With two rare geldings, to a *ſutler's cart.*
But, voluble Sir Joſeph—not ſo faſt—
The fame of HERSCHEL is a dying blaſt:
When on the moon he firſt began to peep,
The wond'ring world pronounc'd the gazer, *deep*;
But,

* Mr. PALMER very *generouſly* offered his SOVEREIGN a mail-coach to carry letters and diſpatches to and from Cheltenham. The offer was *too great* to be refuſed—a ſplendid carriage was built for the occaſion: his moſt economic Majeſty, however, wiſely knowing that ſomething more than a few letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the poet hath obſerved, into a cart, and ſaved many a ſixpence.

But wiser now th' *un*-wond'ring world, alas!
Gives all poor HERSCHEL'S glory to his *glass*;
Convinc'd his boasted astronomic strength
Lies in his *tube's*,* not *head's enormous* length.

SIR JOSEPH.

What, niggard! not on *Herschel* fame bestow,
So curious a discov'rer?—

PETER.

No! man, no!
Give it to MUDGE,† whose head contains more *wit*
Than (trust me) ever lodg'd in HERSCHEL'S house.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo, at my call the noble MARLB'ROUGH'S vote,
Whose observations much our fame promote.

PETER.

Who from his Blenheim chimneys wonders spies—
The *daily advertiser* of the skies:

* We would not detract from Mr. HERSCHEL'S *real* merit.—By a true German cart-horse labour, he made a little improvement on Dr. MUDGE'S method of constructing mirrors; such are this gentleman's pretensions to a niche in the temple of FAME.—As for his mathematical abilities, they can scarcely be called the *shadows* of Science.

† Dr. MUDGE of Plymouth.

Who equals his great anceſtor in head;
A hero * who could neither write nor read:
Thus equal form'd, to all the world's ſurpriſe;
As one *ſwept* earth, the other *ſweeps* the ſkies.

SIR JOSEPH.

HUNTER † with fiſh intrigues our houſe régales—

PETER.

The tender hiſtory of cooing whales! ‡—

SIR JOSEPH.

Great in the noble art of gelding ſows!—

PETER.

And giving to the boar a barren ſpouſe!
Who proves, what many unbelievers ſhocks,
That age converts *hen* pheaſants into *cocks!*

* The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been an illiterate man; which ſhows that a headpiece for the arts and ſciences, and a headpiece for facing cannon-balls, are wiſely formed of *different* materials.

† John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz. on ſow-gelding; on the wolf, jackall, and dog; *proving inconteſtably*, what the world knew before, that the aforeſaid animals were *bonâ fide* of the ſame ſpecies: alſo on the loves of whales.

‡ See article 30, 1780, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a pheaſant with three legs, that by age changed from a *female* to a *male*.

And why not, ſince it is deny'd by no man
That age hath made JOHN HUNTER an OLD WOMAN?

Believe me, full as well might Papiſts bring
Quills from a SERAPH's tail, or CHERUB's wing;
Saint DUNSTAN's crab ſtick, which the SAINT uncivil
Broke on the back of our great foe the DEVIL;
SAINT ANDREW's toe, SAINT AGATHA's old ſmock,
And ſtones that rattled round SAINT STEPHEN's block;
SAINT JOSEPH's ſighs ſo deep, preſerv'd in bottles,
Amounting, legends ſay, to many pottles;
Caught as the SAINT, with all his might and main,
Was cleaving billets, for his fire, in twain;
Or bones * from Catacombs to form new ſaints,
To cure, like all quack med'cines, all complaints!
Such might the journals of the houſe record,
As well as HUNTER's wond'rous *cock-hen bird*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Like BLAGDEN who can write and deeply think?

PETER.

Who write like *him* on iron moulds and ink? †

See

* In 1672, four hundred ſaints were recruited; ſuch was the extraordinary harveſt of baptized and canonized bones from the Catacombs at Rome. *Vide* Religious Rites and Ceremonies.

† *Vide* Article 39, 1787, of the Philoſ. Tranſ.

See ſhirts and ſhifts, by iron-moulds that rot,
By BLAGDEN's wiſdom loſe each yellow ſpot!
For *this*, ſhall laundry virgins lift their voice;
Napkins and damaſk tablecloths rejoice;
Ruffles and caps, and ſheets, and pillow-caſes,
Loſe their ſad ſtains, and ſmile with lily faces.
Lo! to improve of man the ſoaring mind,
For ſacred ſcience, to his ſkin unkind,
Did Doctor Blagden in an oven* bake,
Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,
Whilſt, down his noſe projecting, ſweat in rills
Unſav'ry flow'd like hartſhorn ſtreams from ſtills.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great Duckweed THOMPSON,† all my ſoul reveres!
And MULGRAVE charms me with his arctic bears.
My eyes with ſhells, lo! limpet DAVIES greets!
And Doctor LETTSOME with his rare horſe-beets!
Beet , that with ſhame our parſnips ſhall o'erwhelm,
And fairly drive potatoes from the realm!

* The Doctor's body in the hot oven, with his noſe projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad ſubject for the graver.

† Sir Benjamin, a ſecond Linnæus.

Beets! in whose just applauses we are hoarse all;
Such are the wond'rous pow'rs of *Mangel Worsal.**

PETER.

Beets that shall keep gaunt FAMINE to his East,
And make him on Gentoos, as usual, feast;
Whilst ev'ry lucky BRITON that one meets
Shall strut a FALSTAFF, such the pow'r of Beets!
Beets! that must bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
And give his cheek the virgin glow of shame;
Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to push,
Nor hear his own applause without a blush!
Beets! that shall form an *epoch* in our times,
And thus, by PETER prais'd, embalm his rhymes!

SIR JOSEPH.

Then, what of AUBERT † think you, that great man,
Whose broad eye deems creation scarce a span?

PETER.

* The more pompous name of the Beet.

† A silk-merchant, and F. R. S. who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or sunshine, calm or windy, visits Greenwich, to catch the sun on the meridian. Such is this gentleman's rage for the art, that he now has at LOAMPITT-HILL, near Greenwich, two thousand pounds worth of astronomical instruments.

PETER.

Who weekly with his watch is ſeen to run,
The little pupil of a Greenwich ſun,
To learn the motions of old TIME, and mock
The *fatal* errors of each London clock.
Thus LUBIN, from his ſolitary Down,
Leads *little* LUBIN to a neighb'ring town:
The lad with ecſtaſy ſurveys the ſcene;
Then home returning, with triumphant mien,
Corrects his mother's, ſiſter's converſations,
And wonder at his *ignorant* relations.
AUBERT who meriteth indeed applauſe!
Full of high-ſounding phraſes, and wiſe *ſaws*;
Who from his cradle learn'd the ſtars to liſp,
And to a meteor * turn'd a will-o'-wiſp!

SIR JOSEPH.

Pray, then, what think ye of our famous DAINES?

PETER.

Think of a man deny'd, by Nature, *brains!*

* One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved obſervatory, a Jack-a-lantern ſprung up and played ſome tricks before the philoſophical ſilkman, whoſe optics, too apt to magnify objects, converted it into an amazing meteor, with which the royal journals ſoon after *blazed*.

Whoſe traſh ſo oft the royal leaves diſgraces:
Who knows not jordans, fool! from Roman vaſes!
About old pots his head for ever puzzling,
And boring earth, like pigs for troufles * muzzling;
Who likewiſe from old urns, to crotchets leaps,
Delights in muſic, and at concerts *ſleeps* †.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! 'tis in vain, I ſee, to utter praiſe!—

PETER.

Then mention ſome one who *deſerves* my lays.

SIR JOSEPH.

Know then, I've ſent to diſtant parts to find
Beings the moſt *uncommon* of their kind:
The greateſt monſters of the land and water—

PETER.

The beautiful *deformities* of nature!

Birds

* There are pigs kept expreſsly for hunting troufles in ſome parts of England.

† Such are the powers of ſomnolency over Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON—at ſeveral of the Hanover-ſquare concerts hath the LYRIC PETER ſeen the ANTIQUARIAN in *ſeeming* muſical ſpeculation, but verily amuſed with a moſt comfortable nap.

Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and specklefs eggs;
Snails from Japan, and wafps, and Indian jays,
Command attention, and excite our praife:
Chopfticks and backfcrapers are curious things;
Scalps, and tobacco-pipes, and Indian ftrings,
Such as to charm the wond'ring Cits we fee,
Where DON SALTERO * gives his Sunday's tea;
Great DON SALTERO, name of high renown,
Who treats, too, with immortal rolls the town!

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes furpaffing riches:
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen difh,
That held of ancient Rome the flefh and fifh:
Rare are the talifmans that drove the Devil,
And rare the bottles that contain'd old fnivel.
Owls' heads, and fnoring frogs, preferv'd in fpirits,
Moft certainly are not without their merits;
Yet thefe to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! PARKINSON knows full as well as you;
As did Sir ASHTON fam'd, whofe mental pow'r
Juft reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

* At Chelfea.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! p-x! don't laugh—ſuch things are rich and [ſcarce.
Be *ſomething* ſacred—let not *all* be farce.

PETER.

Sir Joſeph, I *muſt* laugh when things like theſe
Beyond *ſublimities* have pow'r to pleaſe:
To crowd with ſuch *poor littleneſs* your walls,
Is putting Maſter PUNCH into St. PAUL'S.
Yet, to the point—the place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the *vote*.
Know then, your *paraſites* begin to bellow,
And call you openly a ſhallow fellow:
In vain to *ſmiling Majeſty* you fly;
'Tis on the *many* that you muſt rely:
E'en *blockheads* bluſh, ſo much are they aſham'd—

SIR JOSEPH.

They and their modeſt bluſhes may be d—n'd.
Ungrateful ſcoundrels! eat my rolls and butter,
And daring thus their inſolences mutter!
Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,
And tear my ven'ſon like a pack of hounds;

Yet

Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
To ſay I am not *fitted* for the *place!*
In God's name let my wine in *torrents* flow!
E'en be my houſe a *tavern* in SOHO!
Of daily ven'ſon let me try the force,
And keep an open houſe for man and horſe.
Oh! let me hold by *any means* the chair!—
To keep *that* honour *every* thing I dare!

PETER.

I own that nothing like good cheer ſucceeds—
A man's a *God* whoſe hogſhead freely bleeds:
Champaigne can conſecrate the damned'ſt evil:
A hungry Paraſite adores a *Devil*;
In radiant virtues his poor hoſt arrays,
And ſmooths him with the goſſimer of praiſe;
Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,
And GLUTTONY's huge greaſy wiſh expires;
Apoſtate then, the knave denies his church,
And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the *lurch*.

In ſhort, your gormandizers and your drinkers
Quit their old faith, and turn out rank free-thinkers.

Dead is the novelty of fine ſat haunches,
And truth no longer ſacrific'd to paunches:
Aſham'd, at length, the ſad, repentant SINNERS
All bluſh to barter flatt'ry for good dinners:
No charms ſurround the knocker of your door,
That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more!

SIR JOSEPH.

Betray'd by thoſe on whom my all depends!—

PETER.

Betray'd, like CÆSAR, by his boſom friend!

SIR JOSEPH.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny,
The Pow'R whoſe wiſdom rules yon lofty ſky,
May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
And aid my efforts in the trying hour!

PETER.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
Moſt *pious* PRESIDENT, won't *mend* affairs:
The Pow'R you mention, with all-ſeeing eyes,
Well knows your little rev'rence for his *ſkies*.*

Thus

* The Poet here moſt facetiouſly and beautifully alludes to the ſeceſſion of the aſtronomical geniuses from the Society.

Thus may your pray'rs be vain, however hearty;
Besides, HEAV'N oft'nest joins the *strongest* party.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sblood! have I practis'd ev'ry art in vain?
Undaunted fac'd the dangers of the main?—

PETER.

And fac'd QUEEN OBOREA in the boat,
And lost your shoes and stockings, and your coat:
A circumstance that much the tale enriches,
But providentially preserv'd your breeches!
For unknown weeds, dar'd unknown paths explore,
And frighten'd cannibals from shore to shore;
On each new island clapp'd King George's seal,
A sharp impression too of *hardest steel*;
Whilst witness Pistol and his brother Gun
Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on.
A decent method of appropriation,
And adding glory to the British nation!
True, you have try'd to be as great as HE,
The vent'rous TROJAN, sport of wind and sea,
Who left old Troy, his parish, far from home,
To find a lodging for imperial Rome:—

Yet are thoſe feats what vulgars term *a bore*;
Stale ſtuff—the Members look for ſomething more.
I grant, you naked with your ſervants pranc'd,
To ſhow how folks at Otaheité danc'd:
And much the ſmiling audience you amus'd,
Though DECENCY, indeed, the dance abus'd:
SHE, bluſhing damſel, turn'd her head aſide,
And wiſh'd a whip to ev'ry hopping hide.
Grant that you ſent, to charm the public eye,
Egyptian ſtones,* that form'd for hogs a ſtye,
With ſeeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
That prov'd unfortunately pigs'-feet traces:
Yet lo! like bullocks in a fair, they roar,
Or vacate bid you, or do ſomething more.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sdeath, then, I'll ſpit in ev'ry blockhead's face;
Kick them, and purge the dwelling from diſgrace.

PETER.

* Sir Joſeph ſent ſome *curious* Egyptian ſtones to the Britiſh Muſeum; ſuch was his zeal for the honour of Hieroglyphics. but, as that building poſſeſſes already as much of the *antique* as it can *well authenticate*, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

PETER.

'Thus when a hoſt of graſshoppers and rats,
By men undaunted, unabaſh'd by cats,
In hopping and in running legions pours,
Affrights the Papiſts, and their graſs devours;
Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
A Bishop boldly meets the buccaneers;
Sprinkles his holy water on the ſod,
And drives, and damns them in the name of God!*

You purge the tainted dwelling from diſgrace,
By boldly ſpitting in each Member's face!
Where, *ſweet* Sir Joſeph, will you find the ſpittle,
Since what would float the ALBION † were *too little?*

With ſolemn, ſentimental ſtep, ſo ſlow,
I ſee you through the ſtreets of London go,

With

* This is actually done in Roman Catholic countries by order of the church. In ſome places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the graſshoppers; one for the graſshoppers, the other for the people: but it is the fate of the graſshoppers to have the worſt of it, as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be excommunicated if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

† One of our firſt-rates.

With poring, ſtudious, ſtaring, earth-nail'd eye,
As heedleſs of the mob that buſtles by.
This *was* a ſcheme of wiſdom, let me ſay;
But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
And let me tell you, what I've urg'd before,
The reſtleſs Members look for ſomething *more*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! ha'nt I ſwallow'd raw fleſh like a hound?
On vileſt reptiles rung the changes round?
Eat ev'ry filthy inſect you can mention;
Tarts made of graſshoppers, my own invention?
Frogs; tadpoles by the ſpoonful, long-tail'd imps;
And munch'd cockchafers juſt like prawns or ſhrimps?

PETER.

In troth, I've ſeen you many a reptile eat,
And heard you call the dirty diſh a treat;
Oft have I ſeen you meals on monkeys make;
Nay, Hercules ſurpaſs—*devour* your SNAKE;
And make as little of a toad or viper,
As pelicans of mack'rel or a piper;
And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
Have heard a bat cry "Murder!" in your jaws:
Yet, hear, Sir Joſeph, what I've ſaid before,
The bluſhing Members look for ſomething more.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

He'll seize the pack!—unconscionable dogs!—
Snakes, spiders, beetles, chaffers, tadpoles, frogs,
All swallow'd to display what *man* can *do*,
And must the villains *still* have somethink *new*?—
Tell, then, each pretty PRESIDENT CREATOR,
G—d d-mn him, that I'll eat an *Alligator*!

PETER.

Sir Joseph, pray don't eat an Alligator—
Go swallow somewhat of a *softer* nature;
Feast on the arts and sciences, and learn
Sublimity from trifle to discern:
With shells, and flies, and daisies, cover'd o'er,
Let pert QUEEN FIDDLEFADDLE rule no more:
Thus shall PHILOSOPHY her suffrage yield,
SIR JOSEPH wear his hat,* and hammer wield;
No more shall WISDOM on the Journals stare,
Nor NEWTON'S † image blush behind the CHAIR.

* The President has the inestimable and sole privilege of sitting covered at the Royal Society's meetings.—The hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to command silence, and rouse the Members from their happy slumbers, whilst their Secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the moth, bat, butterfly, and spider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the PRESIDENT.

PETER'S PENSION:

A SOLEMN EPISTLE

TO

A SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

"My heart is inditing of a good matter—I ſpeak of the things which I have
"made, unto the KING. PSALM xlv.

"*Non poſſum tecum vivere, nec ſine te.*"

THE ARGUMENT.

A Grand *Exordium*, containing news from *Jericho*—Peter informeth Majesty of the great noise on their respective accounts—and talketh of Sampson and Dalilah—The London *Coffee-houses* and the *Royal Exchange*—Peter explaineth the cause of the great noise, and *ejaculateth*—talketh of preparations at the Palace for his disgrace and murder—Peter informeth Majesty of what Majesty hath been informed—complaineth that he hath been pictured a downright *devil*—beggeth that a proper inquiry may be instituted—Peter pronounceth himself no *devil*—Peter writeth *soft* sonnets, to prove that he hath not a *hard* heart.

Peter talketh of courtiers and court matters—of what the world wickedly sayeth of him—Peter cannot convince the world—mentioneth the despondence of the news-papers, magazines, and reviews—also the famine in poetry—Peter exculpateth Majesty—Peter refuseth modestly—hinteth at Royal misfortunes, *diamonds, nabobs*, and an action of *trover*—Peter prophesieth mournfully—giveth the history of Nebuchadnezzar's grass diet—Peter affordeth good reasons for refusing a pension—relateth an anecdote of a dead *archbishop*—formeth a scheme for universal happiness, by discovering Sin and Shame to be a pair of *impostors*, and for making mournful *Sunday* merry—Peter outdoeth old poets in *egotism*—condemneth Mistress Damer, the great *she-statuary*, for *attempting* our most sublime Sovereign—Peter, like many *authors*, exhibiteth prodigious acquaintance with ancient literature, by mentioning the names of Jupiter, Phidias, Praxiteles, Virgil, and Augustus Cæsar—Peter puffeth again—Peter produceth a tale about Majesty, Mr. Robinson, Alderman Skinner, and choaked *sheep*—also a tale of Majesty and Parson Young, whose neck was unfortunately unhinged at a hunt.

PETER ſtill hankereth after penſions—declaimeth on the powers of poetry, as alſo on *his own* miraculous powers—PETER profeſſeth independency, and great capability of making a hearty mutton-bone dinner like Andrew Marvel—PETER diſtruſteth his fortitude—quoteth Oppoſition men for pitiful deſertion of principle, and deſcanteth on money—PETER telleth an appoſite tale of Lady Huntington's Parſon, a dog, and a 'ſquire.

PETER quoteth the *wind* and Mr. EDEN—exhibiteth more ſymptoms of penſion-love—concludeth in a foam againſt *knighthood.*

PETER'S

PETER'S PENSION.

DREAD SIR, the rams horns that blew down
The walls of JERICHO's old town,
Made a moſt monſtrous uproar, all agree:
But lo! a louder noiſe around us rages,
About two moſt important perſonages;
No leſs, my Royal LIEGE, than *You* and *Me!*

In ſhort, not greater the PHILISTINES made
When DALILAH, a little artful jade,
(Indeed a very pretty girl)
Snipp'd off her lover Mr. SAMPSON's curl,
Who well repaid the clamours of the bears,
By pulling down the houſe about their ears.

Prodigious is the ſhake around!
Still LONDON keeps (thank God) her ground;
Yet, how th' EXCHANGE and COFFEE-HOUSES ring!
Nothing is heard but PETER and the KING:
The handſome bar-maids ſtare, as mute as fiſhes;
And ſallow waiters, frighten'd, drop their diſhes!

At firſt 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews
On ſome great vict'ry in the boxing way:
The news, the very anti-chriſtian news,
Of ISRAEL'S HERO* having won the day;
And HUMPHRIES, a true Chriſtian boxer, beat:
Enough to give all CHRISTENDOM a ſweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,
Who on his hands hath got ſome ſerious work:
'Twas fancied he had loſt the day;
That ev'ry Muſſulman was kill'd in battle,
A fate moſt proper for ſuch heathen cattle,
Who do not pray to God our way.

But lo! unto the lofty ſkies,
Of ſound this wonderful aſcenſion,
Doth verily, my Liege, from this ariſe;
That you have giv'n the gentle Bard a penſion!

Great is the ſhout indeed, Sir, all abroad,
That you have order'd me this handſome thing;
On which, with lifted eyes, I've ſaid, "Good God!
"Though great my merits, yet how great the King!"

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard,
That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd
Againſt

* Mendoza.

Againſt the Poet, for his tuneful art;
And that the tall, ſtiff, ſtately red machines,
Your grenadiers, the guards of Kings and Queens,
Were order'd all to ſtab me to the heart:

That, if to Houſe of Buckingham I came,
Commands ſo dread were giv'n to Miſtreſs Brigg,
A comely, ſquabby, ſtout, two-handed dame,
To box the Poet's ears, and pull his wig;
The cooks to ſpit him—curry him, the grooms;
And *kitchen queens* to baſte him with their brooms.

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil!
So ugly! fit to travel for a ſhow;
And that I look all grimly where I go!
Juſt like a devil!
With horns, and tail, and hoofs, that make folks ſtart;
And in my breaſt a millſtone for a heart!

This cometh from a certain painter, Sire:
Bid ſtory-mouſing Nicolay inquire;
Your Page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes,
Who, jumping at each ſound, ſo eager opes
His pretty wither'd pair of *Chineſe* chops,
Like a Dutch dog that leaps at butterflies.
He, Sire, will look me o'er, and will not fail
To ſwear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord! Lord! theſe ſayings grieve me and ſurpriſe!
Dread Sir, don't ſee with other people's eyes—
  No dev'l am I, with horns, and tail, and hoofs:
As for the likeneſs of my heart to ſtone;
No, Sir, 'tis full as tender as your own:
  Accept, my Liege, ſome ſimple love-ſick proofs.

For CYNTHIA.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a ſigh,
  That a coldneſs will creep o'er my heart;
That a ſullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
  When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
  And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguiſh'd, from memory ſtray,
  Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, ſhall Gratitude ſay with a tear,
  "That no longer I think of thoſe charms
"Which gave to my boſom ſuch rapture ſincere,
  "And faded at length in my arms?"

Why

Why yes! it may happen, thou Damſel divine:
  To be honeſt—I freely declare,
That e'en *now* to thy *converſe* ſo much I incline,
  I *already forget* thou art *fair*.

To LAURA.

HOW happy was my morn of love,
  When firſt thy beauty won my heart!
How guiltleſs of a wiſh to rove!
  I deem'd it more than death to part!

Whene'er from *thee* I chanc'd to ſtray,
  How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That ſpread with flow'rs my diſtant way,
  And ſhow'r'd delight on every ſcene!

But FORTUNE, envious of my joys,
  Hath robb'd me ever of thy charms;
From me thy ſweeteſt ſmile decoys,
  And gives thee to another's arms.

Yet, though *my* tears are doom'd to flow,
  May tears be never LAURA's lot!
Let LOVE protect *thy* heart from woe;
  His wound to *mine* ſhall be forgot.

HYMN

HYMN TO MODESTY.

O! MODESTY, thou ſhy and bluſhful maid,
Don't of a ſimple ſhepherd be afraid:
Wert thou *my* lamb, with ſweeteſt graſs I'd treat thee;
I am no wolf ſo ſavage that would eat thee:
  Then haſte with me, O nymph, to dwell,
  And give a goddeſs to my cell.

Thy fragrant breaſt, like Alpine ſnows ſo white,
  Where all the neſtling Loves delight to lie;
Thine eyes ſo ſoft, that ſhed the milder light
  Of NIGHT's pale wand'rer o'er her cloudleſs ſky,
O nymph, my panting, wiſhing boſom warm,
And beam around me, what a world of charm!
  Then haſte with me, O nymph, to dwell,
  And give a goddeſs to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant ſpread,
And hide thy boſom with an envious ſhade;
Thy poliſh'd cheek, ſo dimpled, where the roſe
In all the bloom of ripening ſummer blows;
Thy luſcious lips that heav'nly dreams inſpire,
By beauty form'd, and loaded with deſire;

With

With ſorrow, and with wonder, *lo!* I ſee
(What melting treaſures!) *thrown away* on *thee*.
Then haſte with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddeſs to my cell.

Thou knoweſt not that boſom's fair deſign;
And as for thoſe two pouting lips divine,
Thou think'ſt them form'd alone for ſimple chat—
To bill ſo happy with thy fav'rite dove,
And playful force, with ſweetly fondling love,
Their kiſſes on a lapdog or a cat.
Then haſte with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a goddeſs to my cell.

Such thoughts thy ſweet ſimplicity produces!
But I can point out far ſublimer uſes;
Uſes the very beſt of men eſteem—
Of which thine innocence did never dream:
Then haſte with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a goddeſs to my cell.

Oh! fly from IMPUDENCE, the brazen rogue,
Whoſe flippant tongue hath got the Iriſh brogue:
Whoſe hands would pluck thee like the faireſt flow'r;
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips and neck, devour:

Shun, ſhun that Caliban, and with me dwell:
Then come, and give a goddeſs to my cell.

The world, O ſimple maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Didſt thou perceive but half the ſnares
The DEV'L for charms like thine prepares!
Then haſte, O nymph, with me to dwell,
And give a goddeſs to my cell.

From morn to eve my kiſs of ſpeechleſs love,
Thy eyes' mild beam and bluſhes ſhall improve;
And lo! from our ſo innocent embrace,
Young MODESTIES ſhall ſpring, a numerous race!
The bluſhing girls in ev'ry thing like *thee*,
The baſhful boys prodigiouſly like *me!*
Then haſte with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddeſs to my cell.

IS not this pretty, Sir? can aught be ſweeter?
Inſtead of that vile appellation, Devil,
So blackguard, ſo unfriendly, and uncivil,
Should not I be baptiz'd the *gentle* PETER?

Great is the buz about the Court,
As at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Chriſtians meet,
Or Smithfield Fair, where beaſts of ev'ry ſort,
Pigs, ſheep, men, bullocks, all ſo friendly greet.

Buſy indeed is many a ſly court leech!
Afraid to truſt each other with a ſpeech—
In hems, and hahs, and half-words, hinting;
Some whiſp'ring, liſt'ning, tip-toe walking, ſquinting;
For lo, ſo warily each courtier ſpeaks,
They ſeem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praiſe the King for nobleneſs of ſpirit,
For ever ſtudying how to find out merit;
Whilſt from its box the heart doth ſlily peep,
And aſks the tongue with marv'ling eyes,
How it can dare to tell a heap
Of ſuch unconſcionable, bare-fac'd lies?

"How are the mighty fall'n!" the people cry—
Meaning ME—
"Another hog of EPICURUS' ſtye;
"This vile apoſtate bends to *Baal* the knee;
"Lo,

" Lo, for a little meat and guzzle,
" This ſneaking cur, too, takes the muzzle.

" In lyric ſcandal ſoon will be a chaſm—
" He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain, and now he has 'em.
" This mighty war-horſe will be ſoon in hand,
" By means of meat, the price of venal notes,
" Calm as a hackney coach-horſe on his ſtand,
" Toſſing about his noſe-bag and his oats.

" Whatever he hath ſaid, he dares *un*ſay,
" In native impudence ſo rich—
" Explain the plaineſt things away,
" And call his Muſe a forward b——;
" Treat fire of friendly promiſes as ſmoke,
" And laugh at truth and honour as a joke."
Such, Sir, is your good people's conſtant howl,
As thick as ſmall-birds peſtering a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,
That I have not a penſion found:
This ſpeech of ſimple truth the mob enrages:
" PETER, this is an arrant lie—
" The fact is clear, too clear," they cry—
" Thou haſt already *touch'd* a quarter's wages.

" Varlet,

" Varlet, it always was thy vile intention;
" Thou haſt, thou haſt, thou liar! got a penſion."
Still, to ſupport my innocence, I've ſaid,
Moſt ſinfully, I own—" I han't, by G—:"
Yet, had I ſworn my eyes out of my head,
They never had believ'd—How vaſtly odd!

The morning and the evening papers,
Struck by the ſound, are in the vapours,
And mourn and droop, to think I'm dead.
Stunn'd by the unexpected news,
The MAGAZINES and ſage REVIEWS
For grief can ſcarcely lift the head.

" Nothing but poor, mechanic ſtuff," they cry,
" Shall now be quoted for the public eye;—
" Nothing original in ſong—
" No novelty of images and thought
" Before our fair tribunal ſhall be brought!
" But trifling tranſpoſitions of our tongue:

" Nought but a ſolemn pomp of words,
" Bearing a lifeleſs thought, ſhall readers meet:
The picture of a funeral that affords,
" So ſolemn marching through the ſtaring ſtreet;
" Where

"Where flags, and horse, and foot, a sorrow ape,
"With all the dread dismality of crape,
"Near the poor corpse—perhaps a puny brat,
"Or dry old maid, as meagre as a cat."

No, Sir! you never offer'd me a pension;
But then I guess it is your kind intention:
Yes, Sir, you mean a small *douceur* to proffer;
But give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir, for your good will;
But Oratorios have half undone ye:
'Tis whisper'd, too, that thieves have robb'd the till
Which kept your milk and butter money.

So much with saving wisdom are you taken,
Drury and Covent-Garden seem forsaken:
Since *cost* attendeth those theatric borders,
Content you go to RICHMOND HOUSE with *orders*.

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
When lately the sweet PRINCESS * came of age,
Train-oil instead of wax was bid illume
The goodly company and dancing-room!

This

* Princess Royal.

This never had been done, I'm very ſure,
Had not you been, dread SIR, extremely poor.

You now want guineas to buy live ſtock, Sir,
To graze your Windſor hill and Windſor vale;
And farmers will not let their cattle ſtir,
Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told your ſheep have dy'd by dogs and bitches,
And that your fowls have ſuffer'd by the fitchews;
And that your man-traps, guards of gooſe and duck,
And cocks and hens, have had but ſo-ſo luck:
Scarce fifty rogues, in chaſe of fowls and eggs,
Have in thoſe loving engines left their legs.

The bulſe, Sir, on a viſit to the Tow'r,
Howe'er the royal viſage may look ſour,
Howe'er an object of a deep devotion,
Muſt croſs once more the eaſtern ocean!

Indeed I hope the di'monds will be *off*,
Or ſcandal on us rolls in floods:
Some NABOB may be vile enough
To bring an action for ſtol'n goods:

An aſtion, to ſpeak lawyer-like, of *trover*;
And Heav'n forbid it ſhould come over!

For money matters, I am ſure,
The Abbey muſic was put off;
Becauſe the royal purſe is poor,
Plagu'd with a dry conſumptive cough:
Yet in full health again that purſe may riot,
By God's grace, and a ſkim-milk diet.

Cloſe as a vice behold the nation's fiſt!
Vain will be mouths made up for Civil Liſt;
And humble pray'rs, ſo very ſtale,
Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons to your cravings
Will not give up the nation's ſavings:
Your fav'rite miniſter, I'm told, runs *reſtiff*,
And growls at ſuch petitions like a maſtiff.

What if *my* good friend HASTINGS goes to pot?
ADAMS and ANSTRUTHER have flung hard ſtones;
He finds his ſituation rather hot:
BURKE, FOX, and SHERIDAN, may break his bones.

As

As ſurely as we ſaw and felt the bulſe,
Haſtings hath got a very awkward pulſe;
Therefore in jeopardy the culprit ſtands!
Like patients whoſe diſorders doctors ſlight
Too often, he may bid us all good night;
And ſlip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir! oh! then, as long as life endures,
Nought but *remembrance* of the bulſe is ours;
And to a ſtomach that like *ours* digeſts,
Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feaſts.

I think we caſes underſtand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as *moſt ingenious* men;
But Lord! how oft the wiſeſt are miſtaken!
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.

We may be *out*, with all our ſkill ſo clever;
And what we think an ague, prove *jail-fever*.

Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, the King,
As ſacred hiſt'ries ſweetly ſing,
Was on all fours turn'd out to graſs,
Juſt like a horſe, or mule, or aſs:

Heav'ns! what a fall from kingly glory!
I hope it will not ſo turn out
That we ſhall have (to make a rout)
A ſecond part of that old ſtory!

This penſion was well meant, O glorious King,
And for the Bard a very pretty thing;
But let me, Sir, refuſe it, I implore—
I ought not to be rich whilſt *you* are poor:
No, Sir! I cannot be your humble hack;
I fear your Majeſty would break my back.

I dare refuſe you for another reaſon—
We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;
You fancy it a ſin ally'd to treaſon,
And vaſtly dangerous to the commonweal,
For ſubjects, minuets and jigs to play
On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling;
And, in my morals, what the world calls *middling:*
I've aſk'd of CONSCIENCE, who came ſtrait from Heav'n,
Whether I ſtood a chance to be forgiv'n,

If on a Sunday, from all ſcruples free,
I ſcrap'd the old Black Joke and *Chère Amie?*

"Poh! blockhead" (anſwer'd CONSCIENCE) know,
"God never againſt muſic made a rule;
"On Sundays you may ſafely take your bow—
"And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

A late ARCHBISHOP,* too, O King,
Who knew moſt ſecrets of the ſkies,
Said, Heav'n on Sundays reliſh'd pipe and ſtring,
Where ſounds on ſounds unceaſing riſe;
And aſk'd, as *Sunday* had its muſic *there*,
Why *Sunday* ſhould not have its muſic *here?*

In conſequence of this divine opinion,
That PRINCE of PARSONS in your great dominion
Inform'd his faſhionable wife,
That ſhe might have her Sunday routs and cards,
And meet at laſt with Heav'n's rewards,
When Death ſhould take her precious life.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,
His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs!

* Cornwallis.

Upon GOOD-FRIDAY, too, that *awful* day,
Lo! like VAUXHALL, was LAMBETH all ſo gay!

Now if his preſent * GRACE, with ſharpen'd eyes,
Could ſquint a little deeper in the ſkies,
He might be able to inform his DAME
Of two impoſtors, p'rhaps, call'd SIN and SHAME,
Who many a pleaſure from our graſp remove,
Pretending to commiſſions from *above*.

Like this, a ſecret, could his Grace explore,
What a proud day for *Us* and MISTRESS MOORE!
For lo, two greater foes we cannot name
To this world's joys, than *Meſſieurs* SIN and SHAME.

Then might we think no more of praiſe and prayer,
But leave at will our MAKER in the lurch;
Sleep, racket, lie a bed, or take the air,
And order *owls* and *bats* to go to church.

SUNDAY, like other *days*, would then have life:
Now prim, and ſtarch, and ſilent, as a Quaker;
And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife
r widow of an UNDERTAKER.

Happy

* Dr. Moore.

Happy ſhould I have been, my Liege,
So great a Monarch to oblige:
And, Sir, between you, and the poſt,
And me, you don't know what you've loſt.

The loſs of *me*, ſo *great* a Bard,
Is not, O King! to be repair'd.
My verſe, ſuperior to the hardeſt rock,
Nor earthquake fears, nor ſea, nor fire;
Surpaſſing, therefore, Miſtreſs DAMER's block,
That boaſts ſome *little* likeneſs of you, Sire.
That block, ſo pond'rous, muſt with age decay,
And all the lines of wiſdom wear away:
I grant the Lady's loyalty and love;
Yet, " none but PHIDIAS ſhould attempt a JOVE."

The MACEDONIAN HERO grac'd the ſtone
Of fam'd PRAXITELES alone;
Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
It was ſo great and difficult a job.

AUGUSTUS ſwore an oath ſo dread,
He'd cut off any poet's head,
But VIRGIL's, that ſhould dare his praiſe rehearſe,
Or mention ev'n his name in verſe.

Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,
My art would ſuit your merits to a T.

Lord! in my adamantine lays
Your virtues would like *bonfires* blaze;
So firm your tuneful jeweller would ſet 'em,
They'd break the teeth of TIME to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the ſplendor of my golden line,
For ever would your Majeſty be fine;
Appear a gentleman of firſt repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day ſuit.

Then to all ſtories would I give the lie,
That dar'd attack you, and your fame devour,
Making a King a ninepin in our eye,
Who ought like Egypt's pyramids to tow'r;
Such as the following fable, for example;
Of impudence, unprecedented ſample!

THE

THE ROYAL SHEEP.

SOME time ago a dozen lambs,
Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
And one good motherly old ewe,
Died on a ſudden down at KEW;

Where, with the ſweeteſt innocence, alas!
Thoſe pretty, inoffenſive lambs,
And rev'rend horned patriarchal rams,
And motherly old ewe, were nibbling graſs:
All, the fair property of our great King,
Whoſe deaths did much the royal boſom wring:
'Twas ſaid that dogs had tickled them to death;
Play'd with their gentle throats, and ſtopp'd their breath.

Like HOMER'S heroes on th' enſanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd MISTER ROBINSON * around the ſlain!
And never was more frighten'd in his life!
So ſhock'd was MISTER ROBINSON'S whole face,
Not ſtronger horrors could have taken place,
Had CERBERUS devour'd his wife!

With

* The Hind.

With wild, deſpairing looks, and ſighs,
And wet and [illegible]-aſking eyes,
He, trembling, to the royal preſence ventur'd—
White as the whiteſt napkin when he enter'd!
White as the man who ſought King PRIAM's bed,
And told him that his warlike ſon was dead.

" Oh, pleaſe your Majeſty"—he, blubb'ring, cry'd—
And then ſtopp'd ſhort—
" What? what? what? what?" the ſtaring King reply'd;
" Speak, Robinſon, ſpeak, ſpeak—what what's the hurt?"

" O Sire!" ſaid Robinſon again—
" Speak," ſaid the King, " put, put me out of pain;
" Don't, don't in this ſuſpenſe abody keep."—
" O Sire!" cry'd Robinſon, " the ſheep! the ſheep!"

" What of the ſheep," reply'd the King, " pray, pray?—
" Dead! Robinſon, dead, dead, or run away?"
" Dead!" anſwer'd Robinſon—" dead! dead! dead! dead!"
Then, like a drooping lily, hung his head!

" How, how?" the MONARCH aſk'd, with viſage ſad—
" By dogs," ſaid Robinſon, " and likely mad!"

" No,

"No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad—
"No, no, things ar'n't so bad, things ar'n't so bad,"
Rejoin'd the King:
"Off with them quick to market—quick, depart;
"In with them, in, in with them in a cart:
"Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring."

Now to Fleet Market, driving like the wind,
Amidst the murder'd mutton, rode the HIND,
All in the royal cart so great,
To try to sell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
And ewes and rams,
Design'd for many a London dinner,
Reach'd the fair ears of Master Sheriff SKINNER,
Who, with a hammer, and a conscience clear,
Gets glory and ten thousand pounds a year;
And who, if things go tolerably fair,
Will rise one day proud LONDON's proud LORD MAYOR.

The Alderman was in his pulpit shining,
'Midst *Gentlemen* with nightcaps, hair, and wigs;
In language most rhetorical defining
The sterling merit of a lot of pigs:

When

When ſuddenly the news was brought,
That in Fleet Market were unwholeſome ſheep,
Which made the PREACHER from his pulpit leap,
As nimble as a taylor, or as thought.

For juſtice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
This King, this Emperor of Auctioneers
Set off—a furious face indeed he put on—
Like light'ning did he gallop up Cheapſide!
In thunder down through Ludgate did he ride,
To catch the man who ſold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet Market, full of wrath, he came,
And with the ſpirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded, I believe, by no man,
The Alderman, ſo virtuous, cry'd out "SHAME!"

"D—mme," to ROBINSON ſaid Maſter SKINNER,
"Who on ſuch mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?"
"*You*, if you pleaſe,"
Cry'd Mr. ROBINSON, with perfect eaſe.

Sir!" quoth the red-hot ALDERMAN again—
'*You*," quoth the HIND, in juſt the ſame cool ſtrain.

"Off,

"Off, off," cry'd SKINNER, with your carrion heap;
"Quick, d—mme, take away your nafty fheep.

"Whilft I command, not e'en the KING
"Shall fuch vile ftuff to market bring,
"And London ftalls fuch garbage put on;
"So take away your ftinking mutton."

"*You*," reply'd ROBINSON, "*you* cry out 'fhame!'
"*You* blaft the fheep, good Mafter SKINNER, pray;
"*You* give the harmlefs mutton a bad name!
"*You* impudently order it away!

"*Sweet* Mafter ALDERMAN, don't make this rout:
"Clap on your fpectacles upon your fnout;
"And then your keen, furveying eyes regale
"With thofe fame fine large letters on the cart
Which brought this blafted mutton here for fale."—
Poor SKINNER read, and read it with a *ftart*.

Like HAMLET, frighten'd at his father's ghoft,
The Alderman ftood ftaring like a poft;
He faw G. R. infcrib'd, in handfome letters,
Which prov'd the fheep belong'd unto his betters.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep reflection;
And being blest with proper recollection,
Exclaim'd: "I've made a great mistake—Oh! sad—
"The sheep are really not so bad.

"Dear Mister Robinson, I beg your pardon;
"Your Job-like patience I've born hard on.
"Whoever says the mutton is not good,
"Knows nothing, Mister Robinson, of food;

"I verily believe I could turn glutton,
"On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton.
"Pray, Mister Robinson, the mutton sell—
"I hope, Sir, that his *Majesty* is well."

So saying, Mister ROBINSON he quitted,
With cherubimic smiles and placid brows,
For such embarrassing occasions, fitted—
Adding just five-and-twenty humble bows.

To work went ROBINSON to sell the sheep:
But people would not buy, except dog cheap.
At length the sheep were sold—without the fleece;
And brought KING GEORGE just half-a-crown a piece.

Now

Now for the other saucy, *lying* story,
Made, one would think, to tarnish kingly glory.



THE K*** AND PARSON YOUNG.

THE K*** (God bless him) met old PARSON YOUNG
  Walking on Windsor Terrace one fair morning:
Delightful was the day; the scent was strong;
  A heavenly day for howling and for horning!
For tearing farmers' hedges down—hallooings—
Shouts, curses, oaths, and such-like pious doings.

" YOUNG," cried the K***, " d'ye hunt, d'ye hunt
    to-day?
" Yes, yes—what, what? yes, yes, fine day, fine day."

Now with a rev'rent bow the Priest reply'd,
" Great KING! I really have no horse to ride;
" Nothing, O Monarch, but my founder'd mare,
" And *she*, my Liege, as blind as she can stare."

"No horse!" rejoin'd the K***, "no horse, no horse!"
"Indeed," the Parson added, "I have none:
"Nothing but poor old *Dobbin*—who of course
"Is dangerous—being blinder than a stone."
"Blind, blind, YOUNG? never mind—you must, must go,
"Must hunt, must hunt, YOUNG—Stay behind?—no, no."

What pity, that the King, in his discourse,
Forgot to say, "I'll lend ye, YOUNG, a horse!"

The K*** to YOUNG behaving thus so kind,
Whate'er the danger, and howe'er inclin'd,
At home with *politesse* YOUNG could not stay:
So up his REV'RENCE got upon the mare,
Resolv'd the chace with MAJESTY to share,
Whate'er the dangers of the day.

Rouz'd was the deer! the KING and PARSON YOUNG,
CASTOR and POLLUX like, rode side by side;
When lo, a ditch was to be sprung!
Over leap'd GEORGE THE THIRD with kingly pride;

Over

Over jump'd *Tinker*, *Towzer*, *Rockwood*, *Towler*;
Over jump'd *Mendall*, *Brushwood*, *Jubal*, *Jowler*,
Trimbush and *Lightning*, *Music*, *Ranter*, *Wonder*,
And fifty others with their mouths of thunder—
Great names! whose pedigrees, so fair,
With those of HOMER's heroes might compare.

Thus gloriously attended, leap'd the King,
By all those hounds attended with a spring!
Not CÆSAR's self a fiercer look put on,
When with his host he pass'd the *Rubicon!*

But wayward FATE the Parson's palfrey humbled,
And gave the mare a sudden check:
Unfortunately poor blind *Dobbin* stumbled,
And broke his Reverence's neck.

The MONARCH, gaping, with amaze look'd round
Upon his dead companion on the ground:
" What, what?" he cry'd, " YOUNG dead! YOUNG dead! YOUNG dead!
" Humph! take him up, and put him home to bed."

Thus having finish'd, with a cheerful face
NIMROD the Second join'd the jovial chace.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

FOOLS would have ſtopp'd when Parſon YOUNG was
kill'd,
And giv'n up ev'ry thought of hound and deer;
And, with a weakneſs, call'd Compaſſion, fill'd,
Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a tear.

But better far the Royal Sportſman knew;
He ſmelt the conſequence, beyond a doubt:
Full well he gueſs'd he ſhould not have a *view*;
And that he ſhould be ſhamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps from the royal eye a tear *might hop*;
Yet Pages ſwear they never ſaw it drop.

But Majeſty may ſay: "What, what, what's death?
"Nought, nought, nought but a little loſs of breath."

To Parſon YOUNG 'twas *more*, I'm very clear;
He loſt by death ſome hundred pounds a year.

A GREAT deal, my dear Liege, depends
On having clever bards for friends:

What

What had ACHILLES been without his HOMER?
A taylor, woollen-draper, or a comber!
Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
None, but the Lord, knows how or where.

In Poetry's rich grafs how virtues thrive!
Some, when put in, fo lean, fcarce feem alive;
And yet, fo fpeedily a bulk obtain,
That ev'n their *owners* know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gain'd *my* Mufe of fire,
Great would your luck have been, indeed, great SIRE!
  Then had I prais'd your noblenefs of fpirit!
Then had I boafted that *myfelf*,
Hight PETER, was the firft bleft, tuneful elf,
  You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

Though money be a pretty handy tool;
Of Mammon, lo! I fcorn to be the fool!
If FORTUNE calls, fhe's welcome to my cot,
Whether fhe leaves a guinea or a groat;
Whether fhe brings me from the butcher's fhop
The *whole* fheep, or a fimple chop.

For lo! like ANDREW MARVEL I can dine,
And deem a mutton-bone extremely fine:
Then, Sir, how difficult the taſk, you ſee,
To bribe a moderate GENTLEMAN like *me*.

I will not ſwear, *point blank*, I ſhall not alter—
A * *Saint*, my nameſake, *once* was known to faulter.

Nay more—ſome clever men in Oppoſition,
Whoſe ſouls did really ſeem in good condition;
Who made of PITT ſuch horrible complaint,
And damn'd him for the worſt of knaves;
Alter'd their minds—became PITT's abject ſlaves,
And publiſh'd their new Patron for a SAINT.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
Where can you folks of that deſcription find
Who will not ſell their ſouls for caſh,
That moſt angelic, diabolic traſh!
E'en grave Divines ſubmit to glitt'ring gold!
The beſt of conſciences are bought and ſold:
As in a tale I'll ſhow, moſt edifying,
And prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

THE

* The ſtory of Saint Peter and the Cock is univerſally known.

THE PARSON, THE 'SQUIRE, AND THE SPANIEL.

A TALE.

A GENTLEMAN poffefs'd a fav'rite fpaniel,
So good, he never treated maid nor man ill:
This dog, of whom we cannot too much fay,
Got from his godfather the name of *Tray*.

After ten years of fervice juft,
Tray, like the race of mortals, fought the duft,
That is to fay, the fpaniel dy'd:
  A coffin then was order'd to be made,
  The dog was in the churchyard laid,
And o'er his pale remains the mafter cry'd.

Lamenting much his trufty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He rais'd a fmall blue ftone, juft after burial,
And weeping, wrote on it this fweet memorial:

TRAY'S EPITAPH.

HERE reſt the relics of a friend below,
Bleſt with more ſenſe that half the folks I know:
Fond of his eaſe, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no ſect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way.—
Bluſh, CHRISTIANS, if you can, and copy Tray.



THE CURATE of the *Huntingtonian* Band,
Rare breed of goſpel hawks that ſcour the land,
And fierce on ſins their quarry fall—
Those locuſts, that would eat us all:

Men who, with new-invented patent eyes,
See Heav'n and all the angels in the ſkies,
As plain as, in the box of SHOWMAN SWISS,
For little Maſter made, and curious Miſs,
We ſee with huge delight the King of France
With all his Lords and Ladies dance—

This

This Curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaim'd, with infinite devotion:
" O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
" Fine doings these, upon my word!

" This, truly, is a very pretty thing!
" What will become of this most shocking world?
" How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
" And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurl'd!

" Oh! by this damned deed how I am hurried!
" A *dog* in christian ground be buried!
" And have an epitaph, forsooth, so civil!
" Egad! old maids will presently be found
" Clapping their dead *ram-cats* in holy ground,
" And writing verses on each mousing devil."

Against such future casualty providing,
The Priest sat off, like Homer's Neptune, striding,
Vowing to put the culprit in the Court:
He found him at the spaniel's humble grave,
Not praying, neither singing of a stave;
And thus began t' *abuse* him—not *exhort!*

" Son of the Dev'l, what haſt thou done?
" Nought for the action can atone.
" I ſhould not wonder if the great All-wiſe
" Quick darted down his lightning all ſo red,
" And daſh'd to earth that wretched head,
" Which dar'd ſo foul, ſo baſe an act deviſe.

" Bury a *dog* like *Chriſtian folk!*
" None but the fiend of darkneſs could provoke
" A man to perpetrate a deed ſo odd:
" Our Inquiſition ſoon the tale ſhall hear,
" And quickly your fine fleece ſhall ſheer—
" Why, ſuch a villain can't believe in *God!*"

" Softly! my rev'rend Sir," the 'Squire reply'd;
" Tray was as good a dog as ever dy'd;
" No education could his morals mend:
" And what, perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,
" Before his lamp of life went out,
" He order'd you a legacy, my friend."

" Did he? poor dog!" the ſoften'd Prieſt rejoin'd,
In accents pitiful and kind;

"What! was it *Tray!* I'm ſorry for poor Tray:
"Why truly, dogs of ſuch rare merit,
"Such real nobleneſs of ſpirit,
"Should not like *common dogs* be put away.

"Well! pray what was it that he gave,
"Poor fellow! ere he ſought the grave?
"I gueſs I may put confidence, Sir, in ye."
"A piece of gold," the gentleman reply'd.
"I'm much oblig'd to Tray," the Parſon cry'd;
So left God's *cauſe*, and pocketed the guinea.

YET, ſhould I imitate the fickle wind,
Or Miſter *patriot* EDEN—*change my mind*;
And for the BARD your Majeſty ſhould ſend,
And ſay, "Well well, well well, my tuneful friend,
"I long, I long, to give you ſomething, PETER;
"You make fine verſes—nothing can be ſweeter:
"What will you have? what, what? ſpeak out—
ſpeak out—
"Yes, yes, you ſomething want, no doubt, no doubt."

Or

Or ſhould you like ſome men who gravely preach,
Forſake your uſual ſhort-hand mode of ſpeech,
And thus begin, in bible-phraſe ſublime:
" What ſhall be done for our rare *Son of Rhime,*
" The BARD who full of wiſdom writeth,
" The man in whom the KING *delighteth?*"

Then would the Poet thankfully reply,
With fault'ring voice, low bow, and marv'ling eye,
All meekneſs! ſuch a ſimple, dove-like thing!
" Bleſt be the Bard who verſes can endite,
" To yield a *ſecond Solomon* delight!
" Thrice bleſt, who findeth favour with the King

" Since 'tis the Royal Will to give the Bard
" In whom the King delighteth, ſome reward,
" Some mark of Royal Bounty to requite him;
" O King! do any thing but *knight him.*"

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND THE

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A TALE.

[illegible] ...res.

[illegible] comprehends
   [illegible] for weeds, and grubs, and flies,
[illegible] at his finger ends
   [illegible] ev'ry moment in the skies,

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER the GREAT fighteth the Prefident's battle—proclaimeth fome of the Prefident's powers—viz. his perfevering tooth-and-nail powers—his ftomach powers—his face powers—his hammer powers, triumphing over the powers of MORPHEUS, and *eke* his courageous powers.

PETER beginneth the tale—Sir JOSEPH proceedeth to hunt—but firft ejaculateth—The Virtuofo's prayer—Sir JOSEPH's infect enthufiafm induceth him, contrary to his general piety, to pray wickedly, by felfifhly wifhing to gratify his own defires at the expence of the farmers—Sir JOSEPH prayeth for PHARAOH's flies—condemneth PHARAOH's tafte—maketh intereft for fhowers of flies, inftead of quails—prayeth for monfters, and promifeth them the honour of his name.

Sir JOSEPH, in a pointer-like manner, ambulateth—he efpieth the EMPEROR of MOROCCO—PETER conjectureth as to Sir JOSEPH's joy on the occafion—compareth Sir JOSEPH's joy with that experienced by ARCHIMIDES, hare-hunters, outrageoufly-virtuous old maids, the little Duke of *Piccadilly*, a pimp, Mother WINDSOR's *virgins*, and Mother WINDSOR *herfelf*—Sir JOSEPH's purfuit—The Prefident tumbleth, in imitation of Mr. EDEN—A beautiful comparifon between Sir JOSEPH and TAMERLANE, a butterfly and BAJAZET—Sir JOSEPH again tumbleth—Sir JOSEPH's hat tumbleth with him—Sir JOSEPH rifeth and bloweth—he is gazed at by a countryman—he darteth through a hedge in purfuit of the EMPEROR, and tumbleth into a lane—he getteth up fpeedily, and putteth a queftion to HOB—HOB anfwereth not, but pitieth him—Sir JOSEPH obtaineth a fecond view of the EMPEROR—purfueth his Majefty into a garden—overfetteth the gardener—trampleth on rare flowers—breaketh many bell-

bell-glasses—overturneth the scarecrow—PETER praiseth the scarecrow—Sir JOSEPH oversetteth a hive of bees—The bees surprised—they attempt a revenge, but succeed not, on account of the hard and tough materials of Sir JOSEPH's headpiece—The gardener, quitting his horizontal position, pursueth Sir JOSEPH—Sir JOSEPH pursueth the EMPEROR, and the EMPEROR flieth away—The gardener collareth Sir JOSEPH, and expostulateth—Sir JOSEPH heedeth not the gardener's complaint, being in deep sorrow for the loss of the EMPEROR—The gardener quitteth his gripe in Sir JOSEPH, and putteth him down for a lunatic—the gardener execrateth Sir JOSEPH's Keeper, and falleth into a panic—flieth off unceremoniously, and leaveth the President in the situation of a celebrated Prophet.

PROËMIUM.

PETRUS LOQUITUR.

SINCE Members, loſt to manners, growl;
Call poor Sir JOSEPH aſs, and owl;
Nay, oft with coarſer epithets revile;
Though pitying much his pigmy merit,
Let *me* diſplay a Chriſtian ſpirit,
And try to lift a lame dog o'er a ſtyle.

Though not, like ERSKINE, in the law a giant,
I muſt take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by theſe preſents, then, ye noiſy crew,
Who at his bluſhing honours * look ſo blue,

That

* *Bluſhing honours.*—The author undoubtedly means the epithet *bluſhing* to be underſtood as ſynonymous with *blooming*, and not in a ſatyrical ſenſe. God forbid that the friend of Sir Joſeph ſhould mean *otherwiſe!*

That though Sir JOSEPH is not deep-difcerning;
And though, as all the world well knows,
A nutfhell might with perfect eafe enclofe
Three quarters of his fenfe, and all his learning;
Whofe modeft wifdom, therefore, never aims
To find the longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he fets himfelf about,
With tooth and nail, like *Hercules*, fo ftout,
He labours for his wifh, no matter what.—
I can't fay that Sir JOSEPH lions kills;
Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras fpills;
But then moft manfully he eats a bat,
Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old, or young,
As in the fweeteft ftrains the Mufe hath fung: *
Fit with the hugeft Hottentot to cope,
Who dines on raw flefh at the Cape of Hope.

Bleft in a phiz, he bids the Members tremble!
To deathlike filence turns the direft din;
And where fo many favages affemble,
Like hounds they want a proper Whipper-in.

Dare

* See Peter's Prophecy.

Dare Members ſleep,* a ſet of ſnoring Goths,
Whilſt Blagden reads a chapter upon moths?
Down goes the hammer, cloth'd with JOVE's own thunder!
Up ſpring the ſnorers, half without their wigs;
Old greybeards grave, and pretty ſmock-fac'd prigs,
With ell-wide jaws diſplaying ſigns of wonder.

Lo! perſeverance is the ſoul of action!
And courage, proper to oppoſe a faction;
Therefore he ſits with wonderful propriety,
The MONRO of a mad Society:
And that he is both brave and perſevering,
Witneſs the following ſtory, well worth hearing.

* Frequently, indeed, are the Members ſent to the land of ſhadows by the Society's ſomniferous papers; aſſiſted in a great meaſure in their voyage by the Doctor's drowſy manner of communicating the contents.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND THE

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in butterflies profound,
  Of whom all Infectmongers fing the praifes,
Went on a day to hunt this game renown'd,
  On vi'lets, dunghills, nettletops, and daifies!
But firft (fo pious is Sir Jofeph's nature!)
He thus addrefs'd the butterfly's Creator.

THE VIRTUOSO'S PRAYER.

O THOU whofe wifdom plann'd the fkies,
And form'd the wings of butterflies,
  Attend my humble pray'r!
Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
  And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, would be the beft of news:
Then might thy fervant pick and choofe

From ſuch a glorious heap:
Forth to the world I'd boldly ruſh,
Put all Muſæums to the bluſh,
And hold them all dog cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taſte;
The flies on *him* were thrown to waſte,
Nay, met with ſtrong objection:
But had thy ſervant, Lord, been there,
I ſhould have made, or much I err,
A wonderful collection!

O Lord! if not my mem'ry fails,
Thou once didſt rain on people quails:
Again the world ſurpriſe;
And 'ſtead of ſuch a trifling bird,
Rain on thy ſervant JOSEPH, Lord,
Show'rs of rare butterflies!

Since monſters are my great delight,
With monſters charm thy ſervant's ſight,
Turn feathers into hair:
Make legs where legs were never ſeen,
And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
As broad as ſaucers ſtare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
Oh! let thy pow'r ſupply with paws,
Adorn'd with human nails;
In value more to make them riſe,
Tranſplant from all their heads, their eyes,
And place them in their tails.

And if thou wiſely wouldſt contrive
To make me butterflies alive,
To fly without a head;
To ſkim the hedges and the fields,
Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields;
Such wonders were indeed!

Blagden ſhould puff them at our Meeting;
Members would preſs around me, greeting,
The Journals ſwell with thanks;
And more to magnify their fame,
Thoſe headleſs flies ſhould have a name—
My name—SIR JOSEPH BANKS!"

THUS

THUS having finiſh'd, forth Sir JOSEPH hies,
Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes!
Juſt like a pointer, quart'ring well his ground,
He nimbly trots the field around!
At length, to bleſs his hunting ambulation,
Up roſe a native of the flutt'ring nation.
Broad ſtar'd Sir JOSEPH, as if ſtruck by thunder,
(For much, indeed, are eyes enlarg'd by wonder)
When from a dab of dung, or *ſome ſuch thing*,
An EMP'ROR OF MOROCCO rear'd his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
More bleſt, cry'd " *Eureka*, I've nabb'd the thief,"
Nor hunters, when a hare, to ſhun foul play,
Steals from his ſeat ſo ſly, cry " Stole away;"
Nor ſtale old nymphs, by raging virtue ſway'd,
Roar on a frail-one, " Kill the wicked jade!"
Than roar'd Sir JOSEPH on the verdant ſod,
" MOROCCO'S EMP'ROR, by the living God!"

Not with more joy, nor rapture-ſpeaking look,
The little gameſome PICCADILLY DUKE

Eyes a nice Tit, fresh launch'd upon the town;
Nor with more pleasure Cupid's trusty crimp,
By mouths of vulgar people christen'd *pimp*,
Stares on his honourable fee, a crown;

Nor King's-place nymphs, on greenhorns in their pow'r;
Who (shameless rascals, wanting not a wife)
Hire love, like hackney-coaches, by the hour,
Damning the love so true that lasts for life;
Nor wither'd Windsor on the simple maid,
From scenes of rural innocence betray'd;
Forc'd to dispose of Nature's sweetest charms;
Doom'd for a meal to sink a beauteous wreck;
To lend to man she loathes, her lip, her neck,
And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms;
Than did the doughty Hero of my song,
Survey the Emp'ror as he mov'd along.

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd husband spies
Death shutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes,
Accustom'd on him oft and fierce to roll;
Just like a galley slave, poor fellow, treated,
Or those poor Britons at Calcutta sweated,
Stuff'd in the old Black Hole:

And

And yet, a neater ſimile to uſe,
Not with more true delight a lover views
The bluſhing orient leading on the day
That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
To bid the hours with rapture glide away:

Sad anxious ſwain, who now in bed, now out,
Toſt like the ſea, with thundering thoughts, about;
Curſing with hearty pray'rs the lingering night;
Now trying hard to ſleep away the time;
Now ſtaring on the dark, like bards for rhyme,
To catch the ſmalleſt happy glimpſe of light;
Afraid that frolic Phœbus means foul play,
And, bent to ſpite him, lie a-bed all day:

And, *bonâ fide*, not of rapture fuller,
Thurlow, the Seal and Royal Conſcience keeper,
Sees his prime fav'rite, Miſter Juſtice Buller,
High thron'd in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir [Pepper,
Than did the Preſident ſo keen eſpy
The butterfly!

Lightly with winnowing wing, amid the land,
His MOORISH MAJESTY in circles flew!
With ſturdy ſtriding legs, and outſtretch'd hand,
The Virtuoſo did his prey purſue.

He ſtrikes—he miſſes—ſtrikes again—he grins,
And ſees in thought the monarch fix'd with pins;
Sees him on paper giving up the ghoſt,
Nail'd like a hawk or martyr to a poſt.

Oft fell Sir JOSEPH on the ſlipp'ry plain,
Like *patriot* EDEN—fell to riſe again;
The EMP'ROR, ſmiling, ſported on before.
Like Phœbus courſing Daphne was the chace;
But not ſo was the meaning of the race;
Sir JOSEPH ran to kill, not kiſs the MOOR;

To hold him pris'ner in a glaſs for ſhow,
Like Tamerlane, (redoubtable his rage)
Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquiſh'd foe,
Juſt like an owl or magpye in a cage.

Again to earth Sir JOSEPH fell ſo flat,
Flat as the flatteſt of the flounder race!
Down with Sir JOSEPH dropp'd his three cock'd hat,
Moſt nobly ſharing in his friend's diſgrace.
Again he ſprings, with hope and ardour pale,
And blowing like the fiſh baptiz'd a whale;

Darting his arms now here, now there, ſo wild,
With all the eager raptures of a child,

Who

Who with broad anxious eye a bauble views,
And, capering legs and hands, the toy purſues.

A Countryman, who, from a lane,
Had mark'd Sir JOSEPH, running, tumbling, ſweat-
Stretching his hands and arms, like one inſane, [ing,
And with thoſe arms the air around him beating,
To no particular opinion leaning,
Of ſuch manœuvre could not gueſs the meaning.

At length the Preſident, all foam and muck,
Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
Purſu'd the flying Monarch to the place
Where ſtood this Countryman, with marv'ling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horſe,
Wild plung'd the Preſident with all his force,
His brow in ſweat, his ſoul in perturbation;
Mindleſs of trees, and buſhes, and the brambles,
Head over heels into the lane he ſcrambles,
Where HOB ſtood loſt in wide-mouth'd ſpeculation!

" Speak," roar'd the Preſident, " this inſtant—ſay,
" Haſt ſeen, haſt ſeen, my lad, this way,

" The

"The Emp'ror of Morocco paſs?"—
Hob to the inſect-hunter nought reply'd,
But ſhook his head, and ſympathizing ſigh'd,
"Alas!
"Poor gentleman, I'm ſorry for ye;
"And pity much your *upper ſtory!*"

Lo! down the lane alert the Emp'ror flew,
And ſtruck once more Sir Joseph's hawk-like view;
And now he mounted o'er a garden wall!
In ruſh'd Sir Joseph at the garden door,
Knock'd down the Gard'ner—what could man do more?—
And left him, as he choſe, to riſe or ſprawl.

O'er peerleſs hyacinths our hero ruſh'd;
Through tulips and anemonies he puſh'd,
Breaking a hundred necks at ev'ry ſpring:
On bright carnations, bluſhing on their banks,
With deſp'rate hoof he trod, and mow'd down ranks,
Such vaſt ambition urg'd to ſeize the King!

Bell glaſſes, all ſo thick, were tumbled o'er;
And lo! the cries, ſo ſhrill, of many a ſcore,

A ſad

A ſad and fatal ſtroke proclaim'd;
The ſcarecrow, all ſo red, was overturn'd;
His vaniſh'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd,
And much, indeed, the man of ſtraw was maim'd!

Juſt guardian of the ſacred ſpot,
With face ſo fierce, and pointed gun,
Who threaten'd all the birds with ſhot;
To kill of ſparrows ev'ry mother's ſon:
Fierce as thoſe ſcarlet miniſters of fate,
The warlike guardians of St. James's Gate!

Yet, not content with feats like theſe,
He tumbled o'er a hive of bees;
Out ruſh'd the hoſt, and wonder'd from their ſouls,
What dev'l dar'd daſh their houſe about their polls.

Like the grand Louis,* whoſe fierce heart was ſuch,
As made him like a football kick the Dutch!

But ſoon the ſmall, heroic, injur'd nation
Deſcry'd the author of their obligation;
And, to repay it, round him ruſh'd the ſwarm:
Prodigious was the buz about his ears!
With all their venom did they puſh their ſpears;
But lo! they work'd him not one grain of harm!

Yet

* Louis XIV.

Yet did no god nor godling intervene,
By way of ſcreen!

The happy head their pointed ſpears defy'd,
Strong, like old Homer's ſhields, in tough bull hide,
And braſs well temper'd, to ſupport the ſhock!
The bees their diſappointed vengeance mourn'd,
And from their fierce attack, fatigu'd, return'd,
Believing they had ſtorm'd a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
Was only tickling the great man!
Thus round big Ajax rag'd the Trojan hoſt,
Who might as well, indeed, have drubb'd a poſt.

The Gard'ner now for juſt revenge up ſprung,
O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,
And fiercely in his turn purſu'd the Knight!
From bed to bed, full tilt the champions rac'd,
This chas'd the KNIGHT, the KNIGHT the EMP'ROR chas'd,
Who ſcal'd the walls, alas! and vaniſh'd out of ſight,
To find the Empreſs, p'rhaps, and tell her GRACE
The merry hiſt'ry of the chaſe.

At length the Gard'ner, ſwell'd with rage and dolour,
O'ertaking, graſps Sir JOSEPH by the collar,

And

And bleſt with fav'rite oaths, abundance ſhow'rs:
" Villain," he cry'd, " beyond example!
" Juſt like a cart-horſe on my beds to trample!
" More than your ſoul is worth, to kill my flow'rs!
" See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck—
" Look, raſcal, at each beauty's broken neck!"

Mindleſs of humbled flow'rs, ſo freely kill'd,
Although ſuperior to his ſoul declar'd,
And vegetable blood profuſely ſpill'd,
Superior, too, to all reward;
Mindleſs of all the Gard'ner's plaintive ſtrains,
The EMP'ROR's form monopoliz'd his brains.

At length he ſpoke, in ſad deſpairing tones,
" Gone! by the God that made me!—D-mn his bones!
" O Lord! no diſappointment mine ſurpaſſes!
" Poh! what are paltry flowers and broken glaſſes,
" A tumbled ſcarecrow, bees, the idle whim?—
" Zounds! what a ſet of miſcreants to *him!*

" Gone is my ſoul's deſire, for ever gone!"
" Who's gone?" the Gard'ner ſtrait reply'd:
" The EMP'ROR, Sir," with tears, Sir JOSEPH cry'd;
" The EMP'ROR OF MOROCCO—thought my own!

" To

" To unknown fields behold the Monarch fly!
" Zounds! not to catch him, what an aſs was I!"

His eyes the Gard'ner, full of horror, ſtretch'd,
And then a groan, a monſtrous groan he fetch'd,
Contemplating around his ruin'd wares;
And now he let Sir JOSEPH's collar go;
And now he bray'd aloud with bittereſt woe,
" Mad, madder than the maddeſt of March hares!

" A p-x confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs!
" Oh! he hath done the work of fifty pigs!
" The devil take his keeper, a damn'd gooſe,
" For letting his wild beaſt get looſe!"
But now the Gard'ner, terrified, began
To think himſelf too near a man
In ſo PEG-NICHOLSON a ſituation;
And, happy from a madman to eſcape,
He left him without bow, or nod, or ſcrape,
Like JEREMIAH 'midſt his Lamentation.

Such is the tale—if readers ſigh for more,
Sir JOSEPH's wallet holdeth many a ſcore.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

ALSO

AN IMITATION

OF THE

TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE.

——— Hunc tu Romane caveto;
Hic niger est, ———

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

BLIND to an artful BOY's insidious wiles,
Why rests the Genius of the QUEEN OF ISLES?
Whilst LIBERTY in irons sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs suspence on VIRTUE's coward arm?
Whilst TYRANNY prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the Sword of JUSTICE o'er our wrongs?
Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;
Oh! if thy race one blush could ever boast,
And that lorn sign of Virtue be not lost;
Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an empire mourn.

Drawn from a garret by the ROYAL SIRE,
Warm'd like the viper by his friendly fire,

What hath thy gratitude *ſublimely* done?
Fix'd, like the ſnake, thy fang upon the *Son!*

Yes—thou moſt *grateful* youth, thy hoſtile art
Hath lodg'd a pois'nous ſhaft in BRITAIN'S heart!
Thy arm hath dragg'd the column to the ground,
The ſacred wonder of the realms around!
To make ſnug, comfortable habitations
For thee and all thy pitiſul relations.
Barbarian-like—how like thoſe ſons of ſpoil,
Whoſe impious hands on hallow'd ſtructures toil—
Baſe throng, that through PALMYRA'S Temple digs,
To form a lodging for themſelves and pigs!

Oh! if Ambition prompts thy ſoaring ſoul
To live the theme of future times with ROLLE;
Thrice happy Youth, like *his* ſhall ſhine thy name,
Who gave th' Epheſian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of R——, (to thee though dear)
The name abhorr'd by HONOUR'S ſhrinking ear,
I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
And give it mention, though it blaſts my ſong.

How couldst thou bid *that* ROLLE, despis'd by all,
On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall;
Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
And claim the merit of the * FAIR-ONE's Friend?

Art thou the YOUTH on whom the Virtues smile?
The boasted Saviour of our sinking Isle!
O'er such, OBLIVION, be thy wing display'd!
Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
A stranger to their charm, the LOVES detest?—
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
Ne'er knew the triumph of one soften'd hour?
To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye!
In vain, for thee, of beauty blooms the rose:
In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows—
A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive;
Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!

P 2 In

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on Mrs. F---h-----t, in the House of Commons, exceeds all precedent.

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide;
In vain, the virtues of thy PRINCE to hide,
Thou and thy imps, to dim his riſing ray,
Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day!
Mad toil! I ſee his ORB ſuperior paſs,
That ſmiles triumphant on the ſable maſs.

O PITT! a Siſter Kingdom damns thy deeds,
And pities hapleſs Britain as ſhe bleeds.
HIBERNIA ſcorns each meanly treach'rous art
Hatch'd by the baſe r-b——n of thy heart,
That crawls an aſpic bloated black with fate,
To pour a dire contagion through the State.
She, with an honeſt voice, her PRINCE approves,
And nobly truſts the virtues that ſhe loves;
Deteſts a hangman's unremitting toil
To break upon the wheel a happy Iſle;
Who yet, to puſh the guilt and folly further,
Suborns Addreſſes, to applaud the murther!

Who but muſt laugh to ſee thy boaſted friends,
On whoſe poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends!
See BUTE's mean paraſite, thy ſpaniel, creep,
Whoſe Argus' eyes of av'rice never ſleep;
A cloſe State-leech, who, ſticking to the nation,
As adders deaf to Honour's execration,

Sucks

Sucks ſrom its throat the blood by night, by day,
Nor, till the State expires, will drop away.

Yet ſee another FIEND, with ſcowling eye,
Who draws from NATURE's ſoul her deepeſt ſigh;
Aſham'd her hand ſhould uſher into light
What Fate ſhould whelm with everlaſting night!

Loſt by his arts, behold the beauteous MAID*,
Whom INNOCENCE herſelf could ne'er upbraid,
Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb;
Whilſt all but *he* with grief ſurvey'd her doom,
Whoſe heart diſdain'd to feel—whoſe eye ſevere,
Compaſſion never melted with a tear!

Yet, left in ſilence to himſelf alone,
Aghaſt he heaves the conſcience-wounded groan!
At ev'ry ſound how horror heaves the ſigh!
How dangers thicken on his ſtraining eye!
He ſees her *Phantom*, form'd by treach'rous Love,
Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
He marks her mien of woe, her cheek ſo pale,
And trembles at her ſhrieks that pierce the gale!

* The melancholy circumſtance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can beſt explain.

At night's deep noon what fears his ſoul invade!
How wild he ſtarts amidſt the ſpectred ſhade!
And dreading ev'ry hopeleſs hour the laſt,
He hears the call of DEATH in ev'ry blaſt!

Such are thy Colleagues*, O thou *patriot* Boy!
Whoſe heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
Who, crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait
To faſten on the vitals of the State!
Such are the miſcreants who would rule the realm!
Such the black pirates that would ſeize the helm!

Had not I known thee, ——, the Muſe had ſworn,
That, bleſt to ſee the State to atoms torn,
Hell with her Loſt had drawn each damned plan,
And for the murder nurs'd thy dark Divan.

Speak—hath thy heart, with mad ambition fir'd,
Like CROMWELL'S, hot for pow'r, to thrones aſpir'd?
Then may that *young*, *old* trait'rous boſom feel
The rapid vengeance of ſome virtuous ſteel!
Or what, to boſoms not quite flint, is worſe,
May Heav'n with hoary age a Rebel curſe;

From

* We muſt not forget, however, Meſſieurs their Graces of R. and G., Harry D., *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our poetical calendar.

From ſweet ſociety behold him torn,
Condemn'd, like CAIN, to walk the world forlorn!

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,
The Muſe, for vengeance panting, pour'd her *ſong*:
But, ah! in vain I wiſh'd the bleſſing mine,
To plant a ſcorpion's ſting in ev'ry line.

Now PRUDENCE gently pull'd the Poet's ear,
And thus the daughter of the BLUE-EY'D MAID,*
In Flatt'ry's ſoothing ſounds, divinely ſaid,
"O PETER! eldeſt-born of PHŒBUS, hear—

"Whoſe verſe could raviſh Kings, relax the claw
"Of that gaunt, hungry ſavage, chriſten'd LAW—
"Indeed thou wanteſt worldly wiſdom, PETER,
"To mix a little oft'ner with thy metre.
"Lo! if thine eye DAME FORTUNE's ſmile purſues,
"To oily adulation prompt the MUSE.

"Give for the future all thy rhymes to praiſe;
"Strike to the glorious PITT thy ſounding lyre:
"Thy head may then be crown'd with WARTON's bays,
"And mutton twirl with ſpirit at the fire."

* Minerva.

"PRUDENCE," quoth I, "indeed—indeed I can't:
"Don't aſk me to turn rogue and ſycophant!"

Now with a ſmile, firſt couſin to a grin,
DAME PRUDENCE anſwer'd, bridling up her chin—
"Sweet, harmleſs, pretty, conſcientious pigeon!
"Ah! PETER, well I ween thou art not rich:
"Know that thou'lt die, like beggars, in a ditch;
"Know, too, that hunger is of no religion.

"Sit down, and make a Horace imitation,
"Like POPE; and let the ſtanza glow
"With praiſe of *Meſſieurs* PITT and Co.
"The preſent worthy Rulers of the Nation."

With purs'd-up, puritanic mouth ſo prim,
Thus ſpoke DAME PRUDENCE to the BARD of Whim,
Who, with politeneſs ſeldom running o'er,
For inſpiration ſcratch'd his tuneful ſconce,
To pleaſe DAME ORACLE, for once—
A DAME, ſome ſay, he never ſaw before.

IMITA-

IMITATION OF HORACE.

(ODE XII.—BOOK I.)

ON MESSIEURS PITT AND CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir JOSEPH and the KING,
What ſort of gentry ſhall we deign to ſing?
What high and mighty name, that all adore?
What miniſterial wight that bribes each CIT,
Wolf-like to howl for homage to KING PITT,
And ſet each ſmoky alehouſe in a roar;
That ſends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,
Alias his vote-ſeducing pimps,
To bribe the mob with brandy, beer and ſong,
To put their greaſy fiſts to Court Addreſſes,
Full of profeſſions kind, and ſweet careſſes,
And with a fiddle lead the logs along?

Shall DORNFORD, king of wine, and mum, and perry,
Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Maſter MERRY;
Two ſages who, in diff'rent places born,
CHICK LANE and BLACK-BOY ALLEY did adorn?

Or,

Or, Muse, suppose we sing *King Pitt himself,
The greatest man on earth—a cunning elf,
Who driveth, Jehu-like, the Church and State:
And, next to Royal Pitt, we'll sing the Dame,
Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,
Lamenting sad a Monarch's hapless fate;
Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart so cruel,
So prudent, numbers each bank-note and jewel!

Nor shall we by old Bacchus Weymouth pass,
A jolly fellow o'er his glass.
Nor, Schwellenberg, shalt thou a shrimp appear,
Whose palate loves a dainty dish,
Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,
Whose Strelitz stomach holds a butt of beer;
Who soon shalt keep a saleshop for good places,
For which so oft the people squabble,
From gaping Cobblers to their gaping Graces,
And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll sing how calmly C----n takes the bit,
And trots so mildly under Master Pitt:
And Th——w, too, whom none but Pitt could tame,
Who, blest with Master Billy's finest saddle,
No longer makes our brains with neighing addle—
No longer now Job's war-horse snorting flame;

But

But that ſlow brute whom few or none revere,
Fam'd for his fine baſe voice and length of ear;

Yet now ſo gentle, you may ſmooth his noſe;
Poor CH--C-LLOR* will make no riot:
Calm in his ſtall his aged limbs repoſe,
And pleas'd he eats his oats and hay in quiet!

This Pair, ſo tame, amid the courtier throng,
Shall drag their Maſter William's coach along,
And raiſe the wonder of the million!
Juſt like two bull-dogs in a country town,
That gallop in their harneſs up and down,
With MONSIEUR MONKEY for poſtillion.

We'll ſing the Brothers of our loving Queen,
Fine hungry, hearty youths as e'er were ſeen;
Who, if once try'd, would ſhine, I make no doubt:
And chiefly he who merits high rewards,
Who, wriggling to the Hanoverian guards,
Kept the poor PRINCE of BRUNSWICK out,
Although ſo brave a Prince, and ſpilt his blood
So freely for the King of England's* good.

We'll

* The name of the horſe.

† This is ſcarcely credible, but it is nevertheleſs true.—The Prince of Brunſwick's genius was forced to yield to the ſuperior one of the Queen's Brother!

We'll ſing, too, Maſter ROLLE, who, fond of fame,
High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,
To bear the MINISTER—to be his aſs—
Like Conj'ror BALAAM's reas'ning brute,
That carry'd BALAAM, BALAK to ſalute,
And curſe the Iſraelites, alas!

And lo! as did the Lord—
Who op'd the mouth of BALAAM's beaſt;
So hath our Lord, 'Squire PITT, upon my word,
Op'd MASTER ROLLE's, to give the houſe a feaſt!

Yet, hang it! DEV'NSHIRE is by ARAM * beat—
A circumſtance that wrings the Poet's ſoul;
For BALAAM's Jack-aſs made a ſpeech quite neat,
Which never yet was done by PITT's poor R----.

Or ſhall I ſing old CORNWALL's death,
Or fierce Sir BULLFACE, who reſign'd his breath
With brother CORNWALL in the ſelf-ſame year—
A downright bear!
Who bade a MONARCH, like a boy at ſchool,
Not ſpend his money like a f---?

We

* Balaam's country ſeat.

We too might sing the King of Swine,
Sir JOSEPH! peerless in the fat'ning line.

We too may BURDENELL sing, who, some time since,
Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his PRINCE;
Follow'd him, spaniel-like, about;
Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,
That he would ten times rather lose his place
Than leave him—Thus said he with phiz devout:
But when it came to pass his HIGHNESS try'd him,
This false APOSTLE, PETER-like, deny'd him!

We'll sing Lord GALLOWAY, a man of note,
Who turn'd his taylor, much enrag'd, away.
Because he stitch'd a star upon his coat
So small, it scarcely threw a ray:
Whereas he wish'd a planet huge to flame,
To put the moon's full orb to shame;
He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,
As to eclipse the star of Sir JOHN DICK!
Sir JOHN, who got his star, so bright and stout,
For making super-excellent *sour krout*.*

Or,

* This honour of the Star was really conferred on him by the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the Mediterranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen their courage for a massacre of the poor Turks.

Or, Muſe, ſuppoſe we ſing the SP--KER's wig,
In which, 'tis ſaid, a world of wiſdom lies;
Which, to a headpiece ſcarcely worth a fig,
Importance gives that greatly doth ſurpriſe,
When through the chaos of the Houſe he bawls
For ORDER, that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
Driv'n by a hoſt of ſcrapes, and hawks, and hums,
And blowing noſes, that diſtract her drums.

For, Muſe, we cant't well ſing poor GR----LLE's head,
Becauſe it wanteth eyes—imperfect creature!
Again—its lining happ'neth to be lead—
Such are the whimſicalities of Nature:
And thus this ſpeaking headpiece is, no doubt,
As dark *within* as *certès* 'tis *without!*

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty ſprig;
A very promiſing, a thriving twig,
That by his parents dear was ſaid would be,
In time, a very comely tree;
And, what thoſe parents dear would alſo ſuit,
Produce enormous quantities of fruit,
By God's good grace, and much good looking after—
A thought that now convulſeth us with laughter!

Sup-

Suppoſe we chaunt old WILLIS and his whip,
At which the human hide revolts;
Who bids, like graſshoppers, his pupils ſkip,
And breaks mad gentlemen like colts;
Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand:
And ſuch the mighty Conjuror's command,
He, by the magic of ſticks, ropes, and eyes,
Commands wild FOLLY to be tame and wiſe.

Or grant we throw away a verſe or two
Upon the BEDCHAMBER's moſt idle IMPS;
Thoſe Lords of gingerbread—a gaudy crew,
Sticking together juſt like ſocial ſhrimps;
Regardleſs who the State-coach drives,
So *they* may lead good merry, lazy lives;
Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay,
So they, like moths, may flutter life away!

PITT ſhall the Houſe of Commons rule,
And *eke* of poor INCURABLES the ſchool;
And pour on ſuch the vengeance of his ſpleen
As meanly think of HASTINGS and the -----!
On di'monds PITT and Co. ſhall largely feaſt,
Knock down the Nabobs, and exhauſt the Eaſt!

O LADY!

O LADY! whoſe great wiſdom thinketh fit
To ſpread thy petticoat o'er WILLIAM PITT!
This WILLIAM PITT and Thou, without a joke,
Will turn out moſt extraordinary folk!

PITT and the PETTICOAT ſhall rule together,
Each with the other vaſtly taken;
Make, when they chooſe, or fair or filthy weather,
And cut up kingdoms juſt like bacon!

THUS having finiſh'd, PRUDENCE, with a ſtare,
Exclaim'd, "Rank irony! thou wicked Poet."—
Quoth I, "My little Preſbyterian fair,
"I know it."—
"Ah!" quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,
"When will this ſtupid world be wiſe?"

"Ah! had the PRINCE his proper int'reſt felt,
"And, like BUCEPHALUS the famous, knelt
"To take PITT ALEXANDER on his back,
"He might have ambled prettily along,
"And very rarely felt his rider's thong—
"Juſt now and then a gentle ſmack,

"T' inform

" T' inform his royal colt what BEING rode him,
" And with ſuch dignity beſtrode him.

" Yes—had his HIGHNESS but vouchſaf'd to *ſtoop*,
" With *heav'n-born* PITT he might have eat his ſoup,
" Joy'd in the full poſſeſſion of his wiſhes,
" And with his ſervant ſhar'd the loaves and fiſhes!"

ODE XII. LIB. I. AD AUGUSTUM

QUEM virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia ſumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem deum? cujus recinet jocoſa
Nomen imago,

Aut in umbroſis Heliconis oris,
Aut ſuper Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?
Unde vocalem temere inſequutæ
Orphea ſylvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Prœliis audax neque te silebo
Liber, & sævis inimica virgo
Belluis: nec te metuende certa,
Phœbe, sagitta.

Dicam & Alceiden; puerosque Ledæ,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,

Defluit

Defluit ſaxis agitatus humor:
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes:
Et minax, quod ſic voluere, ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum poſt hos prius, an quietum
Pompilî regnum memorem, an ſuperbos
Tarquinî faſces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile lethum.

Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, ſuperante Pœno,
Gratus inſigni referam Camæna,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc, & incomptis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
Sæva Paupertas, & avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Creſcit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes
Julium ſidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo
Cæsare regnes,

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis oris
Seras & Indos:

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem:
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

SUBJECTS

SUBJECTS,

FOR

PAINTERS.

" Qui veut peindre pour l'Immortalité,
" Doit peindre des Sots."   FONTENELLE.

Q 3

TO THE READER.

THE rage for hiſtorical Pictures in this kingdom, ſo nobly rewarded by Meſſrs. BOYDELL and MACKLIN, hath, with the great encouragement of two or three of the principal Muſes, tempted me to offer ſubjects to the labourers in the graphic vineyard. When Shakeſpeare and Milton are exhauſted, I may preſume that the following Odes, Tales, and Hints, in preference to the labours of any other of our Britiſh Bards, may be adopted by the bruſh of Genius. Had I not thus ſtepped forward as the champion of my own merit, which is deemed ſo neceſſary now-a-days for the obtention of public notice, not only by authors, but by tête-makers, perfumers, elaſtic truſs and parliament ſpeech makers, &c. who, in the daily news-papers, are the heralds of their own ſplendid abilities, I might poſſibly be paſſed by without obſervation, and thus a great part of a poetical immortality be ſacrificed to a pitiful *mauvaiſe honte*.

S U B J E C T S



FOR

P A I N T E R S.

SCENE, THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PEACE and good will to this fair meeting!
I come not with hoſtility, but greeting;
    Not eagle-like to *ſcream*, but dove-like *coo* it:
I come not with the ſword of vengeance, rhyme,
To flaſh, and act as journeyman to TIME—
    The GOD himſelf is juſt arriv'd to do it.

To make each feeble figure a poor corſe,
    I come not with the ſhafts of ſatire ſporting;
Then view me not like Stubbs's ſtaring horſe,
    With terror on th' approaching lion ſnorting:
I come to bid the hatchet's labours ceaſe,
And ſmoke with friends the calumet of peace.

Knight

Knight of the polar ſtar, or bear, don't ſtart,
And, like ſome long-ear'd creatures, bray, "What
art!"
Sir WILLIAM, ſhut your ell-wide mouth of terror;
I come not here, believe me, to complain
Of ſuch as dar'd employ thy building brain,
And criticiſe an economic error.*

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,
And bid thee ſeek again Paladio's ſchool;
Or copy Heav'n, who form'd thy head ſo thick,
To give ſtability to ſtone and brick:
No—'twould be cruel now to make a rout;
The very ſtones already have cry'd out.

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to ſpy,
And call thee for the workmanſhip hard names;
To point which wing ſhall next forſake the ſky,
And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

Nor

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raiſed at an extraordinary expence, fell to the ground lately; but as the Knight is a favourite at Court, no harm is done. The nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in Sir William's way.

Nor come I here to cover thee with ſhame,
For putting clever Academic men,*
Like calves or pigs, into a pen,
To ſee the King of England and his dame,

'Midſt carts and coaches, golden horſe and foot;
'Midſt peopled windows, chimnies and old walls;
'Midſt marrowbones and cleavers, fiſe and flute,
Paſſing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's:

Where, as the ſhow of gingerbread went by,
The rain, as if in mockery from the ſky,
Dribbled on ev'ry academic nob,
And waſh'd each pigtail ſmart, and powder'd bob;

Waſh'd many a viſage, black, and brown, and fair,
Giving to each ſo pictureſque an air—
Reſembling that of drooping, rain-ſoak'd ſowls,
Or, what's a better picture, parboil'd owls;

Whilſt

* Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admiſſion of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to ſee the Royal proceſſion to St. Paul's, as he had ſome women and children of his acquaintance who wiſhed to ſee the ſhow. Half a dozen boards were conſequently ordered to be put together on the outſide of the building for their reception.

Whilſt thou, great Jove upon Olympus, aping,
Didſt ſit majeſtic, from a window gaping.

O West! that fix'd and jealous eye forbear,
Which ſcowling marks the bard with doubt and fear:
Thy forms are ſacred from my wrath divine;
'Twere cruel to attack ſuch crippled creatures,
So very, very feeble in their natures,
Already gaſping in a deep decline!

I ſeek them not with ſcalping thoughts, indeed!
Too great my ſoul to bid the figures bleed:
May peace and happineſs attend 'em!
Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em

I come not to impart to thee the crime
Of over-dealing in the true ſublime;
I ſcorn with malice thus thy fame to wound;
Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
That too divine effects of light and ſhade
Were ever 'midſt thy labours to be found.

Nor ſwear, to blaſt one atom of thy merit,
That elegance, expreſſion, ſpirit,

Too

Too ſtrongly from the canvaſs blaze,
And damn thee thus with RAPHALL's praiſe:
Beſides, againſt the ſtream I ſcorn to ruſh;
The world ne'er ſaid, nor thought it of thy bruſh.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd ſay,
"Here lies below a painter's clay,
"Who work'd away moſt furiouſly for Kings;
"And prov'd that fire of *inclination*
"For pleaſing the great Ruler of a Nation,
"And fire of *genius*, are two diff'rent things."

Nor come I here t' inform ſome men ſo wiſe,
Who ſhine not yet upon the R. A. liſt,
That limbs in ſpaſms and crack'd, and goggling eyes,
With grandeur cannot well exiſt.
Nay, let it be recorded in my rhyme,
Convulſions cannot give the true ſublime.

Saint VITUS might be virtuous to romance—
Peace to the *manes* of that capering Saint!
Yet let me tell the ſons of paint,
Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

Wide

Wide ſaucer eyes, and dire diſtortion,
Will only make a good abortion.

Ye landſcape-painters, may your gold ſtreams ſleep—
Sleep, golden ſkies and bulls, and golden cows,
And golden groves and vales, and golden ſheep,
And golden goats, the golden graſs that browze,
Which with ſuch golden luſtre flame,
As beat the very golden frame!

Peace to the ſcenes of Birmingham's bright ſchool!
Peace to the brighter ſcenes of Pontypool!

Aw'd I approach, ye ſov'reigns of the bruſh,
With MODESTY's companion ſweet, a bluſh,
And heſitation nat'ral to her tongue;
And eye ſo diffident, with beam ſo mild,
Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties ſmil'd,
And led her bluſhing, nothing loath, along,
To give the lady a green gown ſo ſweet,
On beds of roſes, LOVE's delicious ſeat:

Yes, ſober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come
To this great DOME,

To offer ſubjects to the ſons of paint:
Accept the pleaſant tales and hints I bring,
Of Knight and Lord, and Commoner and King,
Sweeter than hiſt'ry of embowell'd ſaint;
Or martyr, beat like Shrovetide cocks with bats,
And fir'd like turpentin'd poor roaſting rats.

Inimical as dogs to pigs,
Or wind and rain to powder'd wigs,
Or mud from kennels to a milk-white ſtocking;
Hoſtile to PETER's phiz as if a peſt,
Why ſprings the man of hiſt'ry, Miſter WEST,
And cries, "Off, off! your tales and hints are ſhocking;
"Inventions—fabrications—lies—damn'd lies!
"Kings, and the world beſides, thy ſpite deſpiſe.

"Sir, you're a liar, ev'ry body knows it;
"Sir, every ſtupid ſtanza ſhows it:
"Sir, you know nothing of a King and Queen,
"In ſpheres too high their orbs ſuperior roll,
"By thy poor little grov'ling, mole-ey'd-ſoul,
"Thou outcaſt of Parnaſſus, to be ſeen.

"Sir, they do honour to their god-like ſtation,
"The two firſt luminaries of the nation,

"So meek, good, gen'rous, virtuous, humble, wise;
"Whilst thou, a savage, a great fool so fat,
"Curs'd with a conscience blacker than my hat,
"Art rival to that fiend the Prince of Lies.

"Go, pour thy venom on my LEAR *—
"A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear:
"King LEAR, to mortify thee, goes
"Where MAJESTY delights with WEST to prate,
"Much more than Ministers of State—
"Where thou shalt never, never show thy nose!

"Where Pages fancy it a heinous crime,
"Thou foul-mouth'd fellow, to repeat thy † rhyme;
"Where ev'ry cook, it is my firm belief,
"Would nobly make it a religious point,
"Rather than put thy trash upon a joint,
"To let the fire consuming burn the beef.

"There's

* A pretty iron-staring sketch now in the Exhibition.

† Here Mr. West is mistaken. The works of the LYRIC BARD, handsomely bound in morocco leather, are now in the Library at the Queen's Palace. His Majesty has done more—he has written notes on the Odes. Happy Poet, to have a *King* for a *commentator!*

"There's not a ſhopkeeper in Windſor town
"That would not hang thee, ſhoot thee, ſtab thee, drown;
"That doth not damn thy ſtuff, thy odes and tales;
"That doth not think thy works would give diſeaſe
"To ev'ry thing they wrapp'd—to bread, to cheeſe;
"Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.

*

"The very Windſor dogs and cats,
"The very Windſor owls and bats,
"Would howl and ſquall, and hoot and ſhriek, to meet
"Like thee a raggamuffin in the ſtreet.

"The ſervant maids of * Windſor, from each ſhop,
"Some pointing brooms, and ſome a ſcornful mop,
"Their loyal ſentiments would diſembogue,
"And taunting cry, 'There goes a lying rogue.'

"Behold, man's impudence thy rhymes inſpire;
"Conſummate inſolence thy verſe provoke!
"Fool! to believe thy muſe a muſe of fire!
"A chimney ſweeper's drab, a muſe of ſmoke.

* Neither is this true. the works of the ſublime B[illegible] are ſold *publicly* at Windſor.

" The very bellman's rhymes poſſeſs more merit.
" Nay, * Nichols' magazine exceeds in ſpirit:
" A printer's devil, with conceit ſo drunk,
" Who publiſhes for gentleman and trunk;

" Who ſets up author on old Bowyer's ſcraps;
" Bowyer, whoſe pen recorded all the raps
" That hungry authors gave to Bowyer's door,
" To ſwell the curious literary ſtore:

" Who on a purblind † antiquarian's back,
" A founder'd, broken-winded hack,
" Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones;
" On darkeſt coins the brighteſt legend reads,
" On traceleſs copper ſees imperial heads,
" And makes inſcriptions older than the ſtones.

" Too

* Miſter Weſt is not a judge. JOHN's *Magazine* is a ſad *farrago*, poſſeſſing, however, the merit of being more in *quantity*, than other magazines: as for the *public*, John, who is a moſt *excellent tradeſman*, deemeth it of no importance.

† What a virulent attack on the penetrating and laborious Mr. GOUGH of Enfield! Can any thing be more bitter againſt an antiquarian hero of the firſt fame, for ever at fiſticuffs with TIME, to make him diſgorge the *good things* he has been, for ſuch a ſeries of ages, devouring!

" Too bids, to give his customers surprise,
" A Druid altar from a pigstye rise.
" Yes, Nichols, aping wisdom through his glasses,
" Thee, thee Apollo's scavenger, surpasses.

" Soon shall we see the Fleet thy carcase wring,
" Mean thro' the prison grate for farthings angling,
" Suspending feet of stockings by a string,
" Or glove or nightcap for our bounty dangling;

" Whilst, issuing from thy mouth begrim'd with beard,
" Thy purpled nose poking through thy prison hole,
" The hollow voice of mis'ry will be heard,
" 'Kind gemman, pity a poor hungry soul:
" 'Have pity on a pris'ner's case so shocking—
" 'Good lady, put a farthing in the stocking!'

" When impudence thus bold a face to push,
" Arm'd with a winking light of paltry rush,
" As if with Truth's bright torch, into our room;
" To dart on ignorance the fancy'd rays—
" To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,
" And kind illumine Error's midnight gloom!

" Get out, and pertly don't come troubling *me*;
" A *dog* is better company than *thee*."

Thus cries the King's GREAT PAINTER to the BARD!
Such is of *peerleſs Odes* the baſe reward!

I thank ye—much oblig'd t'ye, Miſter WEST,
For thoughts ſo *kind*, and *prettily* expreſt:
Yet won't I be refus'd, I won't indeed;
You *muſt*, you *ſhall* have tale, and ode, and hint;
This memory of mine contains a mint:
And thus, in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me, as to our bright KING and QUEEN,
Their names are ſacred from the Poet's ſpleen—
Peace to their reign! they feel no more my jokes,
Whether to Hanover they wiſely roam,
Or full as wiſely count their caſh at home:
My ſatire ſhall not hurt the *gentlefolks*.

Pleas'd in a hut to broil my mutton bone,
I ſigh not for the ven'ſon of a throne:
Nay, ſlavery doth not with my pride agree;
A toad-eater's an imp I don't admire;
Nor royal ſmall-talk doth my ſoul deſire:
I've *ſeen* my Sovereigns—that's enough for *me*.

A THOUSAND themes for canvaſs I could name,
To give the artiſt beef and fame:
  Lo! * Hodſell in his country ſeat ſo fine,
Where, 'midſt his tulips, grin ſtone apes with parrots;
Where Neptune foams along a bed of carrots,
  Inſtead of cleaving through his native brine;

Where PHŒBUS ſtrikes to cabbages his ſtrings;
Where LOVE o'er garlick waves his purple wings;
  Where MARS, to vanquiſh beets, heroic leans;
And, arm'd with lightnings, with terrific eyes,
The great and mighty RULER of the ſkies
  Sublimely thunders through a bed of beans;

Cloſe by whoſe ſide the haymakers are mating,
And Dutchmen to their knees in onions ſkaiting.

* A merchant of *taſte*.

A MIGHTY WARRIOR in the House of Lords,
  Swallowing, alas! a bitter, bitter pill;
Eating, poor man, his own sad words,
  Exceedingly against his noble will;

Whilst RAWDON by his side, with martial face,
Commandeth him to swallow with a grace;
Would make an interesting scene, indeed,
And show the courage of King Charles's breed!

How like a Doctor, forcing down the throat
  Of some poor puling child a dose of salts,
  At which its little soul revolts,
With wriggling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note;
Yet forc'd to take the formidable purge,
Or taste a bitt'rer dose, the threaten'd scourge!

Or RICHMOND,* watchful of the State's salvation,
Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the pale-nos'd nation;

Now

* The Duke absolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a snuff-box-maker, which, at Woolwich, on Saturday the second day of May, 178[illegible], were seriously tried, and, like many a nobleman, found too *soft*.

Now buying leathern boxes up by tuns,
Improving thus the bodies of great guns;
Guns bleſt with double natures, mild and rough,
To give a broadſide, or a pinch of ſnuff.
O, RICHMOND * at th' enormous reck'ning ſtruck,
At Portſmouth battling hard about a duck.

A certain high and mighty Ducheſs,
Hugging her huſband in her cat-like clutches,
Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal,
Whoſe flax in heaps is ſeen to fly around,
Whilſt he, pale wight, emits a plaintive ſound,
Like animals that furniſh man with veal;

Would make another pleaſing ſcene,
Showing the mettle of an arrant Quean;
Longing to ſhine a firſt-rate ſtar at Court,
For the Muſe's pen, a ſubject of rare ſport,

* At Portſmouth his Grace, not long ſince, beſpoke a dinner for a few friends, and becauſe no fork had entered a roaſted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Maſter General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the county of Suſſex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c. thought it a grievous impoſition, and ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

Longing to purify a lucklefs blood,
Deep-ftain'd, and fmelling of its native mud.

The valiant Gloster at the army's head,
  Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth,
In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,
  Would glow with fuch an air of truth!—
Not on a *Jackafs* mounted, but a fteed
Of old *Bucephalus*'s breed.

Salisb'ry examining the iron hands
Of Fame's and fweet St. Giles's blackguard bands,
  That clap our Kings to Parliament and Play—
Salifb'ry, too, gauging all their gaping throats,
Excifeman-like, to find the beft for notes,
  That money mayn't be thrown away:

Refolv'd from thofe fame legions of vulgarity,
To get full pennyworths of popularity;
Refolv'd his mafter fhall be fairly treated,
And not, as ufual, by his fervants, cheated,

Suppofe,

Suppoſe, to give this humour-loving iſle
A pretty opportunity to ſmile,
  You paint the Solomon of yon fam'd place,*
Where fair PHILOSOPHY, the heav'nly dame,
By barb'rous uſage cover'd deep with ſhame,
  No longer ſhows her exil'd face;
Where *cent. per cent.* in value riſe,
Toads, tadpoles, graſshoppers, and flies?

Suppoſe you paint Sir JOSEPH all ſo bleſt,
With many a paraſitical dear gueſt,
  Swol'n by their flatt'ries as a bladder big,
Throwing away of learning ſuch a waſte,
And proving his ſuperior claſſic taſte,
  By ſwallowing the *ſumen* of a pig?

PITT trying to unclench BRITANNIA's fiſt,
  Imploring money for a King;
Telling moſt mournful tales of civil liſt,
  The Lady's tender heart to wring;

Tales

* The Royal Society.

Tales of expence, th' effect of Doctors' bills,
High price of blisters, boluses, and pills;
Long journey to St. Paul's, t' oblige the nation,
And give God humble thanks for restoration:
BRITANNIA with arch look, the while,
Partaking strongly of a smile,
Pointing to that huge dome,* the nation's wealth;
Where *people* sometimes place their cash by stealth,
And, all so *modest* with their secret store,
Inform the world they're poor, yes, very poor.

BRUDENELL and SYMONDS † with each other vying,
Sweet youths! for little NORMAN's ‡ favours sighing,
A picturesque effect would form:
That hugging mother for the daughter's charms;
This, with the yielding damsel in his arms,
Taking the citadel by storm:
That running with the girl in triumph off;
This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.

A great

* The Bank of England.

† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.'s contest for the charming prize is well known to the Opera-House.

‡ A pretty black-eyed Figurante at the Opera.

A great Law Chief, whom God nor Demon fcares,
Compell'd to kneel and pray,* who *fwore* his pray'rs;
The dev'l behind him, pleas'd and grinning,
Patting the angry lawyer on the fhoulder,
Declaring nought was ever bolder,
Admiring fuch a novel mode of finning:

Like this, a fubject would be reckon'd rare,
Which proves what blood-game infidels can dare;
Which to my mem'ry brings a fact,
Which nothing but an Englifh tar would act.

In fhips of war, on Sunday, pray'rs are giv'n;
For, though fo wicked, failors think of Heav'n,
Particularly in a ftorm;
Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their fouls are in a miferable funk;
Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
If in his goodnefs only *once*, *once* more,
He'll fuffer them to clap one foot on fhore.

In

* On the thankfgiving day at St. Paul's.

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
They ne'er on week-days pester Heav'n with pray'rs;
For 'tis amongst the Jacks a common saying,
"Where there's no danger, there's no need of praying."

One Sunday morning all were met
To hear the parson preach and pray,
All but a boy, who, willing to forget
That pray'rs were handing out, had stol'n away,
And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawl'd, to take a nap, into a cask.

The *micher* was found missing, and full soon
The boatswain's cat sagacious smelt him out,
Gave him a clawing to some tune—
This cat's a cousin Germain to the Knout.*

"Come out, you sculking dog," the boatswain cry'd,
"And save your damn'd young sinful soul:"
He then the moral-mending cat apply'd,
And turn'd him like a badger from his hole.

Sulky,

* A common punishment in Russia.

Sulky, the boy march'd on, nor ſeem'd to mind him,
Although the boatſwain flogging kept behind him:
" Flog," cry'd the boy, " flog—curſe me, flog away;
" I'll *go*—but mind—God d-mn me if I'll *pray*."

THE KING OF SPAIN

AND

THE HORSE.

IN ſev'nteen hundred ſev'nty-eight,
The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,
Whoſe anceſtors ſent forth their troops to ſmite
The peaceful natives of the weſtern main,
With faggots and the blood-delighting ſword,
To play the devil, to oblige the Lord!

For hunting, roaſting heretics, and boiling,
Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,
Was thought Heav'n's cauſe amazingly to further;
For which moſt pious reaſon, hard to work
They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
To charm the God of mercy with their murther!

I ſay

I say, this King in sev'nty-eight survey'd,
In tapestry so rich, pourtray'd
A horse with stirrups, crupper, brid'e, saddle:
Within the stirrup, lo, the Monarch try'd
To fix his foot, the palsiy to bestride;
In vain!—he could not o'er the palsiy straddle!

Stiff as a Turk the beast of yarn remain'd,
And ev'ry effort of the King disdain'd,
Who 'midst his labours to the ground was tumbled,
And greatly mortified as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the strugg'e of the day:
The horse attempted not to run away,
At which the poor chaf'd Monarch now 'gan grin,
And swore by ev'ry saint and holy martyr,
He would not yield the traitor quarter,
Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's Knight,
Hight Quixote, at a puppet show,
Did with more valour stoutly fight,
And terrify each little squeaking foe;
When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray;
And broke their pasteboard bones, and stabb'd their hearts of hay.

Not

Not with more energy and fury
The beauteous ſtreet-walker of Drury
Attacks a ſiſter of the ſmuggling trade,
Whoſe winks, and nods, and ſweet reſiſtleſs ſmile,
Ah, me! her paramour beguile,
And to her bed of healthy ſtraw perſuade;
Where mice with muſic charm, and vermin crawl,
And ſnails with ſilver traces deck the wall.

And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd;
And now he kick'd, and ſore the palfry bruis'd;
Yet, lo, the horſe ſeem'd patient at each kick,
And bore with Chriſtian ſpirit whip and ſtick;
And what exceſſively provok'd this Prince,
The horſe ſo ſtubborn ſcorn'd ev'n once to wince.

Now ruſh'd the Monarch for a bow and arrow,
To ſhoot the rebel like a ſparrow;
And lo, with ſhafts well ſteel'd, with all his force,
Juſt like a pincuſhion, he ſtuck the horſe!

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boar,
With nails and teeth the wounded horſe he tore;
Now to the floor he brought the ſtubborn beaſt;
Now o'er the vanquiſh'd horſe that dar'd rebel,
Moſt Indian-like, the Monarch gave a yell,
Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feaſt;

Bleſt as ACHILLES, when with fatal wound
He brought the mighty HECTOR to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire!
Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
How dang'rous to reſiſt the will of Kings.

LORD BRUDENELL AND THE EUNUCH.

A LORD, moſt muſically mad,
Yet with a taſte ſuperlatively bad,
Aſk'd a ſqueal eunuch to his houſe one day;
A poor old *ſemivir*, whoſe throat
Had loſt its love-reſounding note,
Which ART had giv'n, and TIME had ſtol'n away.

" Signor SQUALINI," with a ſolemn air,
The LORD began, grave riſing from his chair,
Taking SQUALINI kindly by the hand—
" Signor SQUALINI, much I fear
" I've got a moſt unlucky ear,
" And that 'tis known to all the muſic band.

 " Fond

" Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps;
" And, true it is, I don't know flats from sharps:
  " Indeed, Signor SQUALINI,—'tis no hum;
" So ill doth music with my organs suit,
" I scarcely know a [illegible] from a [illegible];
  " The [illegible] from the [illegible].

" Now though with LORDS, a number of this nation,
" I go to Op'ras, more through fashion
  " Than for the love of music, I could wish
" The world might think I had some little taste,
" That those two ears were tolerably chaste;
  " But, Sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

" Get me the credit of a *Cognoscenti*,
" Gold sha'n't be wanting to content ye."

" *Bravissimo!* my Lor," reply'd SQUALINI,
With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity;
" De nobleman muss never look de ninny."—
  " True," grunts the noble Lord, with German
    gravity.

" My Lor, ven men have money in der purse,
  " Dey do no vant de vorld to tink dem *poor*;
" Because, my Lor, dat be von shabby curse;
  " Dis all same ting wid ignorance, my Lor."

" Right," cry'd his Lordſhip in a grumbling tone,
Much like a maſtiff jealous of his bone.

" But firſt I want ſome technicals, Signor."—
Bowing, the Eunuch anſwer'd—" Iſs, my Lor;
" I teaſh your Lorſhip queekly, queekly, all—
" Dere vat be call de *ſoſtenuto* note,
" Dat be ven ſinger oppen vide de troat,
" And den for long time make de ſquawl, ſquawl,
ſquawl;
" Muſh long, long note, dat do continue while
" A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

" My Lor, der likewiſe be de *cromatique*,
" As if de ſinger vas in greef, or ſick,
" And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine:
" De high, oh, dat muſician call *ſoprano*;
" De low voice, *baſſo*; de ſoff note, *piano*—
" *Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marcheſi ſhine.

" Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know—
" *Allegro*, quick; *Adagio*, be de ſlow;
" *Pompoſo*, dat be manner make de roar:
" *Maeſtoſo*, dat be ſlow, grand, nobel ting,
" Muſh like de voice of Emperor, or de King;
" Or *you*, my Lor,

" When

" When in de Houſe you make de grand oration,
" For ſave, my Lor, de noble Englis nation.

" *Da Capo*, dat's, my Lor, begin again,
" And end, my Lor, wid de firſt ſtrain."

Thus having giv'n his leſſon, and a bow,
 With high complacency his Lordſhip ſmil'd:
Unravell'd was his Lordſhip's pucker'd brow,
 His ſcowling eye, like LUNA's beams, ſo mild:

Such is th' effect, when flatt'ries ſweet cajole
That praiſe-admiring wight *yclep'd* the ſoul;
And from the days of Adam 'tis the caſe,
That great's the ſympathy 'twixt ſoul and face.

" Signor SQUALINI," cry'd the happy Lord,
" The Op'ra is begun, upon my word—
" *Allons*, Signor, and hear me—mind,
" As ſoon as ever you ſhall find
" A ſinger's voice above or under pitch,
" Juſt touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch."

" Iſs, iſs, my Lor, (the Eunuch ſtrait reply'd)
" My Lor, I ſheet cloſe by your Lordſhip ſide;

" And den, accordin to your Lorſhip wiſh,
" I give your Lorſhip elbow littel twiſh."

Now to the Opera, muſic's ſounds to hear,
The old Caſtrato and the noble Peer
Proceeded—Near the orcheſtra they ſat,
Before the portals of the ſingers' throats!
The critic couple mouſing for bad notes
With all the keenneſs of a hungry cat.

Now came an *out-of-tuniſh* note—
The Eunuch twitch'd his Lordſhip's coat:
  Full-mouth'd at once his Lordſhip roar'd out "Pſha!"
Sudden the orcheſta, amaz'd, turn round
To find from whence aroſe the critic ſound,
  When, lo! they heard the Lord, and ſaw!

The Eunuch kept moſt ſlily twitching;
  His frowning Lordſhip all the while,
  (Not in the cream of courtly ſtyle)
Be-*dogging* this poor ſinger, that be-*bitching*;
Uniting, too, a hoſt of damning *pſhas*,
Reap'd a moſt plenteous harveſt of applauſe;
Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful ſkill,
And, though the Eunuch's dead, remains ſo ſtill.

To

TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

SUPPOSE you paint the Dev'l, with smiling mien,
Whisp'ring *deceit* to *any* King or Queen,
'Tis what the prince of soot hath often done:
For lo, with *many* a King and *many* a Queen,
In close *confab* the gentleman is seen—
With *such* hath Satan oft a world of fun;
More fun, or diadems are much bely'd,
Than all the little under-world beside!

The Dev'l's a fellow of much sterling humour,
If we may credit public rumour;
And all so civil in each act and look,
That, whensoever we incline
On some rare dish of sin to dine,
We can't employ a readier, nicer cook.

Who, too, so generous disdains
To take a sixpence for his pains—
Nay, at our money would be vext;
Happy to please us *gratis* with his art,
Provided, when from *this* world we depart,
We join his *fire-side* in the next.

Like GLOUCESTER, who for pay can leave his party,
Some years ago I join'd his corps so hearty,
  Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated:
Fir'd by the subject, in my rhyming mode,
I complimented Satan with an Ode,
  Which, for the brushmen's sake, shall be repeated.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

INGRATUM ODI.

PRINCE of the dark abodes! I ween
Your Highness ne'er till now hath seen
  Yourself in metre shine;
Ne'er heard a song with praise sincere,
Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,
  Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reason is too plain,
Thou try'st to starve the tuneful train,
  Of potent verse afraid;
And yet I vow, in all my time,
I've not beheld a single rhyme
  That ever spoil'd thy trade.

I've

I've often read thoſe pious whims—
JOHN WESLEY's ſweet damnation hymns,
That chant of heav'nly riches.
What have they done?—thoſe heav'nly ſtrains,
Devoutly ſqueez'd from canting brains,
But fill'd JOHN's earthly breeches?

There's not a ſhoeblack in the land,
So humbly at the world's command,
As thy old cloven foot;
Like i htning doſt thou fly, when call'd,
And yet no pickpocket's ſo maul'd
As thou, O Prince of Soot!

What thouſands, hourly bent on ſin,
With ſupplication call thee in,
To aid them to purſue it!
Yet, when detected, with a lie
Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
" The Devil *made* me do it."

Behold the fortunes that are made,
By men through roguiſh tricks in trade!
Yet all to thee are owing—

And though we meet it ev'ry day,
The ſneaking raſcals dare not ſay,
This is the *Devil's* doing.

As to thy company, I'm ſure,
No man can ſhun thee on that ſcore;
The very beſt is thine:
With Kings, Queens, Miniſters of State,
Lords, Ladies, I have ſeen thee great,
And many a grave Divine.

I'm ſorely griev'd at times to find,
The very inſtant thou art kind,
Some people ſo uncivil,
When aught offends, with face awry,
With baſe ingratitude to cry,
" I wiſh it to the devil."

Hath ſome poor blockhead got a wife,
To be the torment of his life,
By one eternal yell,
The fellow cries out [illegible] Zounds!
" I'd give this moment [illegible] pounds
" To ſee the jade in hell."

Should

Should Heav'n their pray'rs ſo ardent grant,
Thou never company wouldſt want
To make thee downright mad;
For mind me, in their wiſhing mood,
They never offer thee what's good,
But ev'ry thing that's bad.

My honeſt anger boils to view
A ſnuffling, long-fac'd, canting crew,
So much thy humble debtors,
Ruſhing, on Sundays, one and all,
With deſp'rate pray'rs thy head to maul,
And thus abuſe their betters.

To ſeize one day in ev'ry week,
On thee their black abuſe to wreak,
By whom their ſouls are fed
Each minute of the other ſix,
With ev'ry joy that heart can fix,
Is impudence indeed!

Bluſhing, I own thy pleaſing art
Hath oft ſeduc'd my vagrant heart,
And led my ſteps to joy—

The

The charms of beauty have been mine;
And let me call the merit thine,
Who brought'ſt the lovely toy.

No, Satan—if I aſk thy aid,
To give my arms the blooming maid,
I will not, through the nation all,
Proclaim thee (like a graceleſs imp)
A vile old good-for-nothing pimp,
But ſay, " 'tis thy vocation, Hal."

Since truth muſt out—I ſeldom knew
What 'twas high pleaſure to purſue,
Till thou hadſt won my heart:
So ſocial were we both together,
And beat the hoof in ev'ry weather,
I never wiſh'd to part.

Yet when a child—good Lord! I thought
That thou a pair of horns hadſt got,
With eyes like ſaucers ſtaring!
And then a pair of ears ſo ſtout,
A monſtrous tail and hairy ſnout,
With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
By day I us'd to dread the Devil;
  And trembling when 'twas night,
Methought I ſaw thy horns and ears,
Then ſung or whiſtled to my fears,
  And ran to chaſe my fright.

And ev'ry night I went to bed,
I ſweated with a conſtant dread,
  And crept beneath the rug;
There, panting, thought that in my ſleep
Thou ſlily in the dark wouldſt creep,
  And eat me, though ſo ſnug.

A haberdaſher's ſhop is thine,
With ſins of all ſorts, coarſe and fine,
  To ſuit both man and maid:
Thy wares they buy, with open eyes;
How cruel then, with conſtant cries,
  To vilify thy trade!

To ſpeak the truth, indeed I'm loath—
Life's deem'd a mawkiſh diſh of broth,
  Without thy aid, old Sweeper:

So mawkish, few will put it down,
E'en from the cottage to the crown,
Without thy salt and pepper.

O Satan, whatsoever geer
Thy Proteus form shall choose to wear,
Black, red, or blue, or yellow;
Whatever hypocrites may say,
They think thee (trust my honest lay)
A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears, alas!)
To praise the bridge o'er which we pass;
Yet often I discover
A numerous band who daily make
An easy bridge of thy poor back,
And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then, with cap in hand,
Obsequious to a graceless band,
Whose souls are scarce worth taking?
O Prince, pursue but my advice,
I'll teach your Highness in a trice
To set them all a quaking.

Plays,

Plays, op'ras, maſquerades, deſtroy;
Lock up each charming *fille de joie*;
  Give race-horſes the glander—
The dice-box break, and burn each card—
Let virtue be its own reward,
  And gag the mouth of ſlander:

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,
  That will not glad agree,
If thou wilt charm 'em as before,
To ſhow their noſe at church no more,
  But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my Ode ſhould end;
And now I tell thee like a friend,
  Howe'er the world may ſcout thee,
Thy ways are all ſo wond'rous winning,
And folks ſo very fond of ſinning,
  They cannot do without thee.

THE TENDER HUSBAND.

LO, to the cruel hand of FATE,
My poor dear GRIZZLE, meek-ſoul'd mate,
Reſigns her tuneful breath—
Though dropp'd her jaw, her lip though pale,
And blue each harmleſs finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I ſcarce can thick her but aſleep—
How wonderfully tame!
And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim thoſe eyes that lately ſhone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to ſmite—
To lift his dart to hit her;
For as ſhe was ſo great a woman,
And car'd a ſingle fig for no man,
I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice, of late ſo ſtrong,
That many a ſweet Capriccio ſung,
And beat in ſounds the ſpheres?

5 No

No longer muſt thoſe fingers play
" Britons, ſtrike home," that many a day
Have ſooth'd my raviſh'd ears?

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd
To think I now might ſpeak my mind,
Nor hurt her dear repoſe;
Nor think I now with rage ſhe'd roar,
Were I to put my fingers o'er,
And touch her precious noſe.

Here let me philoſophic pauſe—
How wonderful are Nature's laws!
When lady's breath retires,
Its fate the flaming paſſions ſhare,
Supported by a little air,
Like culinary fires!

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
Shall FANCY fix on GRIZZLE's throat,
And loud inſtructive lungs:
O Death, in her, though only one,
Are loſt a thouſand charms unknown,
At leaſt a thouſand tongues.

Soon as I heard her laſt ſweet ſigh,
And ſaw her gently-cloſing eye,
 How great was my ſurpriſe!
Yet have I not, with impious breath,
Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
 Nor blam'd the righteous ſkies.

Why do I groan in deep deſpair,
Since ſhe'll be ſoon an angel fair?
 Ah! why my boſom ſmite?
Could grief my GRIZZLE's life reſtore!—
But let me give ſuch ravings o'er—
 Whatever is, is right.

Oh, Doctor! you are come too late;
No more of phyſic's virtues prate,
 That could not ſave my lamb:
Not one more bolus ſhall be giv'n—
You ſhall not ope her mouth, by heav'n,
 And GRIZZLE's gullet cram.

Enough of boluſes, poor heart,
And pills, ſhe took, to load a cart,
 Before ſhe clos'd her eyes;

Before

But now my word is here a law,
Zounds! with a bolus in her jaw;
She shall not seek the skies!

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away;
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure:
I thank you for your pains and skill;
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blest:
In softest silence drop the tear,
In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,
To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream;
I cannot bear a grief extreme—
Enough one little sigh—
Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
In many a mind may start belief,
Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare;
Her mouth, ah! slowly close;

Her mouth, a magic tongue that held;
Whoſe ſofteſt tone, at times, compell'd,
To peace, my loudeſt woes.

And, carpenter, for my ſad ſake,
Of ſtouteſt oak her coffin make—
I'd not be ſtingy, ſure:
Procure of ſteel the ſtrongeſt ſcrews;
For who would paltry pence refuſe,
To lodge his wife ſecure?

Ye people who the corpſe convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor ſhake her precious head;
Since Fame reports, a coffin toſt
With careleſs ſwing againſt a poſt,
Did once diſturb the dead.

Farewell, my love, for ever loſt!
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghoſt,
That I again will woo—
By all our paſt delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
P—x take me if I do!

THE

THE SOLDIER
AND THE
VIRGIN MARY.
A TALE.

A SOLDIER at Loretto's wond'rous chapel,
To parry from his ſoul the wrath divine,
That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,
Did viſit oft the Virgin Mary's ſhrine;
Who ev'ry day is gorgeouſly deck'd out,
In ſilks or velvets, jewels, great and ſmall,
Juſt like a fine young lady for a rout,
A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At firſt the Soldier at a diſtance kept,
Begging her vote and intereſt in heav'n:
With ſeeming bitterneſs the ſinner wept,
Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n;
Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery;
Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,
Ev'n with her garter, ſtocking, or her ſhoe,
And ſuch like wonder-working mummery.

What anſwer MARY gave the wheedling ſinner,
Who nearly, and more nearly mov'd to win her,
The muſty mouth of Hiſt'ry doth not mention;
And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,
And pious Aves, thick as herrings, ſaying,
And damned ſins ſo manifold confeſſing,
He drew, as if to whiſper, very near,
And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her ear,
Inſtead of taking the good lady's bleſſing.

Then off he ſet with nimble ſhanks,
Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks:
A hue and cry the thief purſu'd,
Who, to his coſt, ſoon underſtood
That he was not arriv'd beyond the paw
Of that ſame long-legg'd tiger, chriſten'd LAW.

With horror did his Judges quake:
As for the tender-conſcienc'd Jury,
They doom'd him quickly to the ſtake,
Such was their dev'liſh pious fury.

However,

However, after calling him hard names,
  They ask'd if ought he had in vindication,
To save his wretched body from the flames,
  And sinful soul from terrible damnation?

The Soldier answer'd them with much *sang-froid*,
Which seem'd to show, of sin, a conscience void,
  That, if they meant to kill him, they might kill:
As for the diamond which they found about him,
He hop'd their Worships would by no means doubt him,
  That Madam *gave* it him from pure good will.

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale:
  The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
  And his infallibility be heard.

The Pope to all his Counsellors made known
  This strange affair—to Cardinals and Friars,
Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
  To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.

The question now was banded to and fro,
If MARY had the pow'r to *give*, or *no*?

That MARY *could not* give it, was to ſay,
The wonder-working Lady wanted pow'r—
This was a ſtumbling block that ſtopp'd the way—
This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars, low'r.

To ſave the Virgin's credit, lo!
And keep ſecure the di'monds that were left;
They ſaid, ſhe *might*, indeed, the gem beſtow,
And conſequently it might be no theft:

But then they paſs'd immediately an Act,
That ev'ry one diſcover'd in the fact
Of taking preſents from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the Saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to ſlaughter,
Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
To need poetical aſſiſtance;
Which bids you not let men approach too near,
But keep the ſaucy fellows at a diſtance;
Since men you find, ſo bold, are apt to ſeize
Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their *knees!*

AN

AN ODE TO EIGHT CATS,

BELONGING TO

ISRAEL MENDEZ, A JEW.

SCENE, *the Street in a Country Town.*

The TIME, *Midnight—The Poet at his Chamber Window, in his Shirt.*

SINGERS of Iſrael, O ye ſingers ſweet,
Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,
Pour forth rich ſymphonies from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And to the ſleepleſs wretch the night endear!

Lo! in my ſhirt, on you theſe eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintneſs of your tricks:
Your friſkings, crawlings, ſqualls, I much approve,
Your ſpittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,
Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,
With the wild minſtrelſy of rapt'rous love.

How ſweetly roll your gooſeb'rry eyes,
As loud you tune your am'rous cries,

And, loving, ſcratch each other black and blue!
No boys in wantonneſs now bang your backs;
No curs, nor fiercer maſtiffs, tear your flax;
But all the moon-light world ſeems made for you.

Singers of Iſrael, ye no parſons want
To tie the matrimonial cord;
Ye call the matrimonial ſervice, cant—
Like our firſt parents, take each other's word:
On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix—
To jump not even o'er two ſticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
Spit, ſpoon, diſh, frying-pan, nor ladle;
No iron, pewter, copper, tin, nor braſs;
No nurſes, wet or dry, nor cradle,
(Which cuſtom, for our *Chriſtian* babes, enjoins)
To rock the ſtaring offſpring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have you need,
Ye males, before you ſeek your bed,
To ſettle pin-money on Madam:
No fears of cuckoldom, heav'n bleſs ye,
Are ever harbour'd to diſtreſs ye,
Tormenting people ſince the days of Adam.

No

No ſchools ye want for fine behaving;
No powdering, painting, waſhing, ſhaving;
No nightcaps ſnug—no trouble in undreſſing
Before ye ſeek your ſtrawy neſt,
Pleas'd in each other's arms to reſt,
To feaſt on luſcious Love, heav'n's greateſt bleſſing.

Good gods! ye ſweet love-chanting rams!
How nimble are ye with your hams
To mount a houſe, to ſcale a chimney-top;
And, peeping down that chimney's hole,
Pour, in a tuneful cry, th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
Inviting Miſs GRIMALKIN to come up:

Who, ſweet obliging female, far from coy,
Anſwers your invitation note with joy;
And, ſcorning 'midſt the aſhes more to mope,
Lo! borne on LOVE's all-daring wing,
She mounteth with a pickle-herring ſpring,
Without th' aſſiſtance of a rope.

Dear mouſing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—
Singers of Iſrael ſweet, adieu, adieu!
I do ſuppoſe you need not now be told
How much I wiſh that I was one of *you*.

SONG

SONG TO DELIA.

FORLORN I ſeek the ſilent ſcene,
To keep the image of my fair;
Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
And view the ſpectre of deſpair.

Why ſhould my heart forget its woe?
The virgin would have mourn'd for *me*.—
O nymph, th' eternal tear ſhall flow;
The ſigh unceaſing breathe of *thee*.

Forgetful of the parted maid,
Too many an unfeeling ſwain
Forſakes of ſolitude the ſhade,
For PLEASURE's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of conſtancy they boaſt!
Their eaſy hearts their tongues belie—
Who loves, reveres the fair-one's ghoſt,
And ſeeks a pleaſure in a ſigh.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE THIEF-TAKERS.

SIR JOSEPH, fav'rite of great Queens and Kings,
Whofe wifdom, weed and infect hunter fings;
And ladies fair applaud, with fmile fo dimpling;
Went forth one day, amidft the laughing fields,
Where NATURE fuch exhauftlefs treafure yields,
A fimpling!

It happen'd on the felf-fame morn fo bright,
The nimble pupils of Sir SAMPSON WRIGHT,
A fimpling too, for plants call'd Thieves, proceeded;
Of which the nation's field fhould oft be weeded.

Now did a thief-taker, fo fly,
Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
And quick efpy'd the Knight with folemn air,
Deep in a ditch where watercreffes grow;
On which he to his comrades cry'd, "See, ho!"
Then jump'd (unfportfman-like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir JOSEPH did not ſqueak, but bawl'd,
With dread prodigiouſly appall'd.
The thief-takers no ceremony us'd;
But taking poor Sir JOSEPH by the neck,
They bade him ſpeak;
But firſt with names their captive Knight abus'd.

"Sir, what d'ye take me for?" the Knight exclaim'd.—
"A thief," reply'd the runners, with a curſe:
"And now, Sir, let us ſearch you, and be damn'd"—
And then they ſearch'd his pockets, fobs, and purſe:

But, 'ſtead of piſtol dire, and death-like crape,
A pocket handkerchief they caſt their eye on,
Containing frogs and toads of various ſhape,
Dock, daiſy, nettletop, and dandelion,
To entertain, with great propriety,
The members of his ſage ſociety:
Yet would not alter they their ſtrong belief,
That this their knighted pris'ner was no thief!

"Sirs, I'm no highwayman," exclaim'd the Knight.—
"No—there," rejoin'd the runners, "you are right—
"A foot-

"A footpad only—Yes, we know your trade—
"Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace:
"We want no proofs, old codger, but your face;
"So come along with us, old blade."

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain:
In vain, Sir JOSEPH pleaded—'twas in vain
That he was highly titled, that he swore—
The instant that poor BANKS his titles counted,
Which to an F. R. S. and Knight amounted,
His guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd, and cry'd "*encore.*"

Sir JOSEPH told them, that a neighb'ring 'Squire
Should answer for it that he was no thief:
On which they plumply damn'd him for a liar,
And said such stories should not save his beef;
And if they understood their trade,
His *mittimus* would soon be made;
And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum,
For sending such a rogue to kingdom come.

Now to the 'Squire mov'd pris'ner Knight and Co.
The runners taking him in tow,

Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,
So black, and of enormous size,
Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back,
For fear the Knight might run away,
And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,
We've really no authority to say.

And now the country people gather'd round,
And star'd upon the Knight in thought profound,
Not on the system of Linnæus thinking—
Fancying they saw a rogue in ev'ry feature;
Such is the populace's horrid nature
Tow'rds people through misfortune sinking.

At length, amidst much mob and mire,
Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
Fatigu'd, they reach'd the mansion of the 'Squire,
To prove th' identity of JOSEPH BANKS.

Now to the 'Squire, familiar bow'd the Knight,
Who knew Sir JOSEPH at first sight—

What's

What's ſtrongly mark'd, is quickly known agen—
And, with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
The thief-takers ſeverely reprimanded
For groſsly thus miſtaking *gentlemen:*

Then bade them aſk a pardon on their knees,
Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.
Who, rather than the higher pow'rs diſpleaſe,
Imagin'd that they could not well do *leſs.*

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
And crav'd Sir JOSEPH's pardon for belief,
That, when they jump'd upon him by ſurpriſe,
They took ſo great a *gemman* for a thief;
Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks.*

SOLOMON

SOLOMON

AND

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

A MAN in rather an exalted ſtation,
Whoſe eyes are always eyes of admiration,
Without diſtinction, fond of all things novel,
Ev'n from the lofty ſceptre to the ſhovel—
Juſt like ſtray'd bullocks saunt'ring through the lanes,
Made frequent curioſity-campaigns;
Sometimes caught graſshoppers—now, more profound,
Would ſometimes find a pin upon the ground;
Where if the head towards him happ'd to point,
His mind was wonderfully ſtruck—
Indeed he felt a joy in ev'ry joint,
Becauſe it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *hight* SOLOMON, one day,
In queſt of novelty purſu'd his way;
Like great COLUMBUS, that fam'd navigator,
Who found the world we've loſt, acroſs the water.
But rather on a ſomewhat narrower ſcale,
Lo! on dry land the GENTLEMAN ſet ſail:

The

That day it chanc'd to be his will,
To make difcoveries at Salt-hill;
Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's houfe,
Whofe hands were both employ'd fo clever,
Doing their very beft endeavour
To catch that vile free-booter, Monfieur Moufe;
Whofe death fhe oft did moft devoutly pray for,
Becaufe he eat the meat he could not pay for:

Refembling Chriftians in that faving trick,
Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
Invented an ingenious fcheme call'd *tick*,
That purchafes, like money, beef and beer:
Poffefs'd of *tick*, for cafh men need not range,
Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did SOLOMON fo curious clap
His rare round optics on the widow's trap
That did the duty of a cat;
And always fond of ufeful information,
Thus wifely fpoke he with vociferation,
"What's that!—What, what? hæ, hæ? what's that?"

To whom reply'd the miſtreſs of the houſe,
" A trap, an't pleaſe you, Sir, to catch a mouſe."

" Mouſe!—catch a mouſe!" ſaid SOLOMON with glee—
" Let's ſee—let's ſee—'tis comical—let's ſee—
" Mouſe!—mouſe!"—then pleas'd his eyes began to roll—
" Where, where doth he go in?" he marvelling cry'd—
" There," pointing to the hole, the dame reply'd.
" What! here? " cry'd SOLOMON; " this hole? this hole?"

Then in he puſh'd his finger 'midſt the wire,
That with ſuch pains that finger did inſpire,
He wiſh'd it out again with all his ſoul:
However, by a little ſquall and ſhaking,
He freed his finger from its piteous taking—
That is to ſay, he got it from the hole.

" What makes the mouſe, pray, go into the trap?
" Something," he cry'd, " that muſt their palates pleaſe."—
" Yes," anſwer'd the fair woman, " Sir, a ſcrap
" Of ruſty bacon, or of toaſted cheeſe."

" Oh

" Oh! oh!" ſaid SOLOMON, " oh! oh! oh! oh!
" Yes, yes, I ſee the meaning of it now:
" The mouſe goes in, a rogue, to ſteal the meat,
" Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat."
Then laugh'd he loudly, ſtretch'd his mouth a mile,
Which made the muſcles of the widow ſmile.

" Let's ſee, let's ſee," cry'd SOLOMON—" let's ſee—
" Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me, let me."
Then took he up ſome bacon, and did clap
A little ſlice ſo clever in the trap:
Thus did he, by his own ſole, ſage advice,
Induce himſelf to bait a trap for mice!

Now home he hied ſo nimbly, whelm'd with glory,
And told his family the wond'rous ſtory
About the widow's cheeſe and bacon ſcrap!
Nought ſuffer'd he to occupy his head,
Save mouſe-ideas, till he went to bed,
Where bleſt he dreamt all night about the trap.

Here let me pauſe, and Heav'n's great goodneſs chaunt—
How kind it is in gracious Heav'n to grant

To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty ſtation,
A pow'r of reliſhing moſt trifling things,
Pleaſures ordain'd for brats in leading ſtrings,
By way of happy harmleſs relaxation!

Next day the Man of Wiſdom came,
All glorious, to the houſe of this fair dame,
To know if Maſter Mouſe had ſmelt to bacon;
When, lo! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
And load thoſe ſtaring optics with ſurpriſe,
A real mouſe was abſolutely taken!

Not more did RODNEY'S joy this man's ſurpaſs,
When in his cabin firſt he ſaw DE GRASSE!
Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian boy,
Leap'd, like a Bedlamite, for joy,
Than SOLOMON to ſee the mouſe in jail!
Not ALEXANDER, foe of great DARIUS,
(Men that with rich compariſon ſupply us)
When bleſt he caught the Perſian by the tail.

Around the room the captive mouſe he bore,
Inſulting the poor priſ'ner o'er and o'er;
Laughing, and peeping through the wire,
As if his eyes and mouth would never tire!

5 How

How vaſtly like to TAMERLANE the Great,
Poſſeſs'd of moſt unlucky BAJAZET,
Who kept the vanquiſh'd hero in a cage;
Mock'd him before his mighty hoſt,
With cruel names and threats, and grin and boaſt,
And daily thus indulg'd imperial rage!

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puſs,
The great man triumph'd too, and aſk'd the cat,
When he would act heroically thus—
And if he dar'd to venture on a rat?

To whom the cat, as if in anſwer, mew'd,
Which made the Man of Wiſdom cry, "Oh! oh!"
As if, with knowledge of cat-ſpeech endu'd,
He thought that puſs had anſwer'd "No."
On which he laugh'd, and much enjoy'd the joke—
Then told the widow what GRIMALKIN ſpoke.

Six days the Man of Wiſdom went
Triumphant to Salt-hill, with big intent
To catch the bacon-ſtealing mouſe:
Six mice ſucceſſively proclaim'd his art,
With which, ſafe pocketed, he did depart,
And ſhow'd to all his much-aſtoniſh'd houſe.

But pleaſures will not laſt for aye;
Witneſs the ſequel of my lay:
The widow's vanity, her ſex's flaw,
  Much like the vanity of other people—
A vapour, like the blaſt that lifts a ſtraw,
  As high, or higher, than Saint Martin's ſteeple.

This vanity then kidnapp'd her diſcretion,
  Deſign'd by God Almighty for her guard;
And of its purpoſe got the full completion,
  And all the widow's future glories marr'd:

For, lo! by this ſame vanity impell'd,
  And to a middle-ſiz'd balloon,
With *gas* of conſequence ſublimely ſwell'd,
  She burſted with th' important ſecret ſoon.

Loud laugh'd the tickled people of Salt-hill;
  Loud laugh'd the merry Windſor folks around:
This was to SOLOMON an ugly pill!
  Her fatal error ſoon the widow found;
For SOLOMON relinquiſh'd mouſe-campaign,
Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again!

PETITION

PETITION TO TIME,

IN FAVOUR OF

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

TOO long, O TIME, in *Bienſéance*'s ſchool,
Have I been bred, to *call* thee an old fool;
Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
That I have always *thought* thee ſo:
Full old art thou, indeed, to have more ſenſe;
Then, with an idle cuſtom, TIME, diſpenſe.

Thou really acteſt now like little miſſes,
  Who, when a pretty doll they make,
  Their curious fingers itch to take
The pretty image all to pieces:
Thus, after thou haſt form'd a charming FAIR,
  Thou canſt not quit the Syren for thy ſoul,
Till, meddling, thou haſt ſpoil'd her bloom and air,
  And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.

But now forbear ſuch doings, I deſire;
Hurt not the form that all admire:

 Oh!

Oh, never with white hairs her temple ſprinkle!
Oh, ſacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom!
And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,
Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

Know, ſhouldſt thou bid the beauteous Ducheſs fade,
Thou, therefore, muſt thy own delights invade,
And know, 'twill be a long, long while,
Before thou giv'ſt her equal to our iſle:
Then do not with this ſweet *chef d'oeuvre* part,
But keep, to ſhew the triumph of thy a[illegible]

ECONOMY

ECONOMY's a very uſeful broom,
Yet ſhould not ceaſeleſs hunt about the room
To catch each ſtraggling pin to make a plumb.
Too oft Economy's a mean vice,
That ſqueezes ev'n the little guts of mice,
That peep with fearful eyes, and aſk a crumb.

Proper

Proper ECONOMY's a comely thing;
Good in a subject—better in a King;
Yet, push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling,
[Most easily] inclin'd to make folks mean;
[Inclines them], too, to villany to lean,
To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

Ev'n when the heart should only think of grief,
It creeps into the bosom like a thief,
And swallows up th' affections all so mild—
Mammon, the Jewels, and her only Child.

[illegible] AND HER SON.

[illegible] Madam [illegible] had a luckless son,
[illegible] ambitious to obtain the foremost seat,
[illegible] great,
[illegible] the play begun,
He fell all plump [illegible] the pit,
[illegible] in a minute as a nit:
[illegible] he broke his pretty [illegible] neck;
Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck!

The

The mother was diſtracted, raving, wild;
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiſs'd her child;
  Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around.
Soon as the ſhow'r of tears was ſomewhat paſt,
And moderately calm th' hyſteric blaſt,
  She caſt about her eyes in thought profound,
And being with a ſaving knowledge bleſs'd,
She thus the playhouſe-manager addreſs'd:

" Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
" Dat meet miſhfartin here ſo bad—
" Sher, I muſs haf de ſhilling back, you know,
" Aſs Moses haf nat ſee de ſhow."

BUT as for Av'rice, 'tis the very devil;
The fount, alas! of ev'ry evil;
  The cancer of the heart—the worſt of ills:
Wherever ſown, luxuriantly it thrives;
No flow'r of virtue near it thrives—
  Like Aconite, where'er it ſpreads, it kills.

In

In ev'ry ſoil behold the poiſon ſpring!
Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.

The mighty MARLB'ROUGH pilfer'd cloth and bread;
So ſays that gentle ſatiriſt 'Squire POPE;
And PETERBOROUGH'S Earl, upon this head,
Affords us little room to hope,
That what the Twick'nam Bard avow'd,
Might not be readily allow'd.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

AND

THE MOB.

THROUGH London ſtreets upon a day,
The Earl of PETERBOROUGH took his way,
All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine:
The mob of London took it in their head,
This was the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, ſo dread
To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable

Unable ſuch high merit to reward,
The mob reſolv'd to ſhow a great regard;
And ſo, uniting, join'd their forces
To draw his carriage, and diſmiſs the horſes.

The Earl from out the window pok'd his face,
And told the mob that he was not his Grace;
Then bid them be convinc'd, and look:
Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardeſt Jew,
They plumply told him that they better knew;
Then ſwore by G— he was the *Duke*;
Then threw their hats in air with loud huzza,
And, ſhouting, form'd a thunder of applauſe.

Loud bawl'd the Earl that they were all deceiv'd,
Loud bawl'd the mob he ſhould not be believ'd:
"Zounds!" cry'd the Earl, "be converts, then, this minute;"
So throwing ſixpence to them, "There, there, there,
"Take that," cry'd PETERBOROUGH, with a ſneer—
"Now if you think I'm *he*, the devil's in it."

ODE

ODE TO A DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

SWEET girl, ſorbear to droop thy head with ſhame—
What though the parſon did not tie the knot?
What though the boy *ſhould* come?—he'll bring thee ſame—
The world's an aſs, and cuſtom is a ſot—
Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,
And throw thy bluſhes and thy fears aſide.

EVE had no parſon—for no prieſt was ADAM,
And yet not out of countenance was Madam:
Her modeſty receiv'd no grievous ſhocks,
When Maſter CAIN was put upon the ſtocks;
Nor when, t' increaſe the number at her table,
She ſet about the frame of Maſter ABEL.

Once more, then, do not be afraid:
Without thy boy, a wonder may be miſſing;
A likeneſs of my charming maid,
The boy may do a credit to thy kiſſing.

Thou

Thou putt'ſt me of the MORNING much in mind,
Who ſeems afraid to peep upon mankind;
So ſlow her motions! all ſo very ſlow!
And then her cheeks ſo deep with crimſon glow:

But ſafe deliver'd of her boy, the SUN,
The luſty lad, ſo proud his race to run,
Mounts high, exulting in his birth;
Dries up her tears, her bluſhes puts to flight,
Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kiſs away thy tears;
Oh! ceaſe thy ſighs, and be a happy mother;
And when this chopping boy appears,
Suppoſe we give the lad a little brother?

THE

THE GENTLEMAN

AND

HIS WIFE.

PEOPLE may have too much of a good thing:
Full as an egg of wiſdom, thus I ſing!

A MAN of ſome ſmall fortune had a wife,
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;
  And pretty well they bore the yoke together:
With little jarring liv'd the pair one year;
Sometimes the matrimonial ſky was clear;
  At times 'twas dark, and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when miſtreſs in the ſtraw
  Did, for the world's ſupport, her ſcreams prepare;
And SLOP appear'd, with fair obſtetric paw,
  To introduce his pupil to our air;
Whilſt in a neighb'ring room the huſband ſat,
Muſing on this thing now, and now on that;

Now ſighing at the ſorrows of his wife;
Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain;
But recollecting that ſuch pray'rs were vain,
He made no more an offer of his life.

Alone, as thus he mus'd in ſolemn ſtudy,
Ideas ſometimes clear, and ſometimes muddy,
In BETTY ruſh'd with comfortable news:
"Sir, Sir, I wiſh ye joy, I wiſh ye joy;
"Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy,
"As fine as ever ſtood in ſhoes."

"I'm glad on't, BETTY," cry'd the maſter:
"I pray there may be no diſaſter;
"All's with your miſtreſs, *well*, I hope?"
Quoth ſhe, "All's well as heart can well deſire
"With Madam and the fine young 'Squire;
"So likewiſe ſays old DOCTOR SLOP."

Off BETTY hurried faſt as ſhe could ſcour,
Faſt and as hard as any horſe
That trotteth fourteen miles an hour—
A pretty tolerable courſe.

Soon

Soon happy BETTY came again,
Blowing with all her might and main;
Juſt like a grampus, or a whale;
In ſounds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover:
" Sir, Sir, more happy tidings; 'tis not over—
" And Madam's briſker than a nightingale:

" A fine young lady to the world is come,
" Squalling away juſt as I left the room:
" Sir, this is better than a good eſtate."
" Humph," quoth the happy man, and ſcratch'd his pate.

Now gravely looking up—now looking down;
Not with a ſmile, but ſomewhat like a frown—
" Good God," ſays he, " why was not I a cock,
" Who never feels of burd'ning brats the ſhock;
" Who, Turk-like, ſtruts amidſt his madams,
" Whilſt to the *hen* belongs the care [picking,
" To carry them to eat, or take the air,
" Or bed beneath her wing the chicken?"

Juſt as this ſweet ſoliloquy was ended,
He found affairs not greatly mended;

For in bounc'd Bet, her rump with rapture jigging:
" Another daughter, Sir—a charming child."—
" Another!" cry'd the man, with wonder wild;
" Zounds! Betty, aſk your Miſtreſs if ſhe's *pig-
ging.*"

THE PARSON-DEALER.

WHAT pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,
Amongſt the apoſtolic band,
So ill divided are the loaves and fiſhes!
Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Deans, and Deacons,
With ruddy faces blazing juſt like beacons,
Shall daily cram upon a dozen diſhes,
Whilſt half th' inferior Caſſocks think it well,
Of beef and pudding ev'n to get the *ſmell.*

A plodding Hoſtler willing to be maſter,
And riſe in this good world a little faſter,
Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar;
Meaning by *pars'ning* to ſupport a table,
Lo, of Divines he kept a liv'ry ſtable;
A pretty ſtud, indeed—about a ſcore.

Of

Of diff'rent colours were his Gofpel hacks;
Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks:
  That is, fome tolerable—many fad;
And verily, to give the Devil his due,
The man did decency purfue,
  Which fhows he was not *quite* fo bad.

For, lo! to dying perfons of nobility,
He fent his parfons of *gentility*,
  To give the neceffary pray'r:
To parting people of a *mean* condition,
Wanting a foul phyfician,
  He fuited them with blackguards to a hair.

To fuch as were of mild diforders dying,
  Viz. of the doctor, gouts, or ftones, or gravels,
He fent *good* priefts—of manners edifying—
  To comfort finners on their travels:

But to *low* people in infectious fever,
  Or any other dangerous one in vogue,
Such was his honefty, the man for ever
  Moft fcrupuloufly fent a *rogue*.

It happen'd, on a day when FATE was raging,
Crimp-like, for other regions, troops engaging,

When clergymen were busy all as bees,
A poor old dying woman sent
To this same parson-monger, compliment,
Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but *one* was in the stall,
And *he* the very best of all.—
What should be done?
Necessitas non habet legs—
So to the priest he goes, and begs
That he would visit the old crone.

" Sir, quoth the parson, " I agreed
" To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,
" But not to ev'ry poor old lousy soul."—
" True," cry'd the patron; " to be sure 'tis true:
" But parson, do oblige me—prithee do—
" Let's put her decently into the hole:

" All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad—
" I'd do it, if I could, *myself*, by G-d;
" Then what a dickens can I do or say?"
" Go, mumble, man, about a pray'r and half;
" Tell the old b--ch her soul is safe;
" Then take your fee, and come away!!!"

BIEN.

BIENSÉANCE.

THERE is a little moral thing in France,
Call'd by the natives *Bienſéance:*
Much are the Engliſh mob inclin'd to ſcout it,
But rarely is *Monſieur Canaille* without it.

To *Bienſéance* 'tis *tedious* to incline,
In many caſes;
To flatter, *par exemple*, keep ſmooth faces
When kick'd, or ſuff'ring grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *Bienſéance* may ſeem an oddity.
I deem it a moſt portable commodity;
A ſort of magic wand;
Which, if 'tis us'd with ingenuity,
Although an utenſil of much *tenuity*,
In place of ſomething *ſolid*, it will ſtand.

For verily I've marveſl'd times enow
To ſee an Engliſhman, the ninny,
Give people for their ſervices a guinea,
Which Frenchmen have rewarded with a *bow*.

Bows are a bit of *Bienséance*
Much practis'd too in that ſame France;
Yet call'd by Quakers, children of inanity:
But as they pay their court to people's vanity,
Like rolling-pins they ſmooth where'er they go
The ſouls and faces of mankind, like dough!
With ſome, indeed, may *Bienséance* prevail
To folly—ſee the under-written tale.



THE PETIT-MAITRE

AND

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

AT Paris, ſome time ſince, a murd'ring man,
  A German, and a moſt unlucky chap,
Sad, ſtumbling at the threſhold of his plan,
  Fell into Madam JUSTICE's ſtrong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
On which the dulleſt fibres learn to feel;

His

His limbs *ſecundum artem* to be broke
Amidſt ten thouſand people, p'rhaps, or more.
Whenever Monſieur Ketch apply'd a ſtroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flippant *Petit-maître*, ſkipping by,
Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry:
" Boh!" quoth the German; " an't I 'pon de wheel?
" D' ye tink my nerfs, an blood, and bons can't feel?"

" Sir," quoth the beau, " don't, don't be in a paſſion;
" I've nought to ſay about your ſituation;
" But making ſuch a hideous noiſe in France,
" Fellow, is contrary to *Bienſéance*."

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS;

OR,

DOCTOR CHAPMAN's THESIS.

OXFORD's Vice-Chancellor, a man
Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the courtier clan,
By virtue of his trade a THESIS * order'd,
Which curs'd the terrible aſſaſſination
Intended for the Monarch of our nation
By MARG'RET NICHOLSON, in mind diſorder'd;
That likewiſe prais'd the royal peep
On Oxford and the arts ſo deep.

So violent was Doctor CHAPMAN's zeal,
He quite forgot Latinity and graces;
Poor Priſcian's head, whoſe wounds he cannot heal,
Was broken in half a dozen places.

Yet, though a ſimple Doctor, how amazing!
He ſet the Univerſity a blazing:

Such

* A Latin Theſis is annually given out by the Vice-Chancellor for the ſubject of a Poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize candidate.

Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits—
A farthing candle in a cafk of fpirits!

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,
Now ftrutted victor forth with fcornful eyes;
Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames
Who vied for conqueft at th' Olympic games.

Forth march'd, too, *Vice—videlicet*, the Doctor,
Who, purring for preferment, flily *moufes*,
Attended by each dog-whipper, call'd Proctor,
And *eke* the heads and tails of all the Houfes.

Forth march'd the Nobles in their Sunday's geer;
Forth ftrutted, too, each beadle, like the Peer,
With filver ftaffs, blue gowns, and velvet caps;
A fet of very pompous-looking chaps!

Whilft Hayes,* who fticks like ftag-hounds to a haunch,
Mov'd on in all the majefty of paunch:
To greet of all our ears the trembling drums,
The piper play'd 'The conqu'ring hero comes.'

Loud groan'd the organ through his hundred pipes,
As if the poor machine had felt the gripes;

As

* The organift.

As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm perſuaſions,
He oft had roar'd on more ſublime occaſions.

Now CHAPMAN took, 'midſt great compeers, his
CREW open'd ſubject in a fair oration; [ſtation;
  Then clapp'd was CREW—to him applauſe was
Now 'gan the BARD his poem to recite, [news.
And, ſoaring, bade poor Common Senſe good night,
  So lofty were the pinions of his Muſe!

Thick as the pattering hail his praiſes ſhow'r;
So ſtrong is POETRY's mechanic pow'r,
  High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful lever;
His Muſe's magnifying art ſo great,
Behold his George, an Alfred form complete;
  Small Peg, Goliah; and her knife a cleaver!

Now back the ſable bodies mov'd again,
  Like beetles all ſo thick, a crawling hoſt,
Whilſt contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,
  Expecting, by the next day's poſt,
To ſee their acts in pompous print diſplay'd,
And wreaths of glory crown the cavalcade!

A SERIOUS

A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

HOW uſeleſs was th' above! each perſon grieves,
And, with the grieving Doctor, cries out ſhame,
That ſo much loyal zeal for nought ſhould flame:
Not ev'n obtain a pair of coarſe lawn ſleeves,
Which poor Saint David giveth to ſupport
The holy oil-of-fool men of a Court!

ODE TO PATIENCE.

SWEET daughter of Religion, modeſt fair,
Thy hands upon thy boſom ſo *tranquille*,
With eyes to Heav'n, with ſo divine an air,
So calmly ſmiling, ſo reſign'd thy will;
Oh, ſent to teach us, and our paſſions cool,
I wiſh thou hadſt a little larger ſchool.

Lo, man, ſo great his want of grace,
If he but cuts a pimple on his face

When

When ſhaving;
Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
Kicks up a moſt infernal rout,
And ſeemeth abſolutely raving;
And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition:
Thus travel ſouls of people to perdition!

Stand at my ſide, O ſtoic dame!
On ſtarling MARTYN bid me cry out "ſhame,'
Inſtead of knocking the dull fellow down,
When up the ninnyhammer ſtarts to preach,
And impudently interrupts a ſpeech
Of orators of fair and firſt renown,
Juſt like the owl that ſcares the moonlight hour,
Whilſt Philomela warbles from her bow'r.

And, oh! attend me when my eyes
View dedications fill'd with fulſome lies,
In praiſe of *gen'rous* Queens and Kings!
Heav'n ſwell the fountains of their hearts,
That ſeldom water the poor ſhrivell'd arts,
However ſweetly ADULATION ſings!

Eke, when I hear that ſtupid Parſon HILL,
God's houſe with ev'ry nonſenſe fill,

And then with blaſphemy each ſentence cramm'd;
And when I hear th' impoſtor cry,
" I've news, ye raggamuffins, from the ſky;
" I'm come to tell ye, that you'll all be damn'd;

" I'm come from God, ye ſtrumpets—come from God—
" I'm God Almighty's ſervant—hear my voice."—
Which, if it were ſo, would be vaſtly odd,
Since Heav'n would ſhow bad judgment in the choice.

Dead all his money-loving ſoul's deſires,
When ſubtle HAWKESB'RY talks of patriot fires,
And yielding places up to ſave the nation;
When of importance braggeth ſimple LEEDS;
When GLO'STER's far-fam'd wife for meekneſs pleads;
And GLO'STER's Duke breathes war and deſolation:

When BRUDENELL talks of elegance and eaſe,
When THURLOW turns the firſt of devotees,
And, to aſtound the million, builds a church,
When royal folk of pureſt friendſhip boaſt,
Make generoſity their conſtant toaſt,
Yet leave poor pining MERIT in the lurch;

When

When wonders through his ſpyglaſs MARLB'ROUGH
views,
And ſends to BANKS the great, th' important news,
Freſh from his *cranium*'s philoſophic fogs;
When DICK deſcants on any thing but croute;
When THOMPSON ought performs beyond a ſcout,
And MAWBEY talks of any thing but hogs;
Sweet PATIENCE, ſooth me with thy ſaint-like note,
Or, driv'n to madneſs, I ſhall cut my throat!

TO A NEST OF LORDS.

BEDCHAMBER utenſils, ye ſeem diſtreſs'd,
And ſwear with horror that my rhymes moleſt
Of certain folks ſo great the ſweet repoſe;
Running about with horrors, groans, and ſighs,
And floods, produc'd by onions in your eyes,
So ſtrong your friendſhip, and ſo vaſt your woes!

Dear humming Lords, on friendſhip bray no more,
Nor thus the Bard's depravity deplore:

Lo!

Lo! like yourſelves, each man his trumpet bears,
In tame CREDULITY's wide-gaping ears,
Of friendſhip the ſublimity to ſound;
Friendſhip! in dictionaries only found!

Perchaunce, my Lords, in foreign parts you've been;
Perchaunce your optics fair Verſailles have ſeen;
Likewiſe the Vatican, with all its ſtate;
And *eke* th' Eſcurial, pride of Spain confeſt:
But, 'midſt thoſe ſcences, did e'er your eyeballs bleſt
See a pig hanging in a gate?

If e'er you did this laſt great ſight behold,
You need not, Lords ſo ſapient, to be told
What moſt untuneful notes the pris'ner makes:
Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs
In raiſing ſuch ear-crucifying noiſe,
As if he really was transfix'd with ſtakes.

Now near him ſhould there happen to be hogs
Paſſing their happy hours amidſt the bogs,
Grunting ſoft things to their own fleſh and blood,
That is, unto their ſweethearts and their brides,
Lying like ancient Romans on their ſides,
And dining on the dainties of the mud;

Forgetting

Forgetting love, and dainty mud ſo fatt'ning,
In which they had been batt'ning,
Up leaps the herd of ſwine for his protection;
Juſt like the herd that had the devil,
Away they ſcamper, all ſo civil,
Reſolving or to free him or to die:
Such is of ſwine the friendly quality,
Although proverbial for brutality!

But when, at Newgate to be hung,
A Chriſtian pours a dying ſong,
I grant that numbers haſten to the wretch,
Moſt pig-like—but, alas! lift not a hand
To keep him longer in the land,
And ſnatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No; on the contrary, ſo fond their eyes
Of ſeeing how a brother dies,
I, from the bottom of my ſoul, believe
They would not wiſh him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend PITT condemn'd to ſwing;
Nay, ev'n were *greater people* I could name,
For whom with goodly zeal ye ſeem to flame;
I don't believe you'd wiſh to cut the ſtring,

 Were

Were ye but tolerably ſure
The next in pow'r would give you ſixpence more.

Learn then, my Lords, (though with contempt ye treat 'em)
Friendſhip from hogs, as well as eat 'em.



AT length my ſubjects end; and now
To FOLLY let me make my beſt Court bow.
O Goddeſs! ſtill monopolize the GREAT:
Then oft, to pleaſe the palate of the times,
The Muſe ſhall ride to market with her rhymes,
And thrive upon her Helicon eſtate.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO A

GREAT DUKE,

AND A

LITTLE LORD.



——— *Torrens dicendi copia multis,*
Et sua mortifera est facundia! ———

JUVENAL.

Full many a wight hath fuffer'd for a fong,
And curs'd his volubility of tongue.



That PETER may not THUS have caufe to fay
With JUVENAL poor fellow, let us pray!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

MY LORDS,

YOUR *UNCOMMON ATTENTION* to my late publications demands a return of gratitude. Permit me to preſent to your LORDSHIPS the following Lyric Trifles, which, if poſſeſſed of merit ſufficient to preſerve them from oblivion, will inform Poſterity that you *exiſted.*

I am, my LORDS,

&c. &c. &c.

PETER PINDAR.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES.

ODE I.

MOST noble Peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime fav'rites of an *honest* Court,
Are hunting treason 'midst my publications;
Hunting, like bloodhounds, with the keenest noses,
Which hound-like hunting nat'rally supposes
The Bard dares satirize the KING OF NATIONS.

Ye sharp state-mousers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws!
An Asiatic fight may be renew'd:
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,
'Twixt falcon BURKE and SHERIDAN, so brave,
And heron HASTINGS, such a dainty dish,
So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,
The largest, fattest of the eastern wave!

Yes, yes, I hear that ye have watch'd my note,
And wiſh'd to ſqueeze my tuneful throat;
When THURLOW your deſigns moſt wiſely ſcouted,
Swearing the Poet ſhould not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage eſpies
  A linnet or canary-bird, ſo ſweet;
The ſcoundrel lifts, ſo ſanctified, his eyes,
  Contriving how the warbler's back to greet:

He ſquints, and licks his lips, ſtalks round and round,
  Twinkling with miſchief fraught his tiger tail;
Now on his rump he ſits, in thought profound,
  Looks up with hungry wiſhes to aſſail;
When ſudden enters maſter with a roar,
And kicks the ſcheming murderer to door.

O D E II.

RIGHT honeſt watch-dogs of the State,
I like to ſmile at Kings, but treaſon hate.

Moſt buſy JENKINSON, BUTE's once beſt friend,
  A praiſe that ſtamps a character divine;
Believe not thus the Poet can offend;
  Ye gods! can PETER pour th' unloyal line?

I PETER, perpetrate ſo foul a thing!
I offer miſchief to ſo *good* a King!
Now be it known to all the realms around,
I would not loſe my LIEGE for twenty pound!

Mild OSBORNE, ſofter than the down of gooſe,
I beg thou wilt not let ſuſpicion looſe;
If ſo, of hiſtory I'll turn compiler—
Divulge ſome tame amours with Miſtreſs CUYLER;
So tame, indeed, ſo ſingularly ſtupid,
As give a bluſh to little pimping Cupid!

O Heav'ns! can JENKINSON and OSBORNE long,
Foes to the Muſe, to cut out PETER's tongue?
Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,
To knock with thoſe dread bolts a ſimple Poet down?

Lo! into life againſt my will I tumbled;
And, ſays my nurſe, I made a horrid clatter;
Kick'd, ſprawl'd, and ſputter'd, gap'd, and cry'd, and grumbled,
Quite angry, ſeemingly, with Mother NATURE;

Who, *queen-like*, thinking all ſhe does is right,
Againſt my wiſhes lugg'd me into light;
And what is harder, and worſe manners ſtill,
She'll kick me out of it againſt my will.

Yet ſince on this world's theatre I'm thrown,
Which with my temper now begins to ſuit;
And ſince its *drama* pleaſes, I muſt own
I ſhould be ſorry to remain a mute;
Inclin'd to ſay, like BECKFORD, undeterr'd,
"By G— I'll ſpeak, and d-mme I'll be heard."*

My Lords, I fain would live a little longer;
For lo! deſire, as to a boſom wife,
Undoubtedly the greateſt bliſs of life,
Hath taken deeper root and ſtronger.

Would

* The Houſe of Commons frequently reſounded with thoſe emphatic expreſſions of the late angry patriotic Alderman, when gentlemen, by ſcraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning, (to adopt the phraſeology of my old friend Dr. Johnſon) meant to oppugn the impetuoſity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinaceous loquacity.

Would HE who made the world look down, and ſay,
 " PETER, wilt live on earth a thouſand years?"
" Lord, Lord," I ſhould delighted roar away,
 " Ten thouſand, if to thee it meet appears."

" So long! what for?" the Deity may cry.
" O great Divinity, quoth I,
 " A thouſand reaſons; principally one,
" To ſee the preſent Prince of Wales,
" Whom many an aſpic tongue aſſails,
 " Aloft on Britain's envied throne;

" Where half the Monarchs that have ſat before
" Have only ſat to eat, and drink, and ſnore;
" To blaſt, nay damn the credit of the age,
" And load with folly Hiſt'ry's bluſhing page."

And, JENKINSON, ſhould thy hard face behold
 A GEORGE THE FOURTH upon the throne,
Adieu at once *thy* age of gold!
 Behold *thy* hopes of higher honours gone!

Then get thyſelf an Earldom quick, quick, quick,
For fear of FORTUNE's wild vagaries;
Thus ſhall thy daughters all, like muſhrooms thick,
Riſe Lady JOANS and MADGES, NELLS and MARYS.

ODE III.

I OWN I love the PRINCE—his virtues charm
I know the youth receiv'd from heav'n a heart:
In friendſhip's cauſe I know his boſom warm,
That maketh *certain folk* with wonder ſtart.

'Tis true that from my ſoul the man I hate,
Immers'd in mammon, and by mis'ry got;
Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,
And wiſhes to have ev'ry thing for *nought*:

Who, if he gam'd, the dice would meanly cog;
Rob the blind beggar's ſcrip, and ſtarve his dog:
And that there are ſuch wretches near a throne,
Degraded NATURE tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-graſping wretch,
With hook-like fingers ever on the ſtretch,
Who, ſighing, vents on CHARITY a curſe,
That aſks, for WANT, a penny from his purſe!

The

The heart that lodges in that miſer's breaſt,
  For money, feels the hunger of the ſhark,
Reſembling, too, the ruſty iron cheſt
  That holds his idol—cloſe, and hard, and dark.

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend;
  And, ſcorning MODERATION's prude-like ſtare,
  Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare,
Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When FRIENDSHIP draws the corks, and bids the dome
  With mirth and ſallies of the ſoul, reſound;
When FRIENDSHIP bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
  Till MORNING eyes the board with plenty crown'd;
Behold the VIRTUES that ſublimely ſoar,
Inſtead of meanly damning, cry "*Encore.*"

ODE IV.

WITH you, my Lords, I'm ev'ry thing that's evil;
There's ſcarce a crime I've not committed;
The very eſſence of the devil;
Deſerving by the demon to be ſpitted,

Juſt like a turkey, gooſe, or duck,
Prepar'd by Joan the cook to go to fire,
So wanton have you both been pleas'd to pluck
The ſwan who beats in ſong his Theban ſire.

Of ev'ry quality am I bereft—
Not even the ſhadow of a virtue left;
Not one ſmall moral feather in my wings,
When dead, to lift me to the King of Kings.

My Lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name
Unwiſely, ye may *damn* me into fame:
By letting thus your ſpleen on PETER looſe,
He builds triumphal arches on *abuſe!*

In vain the BARD turns oculiſt, and tries
To purge the film from this world's darken'd eyes:

In vain to Printers and to Printers devils
I fly, and advertiſe to cure King's Evils:
With huge contempt ye look on me, alack!
My *noſtrums* curſe, and call the BARD a quack.

In general, authors are ſuch coward things,
They fear to ſpeak their ſentiments of Kings,
Till thoſe ſame Kings are dead; and then the crowd,
(Juſt like a pack of hounds) hiſtorian, bard,
With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
And try to tear him piecemeal from his ſhroud.

Now, if we wiſh a Monarch to reclaim,
In God's name let us ſpeak before he's dead;
Or elſe 'tis ten to one we miſs our aim,
By ſtaying till the FATES have cut his thread:
After this operation of their knife,
I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And yet, what is the greateſt King when dead,
When duſt and worms his eyes and ears o'erſpread,
And low he lies beneath the ſtone?
The man who millions call'd his own,
Howe'er his ſpectre may be willing,
Cannot give change t'ye for a *ſhilling!*

ODE

ODE V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my Lords, I hear,
And thus they grate the poet's loyal ear:
" BARD, we are both ſuperior to thy lays;
" Deaf to thy cenſure, and deſpiſe thy praiſe.

" Know that our Monarch lifts his head ſublime
" Beyond the reach of groveling rhyme,
" An Atlas, hiding midſt the thickeſt clouds;
" Whilſt thou, a beetle, doom'd to buzz below,
" In circles, envious, rambling to and fro,
" Survey'ſt the ſhining miſt, his head that ſhrouds.

" Thy rhymes, inſulting Kings with pigmy pride,
" Are like the ſea's mad waves that make a pother,
" Wild ruſhing on ſome promontory's ſide,
" One noiſy blockhead following another:

" The ſtately promontory ſeems to ſay,
" Aſpiring fools, go back again, go home.
At once the ſhoulder'd bullies, daſh'd away,
" Sink from his lofty ſide in fruitleſs foam.

" Thou,

" Thou, with rabſcallions like thyſelf,
" A poor opiniated ſenſeleſs elf,
" Letting on Kings thy pen licentious looſe,
" Art like an impudent lame gooſe,
" Who, as the trav'ler calmly trots along,
" Starts from amongſt his flock, an ill-bred throng,
" Waddling with pok'd out neck, and voice ſo coarſe,
" As if to ſwallow up the man and horſe:
" With rumpled feathers to the ſteed he ſteals,
" And, like a coward, ſnaps him by the heels:
" Then to his gang, with flapping pinions hobbling,
" The fool erect returns *Te Deum* gobbling,
" And from each brother's greeting gullet draws
" The mingled triumph of a coarſe applauſe,
" As if the trotting enemies were beaten,
" And man and palfry fairly kill'd and eaten.

" Poor rogue, thou haſt not got the trifling ſpirit
" To own thy King e'er did *one* act of merit."

My Lords, with great ſubmiſſion to your ſenſe.
Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence;
An act is *his* my heart with rapture hails—
GEORGE gave the world the PRINCE OF WALES;

 A Prince,

A Prince, who, when he fills Old England's throne,
The VIRTUES and fair SCIENCE ſhall ſurround it;
And when he quits the ſceptre, all ſhall own
He left it as *unſullied* as he found it.

ODE VI.

GREAT was the Bard's deſire to ſing the Queen,
Vaſt in her ſoul, majeſtic in her mien:
But fierce GEORGE HARDINGE* ſwore if pens or pen,
Of woman, women, man, or men,
In any wiſe or ſhape, in ode or tale,
Dar'd mention that ſuperior Lady, lo!
The law ſhould deal them *ſuch* a blow!—
Hang, pill'ry, or confine for life in jail!

And as a kite, on whom the ſmall birds ſtare,
That tow'ring critic of the air,
Is oft beſet by tribes of rooks and crows,
Amidſt the cryſtal fields of heav'n;
By whoſe hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
Sad knocks to gentle kite are giv'n;

Surrounded

* Solicitor to the Queen.

Surrounded thus amidſt that lofty hall,
   Nam'd Weſtminſter, the gentle Bard
Might of the ſable legions taſte the gall:
   He, therefore, *wiſely* means to play his card;
The Poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,
And thus his hide an old companion ſaves.

Ah, me! the legiſlators of Parnaſſus,
In liberty, though Engliſhmen, ſurpaſs us!
What's found at Hippocrene, the Poet's Spa,
Is not, I ween, at Weſtminſter, found law!

Parnaſſus never with rare Genius wars;
But aiding, lifts its head to ſtrike the ſtars:
   At Weſtminſter how diff'rent is his fate!
Where if he ſoars ſublime, and boldly ſings,
The ſheers of Law, like Fate's, ſhall ſnip his wings,
   And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchaunce law-neckcloths, form'd of deal or oak,
Like marriage, often an unpleaſant yoke,
Shall rudely hug his harmleſs throat,
And ſtop his Apollinian note;
The empire of fair Poetry o'erturning,
And putting every gentle Muse in mourning.

ODE VII.

YE tell me both, with grievous malice carping,
On one dull tune eternally I'm harping.
  You would have ſaid to MILTON juſt the ſame;
Who through twelve books the head of Satan maul'd;
Such names the prince of darkneſs call'd,
  As muſt have made you roar out 'ſhame!'

Ye would (or greatly I miſtake) have ſaid,
  " What! MILTON, always plaguing the poor Devil!
" For ever beating Nick about the head!
  " How canſt thou be ſo dev'liſhly uncivil?

" Was not *one* book ſufficient for thy ſpleen,
  " But muſt thou to a mummy beat him,
  " And, like a pickpocket, ſo barb'rous treat him
" Through books a dozen or fourteen?"

Suppoſe theſe things ye could have utter'd,
  And glorious MILTON, like a ninny,
  Had anſwer'd, ' There is ſenſe and reaſon in ye—
" Thank ye, kind Gentlemen, for all you've utter'd;
" The

" The hint you offer, not amiſs is;
" I'll tear my Paradiſe to pieces."

Suppoſe I aſk you, what had been the evil?
Believe me, ſomething to the world's ſad coſt:
By ſuch civility to ſpare the Devil,
My Lords, a ſecond Iliad had been loſt.

Thus from poor PETER take the GREAT away,
Of fun ye rob him of cart-loads.
What would his cuſtomers all do and ſay?
Lord! curſe you for the loſs of Odes.

You'll ſay, " Let SATIRE meaner ſubjects look."
Well, JENKY,* grant my ſatire flies at *you*,
Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book?
Adieu, fair FAME, and FORTUNE's ſmiles adieu!

But if we, daring, trim a royal jacket,
Lord! what a buying, reading! what a racket!
How ſpruce the metamorphos'd bard appears!
With what a confidence he pricks his ears!

Z 3 Who

* Here ſeemeth to be a contradiction; but when the reader is informed that JENKY cannot without mockery be ranked amongſt the GREAT, the myſtery ſtands explained.

Who juft before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
Look'd of the woeful face, LA MANCHA'S KNIGHT!

Who runs to fee a monkey in a trap?
But let the noble lion grace the gin,
Lo! the whole world is out to fee him ftrap,
To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin!

Cut off the head of a great Lord,
Not wifer than the head of a great goofe,
Tow'r-Hill at once with gapers will be ftor'd,
As if the world was all broke loofe:

But when a *little* villain haps to fwing,
What a poor folitary thing!
How few by CURIOSITY are fetch'd
To fee the rope of Juftice ftretch'd!

Scarce any but the hangman and the prieft,
To do their duty at the culprit's fide,
With hemp and pray'rs his neck and foul affift,
And wifh the lonely trav'ler a good ride.

ODE VIII.

HARK! hark! I hear your courtier pair exclaim,
"This PETER is the moft audacious dog;
"The fellow hath no rev'rence for a name—
"A King to him is fcarce above a log."
Sometimes *below** a log, Sirs, if you pleafe;
A bold affertion, to be prov'd with eafe.

But, goodly Gentlemen, I do defire ye
T' avoid in this affair minute enquiry
Concerning their refpective merit;
I fear lefs prudence will be feen than fpirit:
Logs *univerfally* are ufeful things,
A *poftulatum* not allow'd to *Kings*.

"For us, on HONOUR's pinnacle," ye cry,
"Whofe heads are nearly level with the fky,
"High bafking in the blaze of regal pow'r,
"This PETER, feldom from rank pride exempt,
"Calls us, with fcowling eyes of fix'd contempt,
"A pair of jackdaws perch'd upon a tow'r.

 "Arch-

* A few *foreign* Monarchs juftify the Poet's affertion.

"Archbiſhops, biſhops, ſervants of the Lord,
"Head ſervants, too, who preach the pureſt word,
 "With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
"No more by him, the ſcorner, are accounted
"Than imp-like ſweepers on their chimneys mounted,
 "That wield their bruſh, and to the vulgar chatter."

True, my dear Lords—for merit only warm,
Me, rank and trappings long have ceas'd to charm;
And yet, their eyes the ſtupid *million* bleſs,
For barely getting *ſights* of rank and dreſs!



When Judges a campaigning go,
 And on their benches look ſo big,
What gives them conſequence, I trow,
 Is nothing but a buſhel wig:

Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock ſtare,
See lofty learning lodg'd in ev'ry hair.
But *heads*, not *hair*, my admiration draw;
Not *wigs*, but *wiſdom*, ſtrikes *my* ſoul with awe.

ODE IX.

THE man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the Public's mouth his head commits;
Too oft a lion's mouth, of danger full,
Or flaming mouth of PHALARIS's bull:
He pours the ſad repentant groan in vain:
The cruel world but *giggles* at his pain.

For lo! our world, ſo ſavage in its nature,
Would rather ſee a fellow under water,
Or, from the attic ſtory of a houſe,
Fall down ſouſe
Upon a ſet of curſed iron ſpikes,
Than ſee him with the blooming laſs he likes,
Bleſt on a yielding bed of down or roſes,
Where LOVE's fond couples often join their noſes.

Upon me what a hoſt I've got!
Who by their black abuſes boil their pot.
Ay, that's the reaſon—wide-mouth'd HUNGER calls;
And from the hollows of each ſtomach bawls!

Thus

Thus the poor ſilk-worms, born to bleſs mankind,
  Whilſt for the ſhiv'ring world the robe they ſpin,
In ev'ry ring a thouſand inſects find,
  Gnawing voraciouſly their harmleſs ſkin.

And thus the lambs, whoſe uſeful fleeces treat
  With coats and blankets people of all ſtations,
By preying maggots are beſet,
  Harb'ring whole ſtinking nations;
Which, from their backs, the crows ſo kindly pick,
Enough to make a Chriſtian ſick.

Oh, would ſome critic crow but eat the pack
Now neſtling in my lyric back,
That daily in their hoſts increaſe,
And try to ſpoil the fineſt fleece!
Why am I perſecuted for my rhymes,
That kindly try to cobble Kings and times?

To mine, CHARLES CHURCHILL's rage was down-
    right rancour:
He was a firſt-rate man-of-war to *me*,
Thund'ring amidſt a high tempeſtuous ſea;
  I'm a ſmall cockboat bobbing at an anchor;

Playing

Playing with patereroes that *alarm*,
Yet ſcorn to do a bit of harm.

My ſatire's blunt—his boaſted a keen edge;
A ſugar-hammer mine—but his a blackſmith's ſledge!

And then *that* JUNIUS! what a ſcalping fellow!
Who dar'd ſuch treaſon and ſedition bellow!

Compar'd to them, whoſe pleaſure 'twas to ſtab,
Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!
My humour of a very diff'rent ſort is:
Their ſatire's horrid hair-cloth; mine is ſilk:
I am a pretty nipperkin of milk;
They, two enormous jugs of *aqua-fortis.*



Compar'd to their high floods of foaming ſatire,
My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water:
A whirlwind they, that oaks like ſtubble heaves;
I, zephyr whiſp'ring, ſporting through the leaves.

And ſuch all candid people muſt conclude it—
The world ſhould ſay of PETER PINDAR'S ſtrain,
" In *him* the courtly HORACE lives again—
" *Circum præcordia Petrus ludit.*"

Which

Which eaſy ſcrap of Latin thus I render:
  No man by PETER's verſe is harſhly bitten;
Like lambkins bleats the bard ſo ſweet and tender,
  And playful as the ſportive kitten.

So chaſte his *ſimiles*, ſo ſoft his ſtyle,
That ev'n his bitt'reſt enemies ſhould *ſmile:*
  He biddeth not his verſe in *thunder* roar—
His lines perpetual ſummer—ſunſhine weather:
  He *tickles* only—how can he do more,
Whoſe only inſtrument's a *feather?*

ODE X.

LIKE children, charm'd with PRAISE's ſugar'd ſong,
How much the Great admire the cringing throng!
  And how moſt *lovingly* the men they hate,
Who, to the ſtubbornneſs of conſcience born,
Tenacious of the rights of nature, ſcorn
  To hold the cenſer to the noſe of STATE!

To

Too many a weak-brain'd man, and ſilly dame,
Are made ridiculous by fulſome fame;
Rais'd on high pedeſtals in rich attire,
For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

Ye bid the bard in panegyric ſhine;
With courtly adulation load the line:
Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—
Rank poiſon for a ſubject, or a King.

My Lords, I do declare that it requires
A brain well fortified, to bear great flatt'ries;
Such very dangerous maſk'd batteries,
That keep on great men's brains ſuch ceaſeleſs fires!
I hope that God will give ſuch great men grace
To know the gen'ral *weakneſs* of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter ſtrange—
The love of flatt'ry is the ſoul's rank mange,
Which, though it gives ſuch tickling joys,
Inſtead of doing ſervice, it deſtroys:
Juſt as the mange to lapdogs' ſkins apply'd,
Though pleaſing, ſpoils the beauty of the hide.

A ſonnet now and then to pleaſe the fair,
With flatt'ry ſpic'd a little, does no harm;
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, deſpair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm.

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my Muſe's art,
By admiration ſwell'd, hath ſoar'd too high;
But CYNTHIA knew the lover's partial art,
And chid her poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the bard hath ſtruck the lyre:
And when th' enthuſiaſt, with a lover's fire,
More bright than angels, gave the nymph to glow;
By TRUTH's delightful dictates ſolely ſway'd,
Ought of his fav'rite CYNTHIA to have ſaid,
" She triumphs only o'er the world *below.*"

ODE XI.

MY Lords, I won't conſent to be a bug,
To batten in the royal rug,
And on the backs of Monarchs meanly crawl;
And more, my Lords, I hope I never ſhall.
Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it;
You know the miſerables that can *prove* it.
I cannot, Papiſt-like, (a dupe to Kings)
Create divinities from wooden things.

Somewhere in Aſia—I forget the place—
Ceylon I think it is—yes, yes, I'm right—
There, Kings are deem'd a heav'nly race,
And blaſphemy it is their pow'r to ſlight.

Like crouching ſpaniels down black Lords muſt lie,
Whene'er admitted to the Royal eye,
And ſay, whene'er the mighty Monarch chats
To thoſe black Lords about their wives and brats,
That happen in the world to tumble:
" Dread Sire, your ſlave and bitch my wife
" Hath brought, to bleſs your dog ſo humble,
" One, two, three, four, five puppies into life;

" All ſubject to your godlike will and pow'r,
" To hang or drown in half an hour."

This is too ſervile, I muſt dare confeſs—
'Twixt man and man the diff'rence ſhould be *leſs*.

I own I brought two wond'ring eyes to town,
Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
To ſee the mighty man who wore a crown—
To ſee the man to whom great courtiers ſtoop.

Much had I read, which *certés* ſome time ſince is,
My Bible ſo replete with Kings and Princes,
And thought Kings taller than my pariſh ſteeple;
I thought too, which was natural enough,
Jove made their ſkins of very diff'rent ſtuff
From that which clothes the bones of *common* people.

But mark! by ſtaring, gaping ev'ry day,
The edge of admiration wore away,
Like razors' edges rubb'd againſt a ſtone;
Kings ceas'd to be ſuch objects of devotion;
I ſaw the Beings ſoon without emotion,
And thought like mine their bodies fleſh and bone.

Like

Like many thouſands, I was weak enough
To think Jove kept a ſoul and body ſhop;
Like mercers, had variety of ſtuff
For ſuch whoſe turn it was to be made up;
And that he treated with great liberality
Folk born to figure in the line of quality;
Giving ſouls ſuperfine, and bones and bloods,
In ſhort, the choiceſt of celeſtial goods:

But on the lower claſſes when employ'd,
It ſtruck me that he work'd with much *ſang-froid*,
Not caring one braſs farthing for the chaps;
Forming them juſt as girls themſelves amuſe
In making workbags, pincuſhions, and ſhoes—
Videlicet, from ſcraps.

Now can't I give a *thimbleful* of praiſe,
E'en to an Emp'ror, if uncrown'd by merit;
A ſtarving princip'e, 'faith, now a-days,
And unconnected with the courtier's ſpirit.
You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a *ladle*,
And rock of grinning Idiotiſm the cradle.

ODE XII.

SO much abus'd, I loſe my lyric merit—
Evaporated half its ſpirit;
Reduc'd from alcohol to phlegm;
From ſolid pudding to whipp'd cream!

There was a time, when, not one bit afraid
Of ought the people roar'd, or ſung, or ſaid,
I careleſsly my fav'rite trade purſu'd;
Invok'd Apollo, and the Muſes woo'd:
And, with the ſtoiciſm that lulls a ſtone,
I ſat me down, and pick'd my mutton bone.

Thus when, amidſt the tumbling world of waves,
The cloud-wrapp'd Genius of the tempeſt raves,
  And, 'midſt the hurrying maſs of ſpectred gloom,
FATE, mounted on the wild wing of the blaſt,
Shouts deſolation through the twilight waſte,
  And, thund'ring, threats a ſyſtem's doom;

Lo! with light wing a gull the billows ſweeps,
Sports on the ſtorm, and mocks the bellowing deeps;
Now

Now on the mountain ſurge compos'd he ſquats,
Adjuſts his feathers, and looks round for ſprats.

I now may ſay, with righteous DAVID, " Lord,
" With foes I'm ſore encompaſſed about;"
And rhyme like STERNHOLD, once for verſe ador'd,
" I wote not when I ſhall get out;
" So craftily the heathen me aſſail,
" My canticle doth not a whit avail."

Lo! almoſt ev'ry one at PETER's head
Levels his blunderbuſs, and takes a pop—
Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead;
But harmleſs yet, thank God, I've ſeen it drop:

Yet, by and by, ſome luckleſs ſhot
May knock about the brains of tuneful PETER:
Thouſands will ſmile to ſee him go to pot,
And mock him in his grave, with ſhameleſs metre:
Not ſo our gracious King and Queen, I know it—
They've *pity*, if not *pence*, to give a poet.

Patient as JOB, when SATAN, all ſo vile,
Betting his ſkin againſt the LORD's,
Adding a moſt contemptous ſmile,
As well as moſt indecent words,

 Cover'd

Cover'd the man of UZ with boils,
At which, with horror, ev'ry heart recoils:

Yes, patient as the man of UZ am I,
Though foic'd on ENVY's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the Court?—Lords, Lordlings fly the place—
The ladies, too, fo full of loyal grace,
Turn their gay backs when there I fhow my head;
As happen'd at St. James's t'other day,
When up the ftairs I took my folemn way,
And fill'd the fine-drefs'd gentlefolks with dread.

Off BRUDENELL flew; and, with his ftar fo blazing,
Off flew the frighten'd Sir JOHN DICK, fo ftout,
Who won his blazing ftar by means amazing—
By manufacturing four crout.

Off flew, with this great crout-compofing DICK,
THOMSON and SALISB'RY, HARCOURT, and Gold-
ftick;
Such was the terror at the man of rhymes,
As though he enter'd to divulge their *crimes*.

Thus on a bank, upon a ſummer's day,
  Of ſome fair ſtream of Eaſt or Weſtern Ind,
When puppies join in wanton play,
  Free from the ſlighteſt fear of being ſkinn'd;

If from that ſtream, which all ſo placid flows,
A ſly old alligator pokes his noſe;
Wiſhing, *perchaunce*, to take a ſlice of cur;
At once the dogs are off upon the ſpur,
Nor once behind them caſt a courtly look,
To compliment the monarch of the brook.

O D E XIII.

DESERTED in my utmoſt need by fate,
  Like fam'd DARIUS, great and good;
Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large eſtate;
  Forc'd, forc'd to brouſe, like goats, the lanes for food!

Alas! deſerted quite by ev'ry friend;
  And what than friendſhip can be ſweeter?
Lo! not a ſoul will kind aſſiſtance lend;
  Lo! ev'ry puppy lifts his leg at PETER!

Like ſome lone inſulated rock am I,
  Where, midſt th' Atlantic vaſt, old Æol raves;
Shook by the thunders of each angry ſky,
  And roll'd on by the ruſhing world of waves!

So hard, indeed, the critic tempeſt blows,
I ſcarce can point againſt the gale my noſe—
  A ſtorm more violent was never ſeen!
So dread the war!—indeed it muſt be *dread*,
When from his ſhop John Nichols pops his head,
  And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artill'ry ne'er was play'd:
  And yet, not all th' artill'ry is his own;
Hayley, a cloſe ally, in ambuſcade
  Behind, aſſiſts the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will. Hayley for his 'Squire,
  Are ſerious things, howe'er the world may laugh;
And therefore dread I much to face the fire
  Of this intrepid *Hudibras* and *Ralph*.

You too, my Lords, combin'd with thoſe dread foes
  To tear the bard to pieces for his rhymes,
Is very cruel, righteous Heav'n well knows,
  And does no ſort of credit to the times.

Yet let me *feel* myſelf—I'm not yet dead,
Though maul'd ſo terribly about the head;
By Printers Devils and allies ſurrounded:
P'rhaps, like the Pruſſian Monarch, I may riſe.
Herculean, to the world's ſurpriſe,
And ſee my enemies confounded.

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
Though ſeeming dead, ſtretch'd out amidſt the pit—
Leap'd up, and giv'n his foe a fatal wound—
Then why not mine, ye Gods, the lucky hit?

ODE XIV.

WITH your good leave, my Lords, I'll now take mine.
Not deem'd, *perchaunce*, a poet quite divine—
Perchaunce with beaſts at Ephesus I've warr'd,
Like that prodigious orator Saint Paul;
And for my ſtanzas, p'rhaps both great and ſmall,
Ye kindly wiſh me feather'd well, and tarr'd.

Ye think I loathe the *name* of King, no doubt—
Indeed, my Lords, you never were more out:
   I am not of that envious claſs of elves;
Though Dame MACAULEY turns on Kings her tail,
With great *reſpect* the ſacred names I hail,
   That is, of Monarchs who *reſpect themſelves.*

But ſhould they act with meanneſs, or like fools,
The MUSE ſhall place a fool's-cap on their ſkulls,
Stubborn as many a King, indeed, I am—
That is, as ſtubborn as a halter'd ram:
   A change in PETER's life ye muſt not hope:
      To try to waſh an aſs's face,
      Is really labour to miſplace;
   And really loſs of time, as well as ſoap.

ODE XV.

PRAY let me laugh, my Lords; I muſt, I will—
My Lords, my laughing muſcles can't lie ſtill:
Unpoliſh'd in the ſupple ſchools of France,
I cannot burſt, to pleaſure COMPLAISANCE.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And ev'ry grin, ſo merry, draws one out:
I own I like to laugh, and hate to ſigh;
And think that riſibility was giv'n
For human happineſs, by gracious Heav'n,
And that we came not into life to cry:

To wear long faces, juſt as if our Maker,
The God of goodneſs, was an undertaker,
Well pleas'd to wrap the ſoul's unlucky mien
In ſorrow's diſmal crape, or bombaſin.

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature ſay,
"Fools, how ye plague me! go, be wiſe, be gay;
"No tortures, penances, your God requires—
"Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,
"And know that Heav'n hath not one angel more
"In conſequence of groaning nuns and friars.

"Heav'n

"Heav'n never took a pleaſure or a pride
"In ſtarving ſtomachs, or a horſewhipp'd hide.

"Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart:
"Good laughs are pleaſant inoffenſive things;
"And if their follies happen to divert,
"I ſhall not quarrel at a joke on *kings*."



ODE XVI.

If Monarchs (the ſuggeſtion, p'rhaps, of liars)
Turn houſebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars;
Steal pictures, crucifixes, heav'nly chattels,
To purchaſe ſwords and guns and fouls for battles:

In ſpite of all the world may ſay and think,
If Empreſſes will, punk-like, kiſs and drink:

If Kings will ſell the hares and boars they kill,
And ſnipe and partridge-blood for Mammon ſpill,
Denying thus *themſelves* a dainty diſh;
And go *themſelves* to market with their fiſh:

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the vulgar herd to join their name,
If Kings, ambitious of a blackſmith's fame,
Not wond'rouſly ambitious in their views,
Inſtead of mending empires, make horſe ſhoes:

Dead to fair Scirnce, if to vagrant hogs,
To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
Great Princes, pleas'd, a patronage extend;
Whilſt modeſt Genius pines without a friend:

Diſmiſſing grandeur as an idle thing,
If on bob-wigs, ſlouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
Upon vulgarity a Monarch doats,
More pleas'd to look a coachman than a King:

If with their bullocks Kings delight to battle;
On hard horſe-cheſnuts make them dine and ſup,
Reſolv'd to ſtarve the nice-mouth'd cattle
Until they eat the cheſnuts up;
Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,
And think it dev'liſh hard they can't have hay:

If Kings will mount old houſes upon rollers,
Converting ſober manſions into ſtrollers,
Heraclitus's gravity can't bear it—
I muſt laugh out, and all the world muſt hear it.

ODE XVII.

JUST one word more, my Lords, before we part:
Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art;
'Tis very d ng'rous to attack a poet—
Alſo ridiculou —the end would ſhow it.
Though not to *write*—to ***read*** I hear you're able:
Read, then, and learn inſtruction from a fable.

THE PIG AND MAGPIE.

A FABLE.

COCKING his tail, a ſaucy prig,
A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,
To pull ſome hair, forſooth, to line his neſt;
And with ſuch eaſe began the hair-attack,
As thinking the fee-ſimple of the back
Was by *himſelf*, and not the *Pig*, poſſeſt.

The Boar look'd up, as thunder black, to Mag,
Who, ſquinting down on him, like an arch wag,
Inform'd

Inform'd Mynheer ſome briſtles muſt be torn;
Then buſy went to work, not nicely culling;
Got a good handſome beakfull by good pulling,
And flew, without a "Thank ye," to his thorn.

The Pig ſet up a diſmal yelling;
Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
Who, like a fool, had built it 'midſt a bramble:
In, manfully, he ſallied, full of might,
Determin'd to obtain his right,
And 'midſt the buſhes now began to ſcramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his neſt to rags,
And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags:
But ere he from the brambles came, alack!
His ears and eyes were miſerably torn,
His bleeding hide in ſuch a plight forlorn,
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

THIS is a pretty tale, my Lords, and pat:
To folks like *you* ſo clever, *verbum ſat.*

A BENEVOLENT EPISTLE TO SYLVANUS URBAN,

ALIAS

MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, PRINTER,

COMMON-COUNCILMAN OF FARRINGDON WARD, AND CENSOR-GENERAL OF LITERATURE;

NOT FORGETTING

MASTER WILLIAM HAYLEY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN ELEGY TO APOLLO;

ALSO,

SIR JOSEPH BANKS AND THE BOILED FLEAS.

AN ODE.

Fie, nay, prithee, John;
Do not quarrel, man,
Let's be merry and
Drink about. CATCH.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poet commenceth in a ſublime ſtrain of happy imitation of claſſic ſimplicity with the *ille ego*—ſelf-conſequence of the Mantuan Bard; giving an account of the various themes of his Muſe, from MAJESTY to Maſter JOHN NICHOLS—He aſketh the reaſon of JOHN's great anger, and freeth himſelf from the imputation of illiberality, by telling the world what handſome things he hath ſaid of the Printer—The Poet attacketh JOHN in turn for *his* want of candour—ſpeaketh oracles to JOHN—maketh a fine compariſon between himſelf and purling ſtreams; alſo between curs, cats, and courtiers—The Poet declaimeth virtuouſly and politically againſt ſwearing in a paſſion—complaineth of inſtances of JOHN's cruelty towards him for barely adminiſtering a few admonitory laſhes to the back of the PRESIDENT of the ROYAL SOCIETY, Madam PIOZZI, and Miſter JAMES BOSWELL—The Poet again complaineth of JOHN's diſingenuouſneſs; praiſing, at the ſame time, his own ſweetneſs of diſpoſition—he mentioneth the horrors of dying people at the thought of being exhibited in JOHN's Magazine, in which the Poet is ſuppoſed to allude to the letters of the Rev. Miſter BADCOCK and others, as well as ſcandalous anecdotes collected from families, to give a zeſt to his monthly lumber—The Poet informeth JOHN of the appellation given him by ſome people, and which the Poet was always too delicate to uſe—The Poet confeſſeth that he marvelleth at JOHN's impudence in aſſuming the management of the Gentleman's Magazine after Doctor JOHNSON; on which Doctor JOHNSON, the Poet paſſeth a juſt ſtricture with unprecedented delicacy—The Poet challengeth JOHN to ſay he ever expoſed him for his praiſes of ſuch as contributed to his Magazine—or when he

tried to elipſe the biographical ſame of PLUTARCH, by his anecdotes of poor old BOWYER—The Poet exhibiteth more inſtances of grandeur of ſoul—ſtill more nobleleſs—ſtill more—The Poet maketh a moſt luminous remark on the difference between the happineſs of *fools* and *wiſe men*, and concludeth with adviſing JOHN to make a proper application of his talents.

A BENE-

A

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE,

&c. &c. &c.

I, WHO, ambitious that the brats, my rhymes,
Should see the gentlefolks of future times;
Rise like antiques in value, nor expire,
Till RUIN spreads his universal fire:
Dread thought! that to destruction must be giv'n
This charming world, this handsome work of Heav'n!
I, who, regardful of the courtier throng,
To Kings, and Lords, and Commons, tun'd the song;
Bade TOM* no more indulge the golden dream,
And kindly wish'd his wit a *wiser* theme;
Struck to the lime and mortar Knight † the string,
And hail'd of butterflies the nursing king,‡
Who, scorning suns and moons, with happier eyes
Beholds from dunghills purple Emp'rors § rise;

 More

* Mr. Warton.
† Sir William Chambers.
‡ Sir Joseph Banks.
§ A rare species of butterfly.

More bleſt on this our earth a frog to ſee,
To find a cockleſhell, and boil a flea,*
Than dwell in yonder ſkies, with glory crown'd,
Where frogs, nor fleas, nor cockleſhells abound;
More bleſt to mark a bat's than angel's wing,
To hear a graſshopper than ſeraph ſing;
More pleas'd to view (if rumour juſtly paints)
The tails of tadpoles than the heads of ſaints;
And hear (to fame if credence may be giv'n)
One humming-bird than all the hoſt of heav'n:
I, who to men of canvaſs ſtruck the lyre,
And ſet with rhyme th' Academy on fire;†
O'er Mount Parnaſſus, Jove-like, caſt my ſhoe;
At poets ſmil'd, and poeteſſes too;
Preferr'd the ballads of the good Old Bailey,
To all the cold pompoſities of HAYLEY,
Whoſe rhymes,‡ as ſoon as litter'd, join the heaps,
Where 'midſt her ſhadowy gulph OBLIVION ſleeps:

So

* See the Ode at page 393.

† [*The Academy on fire.*] *i.e.* produced an *emulation* amongſt the ingenious artiſts. This paſſage ſeemed to want an explanation, as an illiberal reader might have imagined that I meant that my academic odes had put the members into a *violent paſſion*; an idea ſo very foreign to my wiſhes.

‡ Such is really the preſent ſunk condition of this Lady-author.

So deep, who ſcarce can dive into himſelf!
So lofty, too, the tenant of the ſhelf!
Now ſtiffer than recruits ſo raw at drill;
Now *petit-maître* of the Muſes hill:
I, who to grave Reviewers ſigh'd my pray'r,
Submiſſive bending at the critic chair;
And, bluſhing, begg'd one little laurel ſprig,
To bring importance, and adorn my wig:
I, who Sam Whitbread's brewhouſe prais'd in ſong,
So highly honour'd by the Royal throng;
Berhym'd a goodly Monarch and his ſpouſe,
Miſs Whitbread's curtſies, Miſter Whitbread's bows,
Amounting, hiſt'ry ſays, to many a ſcore,
Such, too, as Chiſwell-Street ne'er ſaw before;
Not e'en forgetting, with my claſſic force,
The Brewer's bulldog, and his marv'ling horſe;
The curious draymen into puncheons creeping,
And, charm'd with greatneſs, through the bung-holes peeping:
I, who to Pitt the chords in anger ſtruck,
Who whelm'd his PRINCE ſo gracefully with muck;
Lycurgus Pitt, whoſe penetrating eyes
Behold the fount of freedom in *exciſe*;
Whoſe patriot logic poſſibly maintains
Th' identity of liberty and chains:

I, who of Leeds and Hawkesb'ry deign'd to sing,
The blessed fav'rites of a blessed ****;
High on the lab'ring pinions of an ode,
Heav'd Brudenell's folly, what a leaden load!
Brudenell who bids us all the proverb feel,
" The largest calves are not the sweetest veal:"
I, who on such subjects deign'd to shine,
Now tune to once a Printer's DEV'L the line;
But now no more a dev'l—with Atlas mien,
The great supporter of a Magazine;*
No more, no more a dev'l with humble air,
But fit companion for our great LORD MAY'R!
How like the worm which crawls at first the earth,
But, getting a new coat, disdains its birth;
Spreads its gold tissue to the solar ray,
And wings o'er trees and tow'rs its airy way!

With anger foaming, and of vengeance full,
Why belloweth JOHN NICHOLS like a bull?
Say, Goddess, could a few poetic stripes
Make JOHN, so furious, kick about his types;

Spin

* The *Gentleman's*, as it is modestly called; to whose *gentility* Mister HAYLEY is a constant contributor, in the way of *ingenious* rhyme and *liberal* criticism.

Spin round his pandemonium like a top,
And, thund'ring, to its centre ſhake the ſhop?
Could SATIRE's twig produce ſo dire a din?
And dwells ſuch ſoftneſs in a *printer*'s ſkin?

Illib'ral! never, never have I ſaid,
That thou wert not an honeſt man in trade!
Whether from principle or jail diſmay
Springs thy morality, we dare not ſay;
Since jails, thoſe iron agents of the law,
Keep many a graceleſs rogue in pious awe.
Yet, ſon of ink, devoutly let us hope
Thou lov'ſt a *virtue* more than dread'ſt a *rope*;
Nay, to thy honour let me this declare,
To make the rigid ſons of conſcience ſtare,
That when thou money lendeſt, ſuch thy purity,
Deteſting *bad*, thou ſeekeſt *good* ſecurity.
Inclin'd for ever, JOHN, to take thy part,
Thus have I pour'd the dictates of my heart:
" If 'midſt a *vulgar* maſs his ſtars unkind
" Have plac'd moſt niggardly a pigmy mind,
" 'Tis not JOHN's fault—JOHN ſhould not bluſh for [ſhame;
" His parſimonious *planets* are to blame.
" What though in WISDOM's crucible his head,
" Prove that it dealeth leſs in gold than lead:

" Unſkill'd on claſſic ground to cut a caper,
" Yet knoweth John the price of print and paper:
" His nice diſcerning knowledge none deny,
" On crown, imperial, fool's-cap, and demy.
" On blanket, ſheepſkins,* urine, John can *think*:
" Myſelf would take his ſentiments on ink;
" Myſelf would take his ſentiments on letters:
" On ſyllables, indeed, I'd aſk his betters.
" The *meaneſt* mortal let us not deride:
" Lo! beaſts of burden oft muſt be our guide;
" Yes, through the dark and unknown track, of courſe,
" I yield up all opinion to my horſe."
Truth, let fair Truth for ever rule my rhymes!
I'm told this lady viſits *thee* ſometimes!
How kind! how humble! thus the God of day
Deigns to a mudpool to impart his ray!
Amidſt the paſſions roar, a clam'rous hoſt,
Oft is the gentle voice of Reason loſt!
How try'ſt thou, butcher-like, to carve my work,
And treat each ſweet-ſoul'd ſtanza, like a Turk!
From ſuch ſad readers Heav'n the Muſe protect,
Proud to find fault, and raptur'd with defect!
Yet, though thou *frown'ſt* on Peter's every line,
Behold the diff'rence, John! he *ſmiles* on *thine*.

Say

* Neceſſary for making Printers balls.

Say not I hate each man of verſe and proſe;
I rev'rence genius, JOHN, where'er it grows:
Whene'er it beams through IGNORANCE's night,
I mark the ſtranger with as keen delight
As looks the Pilgrim on Baſſora's tow'rs,
Her ſtreams, ambroſial blooms, and myrtle bow'rs;
Who, long deny'd of HOPE's ſweet cup to taſte,
Had ſigh'd amidſt the ſolitary waſte.

Blame not the Bard, thou man of *letter'd* pride,
Who, taking not Dame PRUDENCE for thy guide,
Didſt ſtone the poet's manſion like an aſs,
Forgetting that thy own was made of glaſs.
Know, JOHN, that paſſion maketh man a ſwine:
Know this, and bid thy conduct copy *mine.*
When deeming me a Saracen in heart,
Why, ſimple JOHN, attempt my road to thwart?
Amidſt thy walks, ſhould bullies meet thine eye,
Compos'dly let thoſe bullies paſs thee by.
To buſtling bravoes, for my eaſe and pride,
I give the wall, and ſmiling turn aſide.
Thus, if a rock or log the ſtream oppoſe,
That ſweetly lambent from its fountain flows,
No foamy turbulence the rills betray,
But, eaſy yielding, wind in peace away.

My

My hate of courtiers, how thine anger drew!
I own I loathe St. James's ſervile crew:
Where'er the ſmiles of royalty are found,
The lazy clan of courtiers crouch around:
Thus, on the country towns when Phœbus ſhines,
Amidſt the radiance ev'ry cur reclines;
And lo! neglectful of the mice and rats,
Each ſtreet preſents us with a line of cats.

Truth needs not, JOHN, the eloquence of oaths,
Not more ſo than a decent ſuit of clothes
Requires of broad gold lace th' expenſive glare,
That makes the linſey-woolſy million ſtare:
Beſides, a proverb, ſuited to my wiſh,
Declares that ſwearing never catcheth fiſh.
'Tis vulgar—I have ſaid it o'er and o'er;
Then keep thy temper, man, and ſwear no more.
Struck, nay, half-petrified, that BANKS ſhould dare,
Indecent fellow! raviſh NEWTON's chair;
Mock ſuch as WISDOM's ſacred mines explore,
And kick the Arts and Sciences to door;
Making (methinks a monſtrous impropriety)
A ſly-club of a great and fam'd Society:
The Muſe, with virtuous indignation ſtung,
In rhyme's ſtrong chains the brazen culprit hung;

When, with the fury of a thouſand foes,
Howl'd the wild tempeſt of thy verſe and proſe!
Shock'd that an idle goſſip, Madam THRALL,*
And he,† a feather, GENIUS in thy ſcale,
High panting for the echo of a name,
Should meanly crucify poor JOHNSON's fame;
I own I glow'd with more than mortal ire,
And fix'd to SATIRE's ſcourge my ſharpeſt wire;
When lo! the poet's viſage to begrime,
Forth ruſh'd thy muddy ſluice of proſe and rhyme:
For this, againſt my will, indeed with tears,
I ſhow'd a grinning land thy aſs's ears.

Fir'd that the Muſe ſhould daringly ſuggeſt
How ſtars have beam'd upon the *blackeſt* breaſt;
Juſt like their heav'nly couſins all ſo bright,
O'er the dark mantle of old mother NIGHT;
Should hint (by FORTUNE's wild vagaries plac'd)
That *Crowns* may feel themſelves at times diſgrac'd;
To take a King's and courtiers part ſo prone,
Full at my forehead didſt thou fling the ſtone;
But thanks to Phœbus, who ſecur'd my crown,
No *David* thou, to bring Goliah down!

Griev'd

* Now Madam Piozzi. † Mr. James Boſwell.

Griev'd that th' ambitious Muſe a PRINCE ſhould
Whoſe name diffuſes luſtre o'er her lays; [praiſe,
A PRINCE whoſe only fault is want of art,
Whoſe horrid vice, benevolence of heart;
Which little abject ſouls profuſion call,
And o'er each action vainly ſpit their gall:
Griev'd that the Muſe attack'd with ſcorn a MAN,
Unlucky form'd on NATURE's hungry plan;
Who, lord of millions, trembles for his ſtore,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
And, ſcowling, looks on charity with hate;
Whoſe matchleſs avarice is meat and drink,
That dreads to ſpill a ſingle drop of ink;
On each ſuperfluous letter vents a ſigh,
And ſaves the little dot upon an *i*;
Happy e'en NATURE's tendereſt ties to ſlight,
And vilely rob an offspring of his right:
Forth ruſh'd thy venom—harmleſs, too, it flow'd,
For man defies the poiſon of a toad;
Vex'd that the Muſe (as if ſhe utter'd treaſon)
Should try to bring poor BOSWELL back to reaſon;
(Herculean toil, to keep ſuch folly under!)
Loud from thy head's dark cloud I felt thy thunder!

When

When, mad t'induce the world to deem thee wiſe,
Thou ſtar'dſt through ſpectacles with ſapient eyes;
Say, did I cry, th' impoſtor to expoſe,
"See JOHN's whole ſtock of wiſdom on his noſe!"
Cat-like, becauſe the world my lyrics read,
Thine envy claw'd the laurel on my head;
Yet claw'd I not again, with cat-like ſpleen,
The drooping leaves of thy ſad Magazine:
Touch'd not *thy* traſh, nor HAYLEY's tinſel ſtuff;
Nor freſh, ſtale, new antiquities of GOUGH:*
Indeed I'm tender-conſcienc'd on that ſcore,
And learn to look with pity on the poor:
No Mohawk I, in ſcenes of horror bred,
I ſcorn to ſcalp the dying or the dead;
Yet well thou knoweſt that, with trifling toil,
On SATIRE's gridir'n I could bid thee broil—
Turn tuneful butcher, cut thee into quarters,
And give thee, JOHN, for one of FOLLY's martyrs.
I ſee thy vanity in all its fulneſs;
The turbot, ven'ſon of aſpiring dulneſs!
And let me, O rare epicure, remark,
That thou haſt got a gullet like a ſhark.

"A maga-

* A maker of antiquities, and one of Sir Joſeph Banks'. copper-farthing oracles, and conſtant tea and toaſt men.

Myſelf as merciful as man can be,
I grieve to find that mercy not in *thee.*
Behold, amidſt their ſhort'ning, panting breath,
Poor ſouls! the dying dread thee more than death:
" Oh! ſave us from JOHN NICHOLS!" is the cry,
" Let not that death-hunter know where we lie;
" What in *delirium* from our lips may fall,
" Oh! hide—our letters, burn them, burn them all!
" Oh! let not from the tomb our ghoſts complain!
" O Jeſu! we ſhall ſoon be up again;
" Condemn'd, alas! to grin with griſly mien,
" 'Midſt the pale horrors of his Magazine;
" Like felons firſt in Newgate-ballads ſung,
" Then (giv'n to INFAMY) on Hounſlow hung!"
Know, when thou took'ſt of Ariſtarch the chair,
My eyes expanded only to a ſtare:
Softly, indeed, unto myſelf, I ſigh'd,
" JOHNSON,* thy place is d--nably ſupply'd:
" Not that I think this idol of the million,
" Longinus, Ariſtotle, or Quintilian;
" Who gives (againſt ſound taſte ſo apt to ſin)
" A pyramid's importance to a pin;

" On

* The late Dr. Johnſon ſuperintended this Magazine: a poſt of honour and profit aſſumed afterwards by Miſter John Nichols.

" On ev'ry theme, alike his pompous art;
" The general conflagration or a f—."

When into FAME's fair dome, t'infult her throne,
So free, as if the houfe had been thy own,
Thou dar'dft to fhove a vile conundrum crew,
Fellows whom Phœbus nor the Mufes knew;
Speak, did I tell the Nation with my pen,
How FAME in anger kick'd them out agen;
Threw at their heads the lumber of their brains,
And call'd thee a pert puppy for thy pains?
On fuch mark'd impudence did I harangue,
And give to public fcorn the pigmy gang?
Short are the hours that fmuggled praife can laft,
An echo, a poor meretricious blaft;
A fudden guft that bids old ruins ftare,
And, howling, whirls a feather through the air.
FLATT'RY, a little fly deceiving lafs,
With fmile refiftlefs, and a front of brafs,
Shall reign, perchance, the idol of a day;
Then, like a batter'd harridan, decay;
Whilft TRUTH, unfading, lifts the head fublime,
And dares the formidable rage of TIME.
Thou dragon of th' Hefperian fruit, call'd *praife*,
Whofe leather-ftretching confcience intereft fways;

Shame,

Shame, that, through ſordid avarice and ſpleen,
None taſte, but ſuch as cram thy Magazine!
Charm'd as a child whoſe doting eye regards
Its imitation of Saint Paul's with cards;
When, fir'd by Plutarch's venerable name,
Whoſe genius rais'd a pyramid to fame,
Thou gav'ſt of BOWYER's life a goſſip's ſtory,
And only rear'dſt a dunghill to thy glory;
I rail'd not at thine infant emulation,
Nor ſpread thy weakneſs, JOHN, around the nation;
Nay, griev'd was I, as all the world can tell,
That thou ſhouldſt write a book* that would not *ſell.*
When, tort'ring the poor gamut wild and loud,
Thou ſcrap'dſt harſh diſcords on thy Muſe's crowd;
What though I ſtopp'd my ears with all my pow'rs,
I mourn'd the labour of thy tuneleſs hours.
Oft have I whiſper'd to myſelf, "Enough
"Of this moſt tireſome fellow's monthly ſtuff:

"Pan,

* Unfortunately for poor John, every book that he has publiſhed has been poſſeſſed of ſo much of the *vis inertiæ* as not to be able (to uſe the bookſeller's phraſe) to *move off*; witneſs the Life of Old Bowyer, the guttings of old Magazines and Ladies' Diaries, called Miſcellanies, the Progreſſes of Queen Elizabeth, editions of traſh of every denomination, &c. &c.

" A magazine! a pedlar's, huckſter's ſhop,
" That harbours bruſh, and cabbage-net, and mop,
" Pan, gridir'n, button, buckle, bodkin, bead,
" Tape, turnip, malkins, nightcaps green and red,
" Pins, pipkins, garters, oatmeal, jordan, diſh,
" Stale loaves, and ruſty nails, and ſtinking fiſh;"
Yet bade I not the world its laughs prepare,
To meet thy miſerable monthly ware:
Nay, man, I've *prais'd* thee—for example, ſaid,
" Lo! in his cumbrous magazine diſplay'd
" Once in a year a verſe to raiſe our wonder,
" Which proves that JOHN may make a lucky blunder:
" How like the heavy mountain, on whoſe ſide
" A daiſy ſtarts in ſolitary pride!"
Lo! from ebriety their ſons to ſave,
The Greeks oft ſhow'd the lads a drunken ſlave:
I thus might thee, O gingling JOHN, diſplay,
A ſad example in the rhyming way
For printers and their demons to avoid,
Whoſe labours might more wiſely be employ'd,
But PITY ſweetly whiſpers in my ear,
" Expoſe not childhood that deſerves a tear;
" Set not the roaring lion at a rat,
" Nor call down thunder to deſtroy a gnat."

When mad for honours*—ſoftly have I ſaid,
" What imp could put it in the Printer's head?
" Oh! may the fates the maniac over-rule,
" For titles cannot dignify a fool!"
Complain not that I've wrong'd thy reputation,
By calling thee the *ſillieſt* in the nation;
No, John, be comforted—it cannot be;
I think I know a few that *equal* thee.
Swear, ſwear not that I've ſaid, to wound thy fame,
That *hirelings* wrote each work which bears thy name;
How falſe! I know thou wroteſt many a line;
Lo! all the *blunders* of the books are thine.
A literary jackdaw thou, god wot!
Yet by that thieviſh name I call'd thee not:
A carrion crow that lives upon the dead;
Yet hawk-like pounc'd I not upon thy head:
A daring coiner; lo! I let thee paſs,
Nor once impeach'd thy literary braſs!

Speak

* John's ambition to be a Common-council man was violent for a long time; great were the pains uſed, manifold were the contrivances employed, and prodigious was the intereſt made for the obtention of this honour.—A vacancy happening in Farringdon Ward, John's more lucky *genius* prevailed, and his wiſhes were gratified; thus is he in the way of being what I have in an ode propheſied of Mr. Auctioneer Skinner,

" If things go fair,
" Proud London's proud Lord May'r."

Speak—when, enamour'd of thy monthly hash,
Thou clapp'dst another sixpence on thy trash,
Once didst thou hear me in a passion roar,
" Was ever impudence like this before?"
Instead of making in th' affair a fuss,
In mild soliloquy I whisper'd thus:
" How blest the FOOL! he thinks he all things knows!
" With joy he wakes, with joy his eyelids close;
" Pleas'd through the world to spread his own renown,
" With calm contempt he looks on others down;
" Self and his own dear works th' eternal theme,
" His daily idol, and his nightly dream;
" Thrice-envied Being, whom no tongue can wound,
" In PRIDE's impenetrable armour bound!
" How much in happiness beyond the WISE,
" Who view the greatest men with pitying eyes;
" O'er human imbecillity who groan,
" And sigh to think how *little*'s to be known!"
Oh, do not to the Muses hill resort,
Æsop's dull brute!*— a bumpkin 'midst a court:
With brother council crack the clumsy joke,
'Midst beer and brandy, bread and cheese, and smoke;
Descend the ladder to the clouds below,
Where *ordinary* men of twopence go;

* The fable of the Gentleman, the Ass, and the Lapdog.

Where vagrant knives and forks are bound in chains,
And never tablecloth is ſpoil'd by ſtains;
Where, in the board's black hole, (ſuperb deſign!)
Pepper and ſalt in matrimony join;
And in another hole, with frown and ſmile,
Much too like marriage, vinegar and oil!—
Where for a towel (economic thought!)
A monſtrous maſtiff, after dinner brought,
Complacent waits on *Gentlemen*'s commands,
And yields his back of ſhag to wipe their hands—
Such is the ſcene where thou ſhouldſt ever ſit,
Form'd to thy taſte, and ſuited to thy wit.
Deal not in Hiſt'ry; often have I ſaid
'Twill prove a moſt unprofitable trade:
Talk not of PAINTING, for thou know'ſt her not;
Such coy acquaintance will not boil thy pot:
Nor make ſtrong love to MUSIC; 'tis a Dame
Who ſmiles not on the ſouls of earth, but flame.
Puſh not thy brain to thought—thou canſt not think:
From metaphyſics ſhould thy genius ſhrink!
To thee ſuperior, ſee the GODDESS riſe,
And hide her lofty head amidſt the ſkies!
Behold eternal miſt her beauties ſhroud,
And 'tis not *thy* weak eye can pierce the cloud.

Curs'd with the common *furor* of inditing,
Yet if thy head poſſeſs the mange of writing;
Go with biography and cool thy rage,
Pen lives that cannot well diſgrace thy page;
Deſcribe whom ev'ry nobler virtue curſes,
A PAIR who *mump*, with millions in their purſes.
If loftier ſubjects thy ambition call,
Go ſing the ſtaring giants of Guildhall.

The POET *complaineth of the cruelty of* AUTHORS, AUTHORESSES, *and the* BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

ELEGY TO APOLLO.

GREAT are my enemies in trade, God knows!
  There's not a poet but would ſtop my note;
With ſuch a world of ſpite their venom flows,
  With ſuch good-will the knaves would cut my throat.

Yet how have I offended, PHŒBUS, ſay,
  To get ſo much ill-blood, ſuch curſing looks?
Is it becauſe my more ambitious lay
  Diſdains to viſit trunk-makers and cooks?

With theirs to viſit grocers, and the men
Who fortune, in that weed tobacco, ſee;
From thence come deeply laden back agen,
With ſugar, pigtail, pepper, and rappee?

The man of words, of ſtilt-ſupported phraſe,
The gliſt'ring HAYLEY ſcorns whate'er I write;
This Will-o'wiſp of verſe diſdains my lays;
Tales, Odes, nor Louſiads, yield the leaſt delight!

So *lofty*, yet in ware ſo *humbly* dealing!
So claſſically taſteleſs! big with nought!
So tender, yet ſo deſtitute of feeling!
So ſentimental too, without a thought!

I ſee the band of BLUE-STOCKINGS ariſe,
Hiſtoric, critic, and poetic dames!
This lifts her palms, and *that* her marv'lling eyes,
And ſqueaks, "The fellow's ſtuff ſhould feel the flames;

"Such is the way his works ſhould come to *light*."—
Thus rail thoſe dames of claſſic erudition;
Thus, leagu'd with WIT, unmerciful they bite
Thy fav'rite BARD, O PHŒBUS, and Phyſician!

And

And now I hear a ſcore in union bawl.—
 " In cold contempt ſhall poor Piozzi ſigh?
" Miss Hannah More into oblivion fall?
 " Dear Mistress Montague neglected lie?

" Thoſe rich Corinthian pillars of our club,
 " Sink to the ground ſo vile, with duſt beſpread;
" Whilſt *he*, of motley poetry the Scrub,*
 " Erects, Coloſſus-like, his brazen head!

" Oh! let the ſcullion uſe his vapid book
 " Inſtead of diſhclouts, when her hands ſhe wipes!
" Oh! let the kindled leaves aſſiſt the cook,
 " And of old waſherwomen light the pipes!"

Thus in my condemnation they agree,
 The mighty cloud-*capp'd* PETTICOATED WISE;
Whilſt pleas'd (as conſcious of the juſt decree)
 In proud diſdain their ſnuff-clad noſes riſe!

The Miſſes ſad of elegy, my foes,
 Say my rude genius wants the genuine fire;
Bald half my rhymes, my verſes meaſur'd proſe:
 That bears would better touch the Muſe's lyre.

* The Poet here moſt fancifully alludeth to Mr. Scrub, the ſervant of all work, in Farquhar's play of the *Beaux Stratagem*.

The riddle and conundrum mongers cry,
  " Pſhaw! d-mn his Lyrics, Louſiads—d-mn 'em all:
" His ſtrength in *fields diarian* dares he try?
  " Soon would the Almanack record his fall!"

Thus with dread voice my enemies exclaim!
  Thus am I doom'd to gulp the bitter pill!
Themſelves, "*fair traders* of the Mount," they name;
  But *me* a *ſmuggler* on thy ſacred hill!

God of us Lyrics, ſhall I rouze my rhyme,
  Confound the gang, and vindicate my lay:
Or calmly leave them to devouring TIME,
  Who dineth on ſuch *witlings* every day?

A discontent, mingled with some grumbling, amongst the more enlightened members of the ROYAL SOCIETY, on account of Sir JOSEPH's non-communication of wisdom to the Royal Journals, spurred the Knight on at last (without the help of Balaam's Angel) to open his mouth.—He told an intimate friend that he had made a discovery that would astonish the World, enrich the Journals, and render himself immortal—with the most important confidence and philosophic solemnity, he affirmed that he was upon the very eve of proving what had never entered into the soul of man, viz. that Fleas were Lobsters—that JONAS DRYANDER was ordered to collect fifteen hundred Fleas, and boil them; which, if they changed to the fine crimson of the Lobster, would put the identity of the species beyond the possibility of doubt. At length the beds of the President were ransacked by his Flea crimp, honest JONAS—fifteen hundred of the hopping inhabitants were caught, and passed the dreadful ordeal of boiling water; with what success, O gentle Reader, the Ode will inform thee.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE BOILED FLEAS.

BLEST be the man who thought upon a college,
The market of all sorts of knowledge,
  Th' *emporium*, as we classic people say:
Nay, *he* upon *societies* who thought,
To learning's stock a deal of treasure brought,
  Dragging OBSCURITY so deep to day;

Making

Making the dame turn out her bag,
  Conceal'd beneath her inky cloak;
Examining the ſmalleſt rag,
  Blacken'd by TIME's moſt ſacred ſmoke;

To uſe a *ſimile* a little rough,
Stripping dame NATURE to her very *buff*;
Or, to be ſomwhat more in ſpeech refin'd,
By dint of pow'rs of eye and mind,
Enlight'ning what through darkneſs might eſcape;
Embroid'ring thus with ſilver ſpangles, crape.

The mention of ſocieties recalls
Of Somerſet * the lofty walls,
  The hive where fam'd Sir JOSEPH reigns Queen Bee;
Though men, to whom Sir JOSEPH is not known,
Moſt certainly muſt take him for a *drone*;
  Whoſe face, by ſloven NATURE's hard decree,
Seems form'd fair ladies pockets to alarm,
Rather than ſteal fair ladies hearts by *charm*.

Well! ſo much for Sir JOSEPH's face,
And eke about the hive-like place,
  Where fam'd Sir JOSEPH reigns Queen Bee:
And verily Queen Bee's a proper name;
For, Reader, know it is a royal dame,
  Who to her ſubjects iſſueth decree;

Sendeth

* The Royal Society hold their meetings there.

Sendeth her ſubjects eaſt and weſt,
To pitch on flowers and weeds the beſt,
And bring ſweet treaſure to the hive;
She keepeth, too, of gentlemen a band,
To ſay ſoft things and flatter, kiſs her hand,
Who eat the honey for ſuch deeds, and thrive.

Sir JOSEPH has his flatt'rers, too, in hand,
Who ſay ſoft things—yea, *very ſoft* indeed,
For which the gentle flatt'ring band
Gain butter'd toaſt, ſweet FLATT'RY's oily meed.

A *girl* for novelty where'er it lies,
In moſſes, fleas, or cockleſhells, or flies,
Sir JOSEPH ever ſeeks for ſomething new;
Of this, whene'er he ſits, he gravely talks,
Or whilſt he eats, or drinks, or runs, or walks,
Amidſt his royal and attendant crew.

ONE morning, at his houſe in Soho-Square,
As, with a ſolemn, awe-inſpiring air,
Amidſt ſome royal ſycophants he ſat;
Moſt manfully their maſticators uſing,
Moſt pleaſantly their greaſy mouths amuſing
With coffee, butter'd toaſt, and birds-neſt chat;

In JONAS DRYANDER, the fav'rite, came,
Who manufactures all Sir JOSEPH's fame—
" What luck?" Sir JOSEPH bawl'd—" ſay, Jonas, ſay."
" I've boil'd juſt fifteen hundred," JONAS whin'd;
" The dev'l a one change colour could I find."—
Intelligence creating dire diſmay!

Then JONAS curs'd, with many a wicked wiſh,
Then ſhow'd the ſtubborn fleas within the diſh.
" How!" roar'd the Preſident, and backward fell—
" There goes, then, my hypotheſis to hell!"—
And now his head in deep deſpair he ſhook;
Now clos'd his eyes; and now upon his breaſt,
He, mutt'ring, dropp'd his ſable beard unbleſt;
Now twirl'd his thumbs, and groan'd with piteous look.

Dread-ſtruck, ſat Aubert, Blagdon, Planta, Woide,
Whoſe jaw-bones in the mumbling trade employ'd,
Half open'd, gap'd, in ſudden *ſtupor* loſt;
Whilſt, from the mouth of ev'ry gaping man,
In mazy rill the cream-clad coffee ran,
Supporting dainty bits of butter'd toaſt.

Now gaining ſpeech, the paraſitic crowd
Leap'd up, and roar'd in uniſon aloud:
" Heav'ns!

"Heav'ns! what's the matter! dear Sir JOSEPH,
pray?"
Dumb to their queſtions the GREAT MAN remain'd:
The Knight, deep pond'ring, nought vouchſaf'd to ſay.
Again the *Gentlemen* their voices ſtrain'd:
Sudden the PRESIDENT OF FLIES, ſo ſad,
Strides round the room, with diſappointment mad,
Whilſt ev'ry eye enlarg'd with wonder rolls;
And now his head againſt the wainſcot leaning,
"Since you *muſt* know, *muſt* know (he ſigh'd) the
meaning,
"Fleas are not lobſters, d-mn their ſouls."*

* The author would not have ſo frequently taken the liberty of putting vulgariſms into the worthy Preſident's mouth, had he not previouſly known that Sir Joſeph was the moſt accompliſhed ſwearer of the Royal Society.

A

ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER;

OR, A

POETICAL ANSWER

TO THE

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

OF

MISTER PETER PINDAR.

ALSO THE

MANUSCRIPT ODES, SONGS, LETTERS, &c. &c.

OF

THE ABOVE MISTER PETER PINDAR,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

Sir, you lie!—I ſcorn your word,
Or any man's that wears a ſword.
For all you huff, who cares a t—d?
Or who cares for you! CATCH.

A

ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

LITTLE did I think that a man of my mild and peaceable diſpoſition, that would not hurt a cat, ſhould be forced out to battle: but ſuch is the audacity of the times—(*O tempora, ô mores!*) I have ventured forth to attack this Goliah of Ode and Impudence: and I hope, with God's aſſiſtance, like little David, to cut off his head. I communicated with my good friend Mr. WILLIAM HAYLEY, who is a conſtant communicant to my *Gentleman's Magazine*, both in verſe and proſe, that is to ſay, in rhyme and criticiſm; whom I may rightly term one of the great pillars of my *Gentleman's Magazine*, which every Gentleman in the kingdom, I hope, reads; which, if he doth not read, I hope he will read, as it is not only the greateſt favourite with our Moſt Gracious Sovereign, who is the greateſt Monarch upon earth, but alſo with his Nobles, who are men of judgment and learning; alſo with foreign parts, who tranſlate it conſtantly into their language: ſo that, if I may be permitted to verſify the praiſe of my monthly Publication (for indeed I muſt own I

have a great itch for poetry), I will do it in this poetical diſtich:

> My Magazine all magazines excels;
> And, what's ſtill better too for JOHN, it *ſells*.

I aſked Mr. HAYLEY, paying him the compliment firſt, if he would be the champion to encounter this great Mr. PETER PINDAR. To this, Mr. HAYLEY replied, after ſome heſitation, and pondering, and blowing his noſe in his handkerchief, that he did not much admire a public exhibition; that it would wear the aſpect of a bruiſing-match, too much like a ſet-to of *Johnſon* and *Big Ben*; but added that *I* might do it, if I thought proper. "But," ſays my good Friend, "I will privately attack him, under a fictitious ſignature,"—which he did indeed, and gave the audacious fellow many a good thump, in verſe and proſe. but this was only ſmall ſhot, with deference to Mr. HAYLEY; the grand artillery was reſerved for *me*.

Kind Reader, wilt thou permit me to ſay ſomething of myſelf, in ſimplicity and candour, before I go to work with this Caliban? When I firſt took the chair of criticiſm, I own that I trembled; for I am not aſhamed to confeſs, that ſo great was my ignorance, that when a correſpondent ſent me an account

of

of an ancient coin, I did not know a ſyllable about it —neither the meaning of *reverſe*, *exergue*, or *legend*: but now, thank God, I know every thing appertaining to *numiſmata*, if I may be indulged with a Latin expreſſion. Indeed the legends uſed to perplex me much, in as much as I expoſed myſelf greatly; for I am not aſhamed to confeſs my ignorance. I thought that AUG. upon a Roman medal, meant the month in which it was ſtruck off; and therefore I deemed it Auguſt: and G. P. R. which I now know to be *Genio Populi Romani*, I verily thought to be a coin ſtruck by one George Peter Richardſon. The figures of *Romulus* and *Remus* ſucking a ſhe-wolf, I took to be two children milking a cow. D. M., for *Diis Manibus*, I took to be David Martin, or Daniel Muſgrove. The half-word HEL, ſignifying *Heliopolis*, I imagined to be no other than the Houſe of Satan. JAN. CLU. that is to ſay, *Janum cluſit*, I took to be the name of a man. LUD. SÆC. F. I verily thought to be downright filthy, and bluſhed for the Romans: but, lo, I afterwards diſcovered it to be *Ludos ſæculares fecit*. COS. I thought to be Cos Lettuces, which only meaneth *Conſul*, M. F. Mr. Ford, which meaneth *Marci Filius*. N. C. (wouldſt thou think it, Reader?) I tranſlated Nincompoop; when, lo! it meaneth

 Nobiliſ-

Nobiliſſimus Cæſar. P. P. which ſignifieth *Pater Patriæ*, I thought might mean Peter Pounce, or Philip Pumpkin. R. P. I alſo thought might mean Robert Penruddock, or Ralph Pigwiggin, or any other name beginning with thoſe initials: but, lo, its true meaning I find to be *Reſpublica*, ſignifying, in Engliſh, the the Republic. Thus it will appear that I am not aſhamed to confeſs my error, which this enemy of mine dareth not.

TRIB. POT. which only meaneth *Tribunitia Poteſtate*, I actually imagined meant a tribe of Potatoes, and that the coin was ſtruck on account of a plentiful year of that fruit. S. P. Q. R. which meaneth only *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, unwiſely, yet funnily, did I make out to be Sam Paddon, a Queer Rogue; for as much as I was informed that the Romans ſtruck coins on every trifling occaſion. SCIP. AS. which ſignifieth no more than *Scipio Africanus*, I read literally Skip Aſs; but for why, I could not ſay:—ſuch was my ignorance.

Many were the impoſitions upon me:—rings for pigs noſes were ſent me for noſe-jewels worn by the Roman Ladies; a piece of oxycroceum, juſt made in a druggiſt's-ſhop, for the pitch that ſurrounded the

body

body of Julius Cæſar; a large brown jordan, for a lacrymatory; a broken old black ſugar-baſon, for a druid urn; a piece of a watchman's old lantern, for a Roman lamp. The wig of the famous Boerhave was alſo ſent me as a curioſity; the roguery of which I did not diſcover till an engraving of the wig was nearly finiſhed, coſting me upwards of thirty ſhillings:—for, lo! Reader, this great man never wore a wig in his life.—In my Obituary, too, I made great miſtakes, from impoſition; as I gave the deaths of many that were not dead, and others that never exiſted. Sometimes the wickedneſs of correſpondents were ſuch, that I have perpetuated the death of bull-dogs, greyhounds, maſtiffs, horſes, hogs, &c. in my Obituary, under an idea that they were people of conſequence. Indeed I have not ſtuck to the letter of my aſſertion at the head of my Obituary, that declares it to be a record of conſiderable perſons; for as much as I have ſometimes put a ſcavenger over a Member of Parliament, a pig-driver over a Biſhop, a lamp-lighter over an Alderman, and a chimney-ſweeper over a Duke: but as I was deſired by the friends of the deceaſed to do it, (for who is not ambitious?) and as I was paid for it too, (and who can withſtand a fee?) I have in ſome little meaſure diſgraced my

Journal, and forfeited my word.—My present antiquarian knowledge, gratitude maketh me confess that I owe it all to Mr. R. GOUGH, of Enfield, who some years ago was also an ignorant and illiterate gentleman, like myself,—but, by hard study, hath attained to his present perfection, as may be seen in our *Topographia Britannica*, which is not, as that arch-enemy PETER PINDAR hath asserted it to be, the idle production of a couple of fellows that want to make a fortune by a history of cobwalls, old chamberpots, and rusty nails. My friend Mr. GOUGH's zeal for the promotion of antiquarian knowledge cannot be better proved than by his running the risk of being well trounced, for borrowing one of KING EDWARD's fingers, as he lay exposed a few years since, in Westminster Abbey; which finger my friend gently slipped into his pocket; but, unfortunately, he was perceived by the Bishop of Rochester, who, to the disgrace of the antiquarian science, ordered poor Mr. GOUGH to be searched, and to restore the treasure. Had it not been for this impertinent and hawk-eyed attention of the Bishop, Sir JOSEPH AYLOFFE, and other antiquarians present at the opening of the Monarch's coffin,—such was the intrepidity of my antiquarian friend GOUGH, that he would have attempted the

head,

head, inſtead of a pitiful finger, as he had on a large watchman's coat for the purpoſe. Nor muſt I omit the zeal of my friend Sir JOSEPH BANKS on the occaſion; who, on hearing what was going on, and ſuſpecting that King Edward might have been lodged in pickle, galloped off with a gallon jug, in a hackney-coach, in order to fill it with the precious liquor, as a ſauce for his future Attic entertainments in Soho-ſquare: but unfortunately no pickle was found.

I confeſs that an impudent fellow ſent me for my Obituary the following, which was really printed off (but cancelled) before I was informed, by a friend, of the fallacy—to wit: " On Sunday night laſt, died " Mrs. MARGERY MOUSER, a widow-lady, beloved " in life, and lamented in death; ſhe was the only " daughter of ROGER GRIMALKIN, Eſq. of *Ratley*." —Ignorant, indeed, was I that it was an impoſition; for, gentle Reader, it was a dead cat!—Many a good cuſtomer have I gained by my Obituary, who liked to ſee themſelves dead in my Magazine—I mean their relations liked to ſee their deaths diſplayed in a work of ſo much reſpectability as mine. But enough of myſelf, and now for Maſter PETER.

In the fullneſs of my paſſion, I at firſt ſet me down, and ſaid to myſelf, *Facit indignatio verſus*—when, behold! in leſs than two hours I knocked off the following Poem. Some time after, however, after a deal of deep thought on the ſubject, it ſtruck me that I might fight this Poet PETER againſt himſelf; make him, like ſome game-cocks, cut his own throat with his own ſpurs. Accordingly I ſet about it, and collected, from every quarter, his manuſcript verſes of every denomination; ſome written in Cornwall, others in Devon, others in the Weſt-Indies, others in Bath, others in London; as alſo ſome of his Letters, particularly thoſe to the KING of the MOSQUITOES, who was ſent for by the Governor of Jamaica, ſoon after that Gentleman arrived at his government. I have alſo collected ſome of his Obſervations, and Sayings, and Speeches:—I may verily ſay, Obſervations on men and manners, without any manners at all; or, in plainer phraſe, much ill manners. PETER muſt not complain of my ſhowing him no mercy by this publication, as he is the moſt mercileſs Mohawk that ever ſcalped.

—— Nec lex eſt juſtior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire ſuâ.

A

POETICAL ANSWER

TO

MISTER PETER PINDAR'S

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE TO JOHN NICHOLS.

O SON of wicked Satan, with a ſoul
Hot as his hell, and blacker than his coal!
Thou falſe, thou foul-mouth'd cenſurer of the times,
I do not care three ſtraws for all thy rhymes.
Thy wit is blunter than old worn-out ſheers:
I'll make a riddle with thee for thy ears;
Write any ſort of verſe, thou bluſt'ring blade!
Egad! I'll ſay, like KECKSY, "Who's afraid?"—
Thank God, I've talk'd to greater folks than thee:
In that I will not yield to any HE;
No, not to any HE that wears a head—
Again I'll ſay, like KECKSY, "Who's afraid?"—
Thank God, whene'er I wiſh like Kings to fare,
I go, unaſk'd, and dine with my Lord May'r.

But

But thou, who aſks thee, varlet! to their houſes?
Fear'd by the huſbands, dreaded by the ſpouſes.
May God Almighty hear what now I ſpeak!—
Some Aldermen would gladly break thy neck.
Thou tell'ſt us thou haſt ſtruck thy lyre to Kings—
Yes, faith, and ſounded very pretty things.
Thou blockhead, *thou* pretend to think thy rhymes
Shall live to ſee the days of after-times!
Fool, to pretend on ſubjects great to ſhine,
Or e'en to Printers Dev'ls to tune the line!
Sir, let me humbly beg you to be civil—
Thou know'ſt not that I was a Printer's Dev'l:
So, Sir, your ſatire wants the pow'r to drub,
In thus comparing NICHOLS to a grub.
Whate'er thou ſay'ſt, I'm not of vengeance full,
Nor did I ever bellow like a bull:
And grant I am a bull, I ſha'n't ſuppoſe
A cur like *thee* can nail me by the noſe.
Thou lieſt when thou ſayeſt, like a top,
With anger rais'd, I ſpinn'd about my ſhop:
Nor did I ever, madden'd by thy ſtripes,
Thou prince of liars, kick about my types.
Books have I written, books I ſtill will write,
And give, I hope, to gentlefolks delight:

With

With charming print, and copper-plates ſo fine,
Whoſe magazine goes off ſo well as mine?
Who, pray, like *me*, the page ſo fond of filling?
Who gives more curious matter for a ſhilling?
England's firſt geniuses I keep in pay;
Much proſe I buy, and many a poet's lay:
The ſilk-worm, HAYLEY, ſpins me heaps of verſe;
And GOUGH, antiquities exceeding ſcarce:
Great HORACE WALPOLE too, with ſweet good-will,
Sends me choice anecdotes from Strawb'ry-Hill:
Miſs SEWARD, Miſtreſs YEARDSLEY, and Miſs MORE,
Of lines (dear women!) ſend me many a ſcore.
Theſe are the nymphs at whom thine envy rails—
Fool! of their gowns not fit to hold the tails—
Theſe are the men, of proſe and verſe the knights,
With genius flaſhing, like the northern lights;
Theſe are the men whoſe works immortal ſhow
The man of literature from top to toe.
But thou'rt a wen—a blue, black, bloated tumour,
Without one ſingle grain of wit or humour:
Thy Muſe to all ſo conſequential ſtruts,
As if all Helicon were in her guts;
A fiſh-drab—a poor, naſty, ragged thing,
Who never dipp'd her muzzle in the ſpring.

'Thou

Thou think'ſt thyſelf on Pegaſus ſo ſteady;
But, PETER, thou art mounted on a *Neddy:*
Or, in the London phraſe—thou Dev'nſhire Monkey,
Thy Pegaſus is nothing but a Donkey.
I own, my vanity it well may raiſe,
To find ſo many gaping for my praiſe;
Who ſend ſuch flatt'ring things as ne'er were ſeen,
To get well varniſh'd in my Magazine:
Indeed I often do indulge the elves,
And ſuffer authors to commend *themſelves*;
Wits of *themſelves* can write with happieſt ſpirit,
And men are judges of their proper merit.
Lumps have I giv'n them too of beef and pudding,
That helps a hungry genius in its ſtudying;
And humming porter, when their Muſe was dry—
For this be glory unto God on high!
And not to *me*, who did not make the pudding,
Nor beef, aſſiſting genius in its ſtudying.
To authors, yes, I've giv'n both boil'd and roaſt,
And many a time a tankard with a toaſt—
But God forbid, indeed, that I ſhoul boaſt!
And halfpence too, and ſixpences, ecod!
But boaſt avaunt!—the glory be to God!
To Bards, good ſhoes and ſtockings I have giv'n—
But not to *me* the glory, but to Heav'n!

Yes, yes, I ſee how much it ſwells thy ſpleen,
That I'm head Maſter of the Magazine;
Who let no author ſee the houſe of FAME,
Before he gets a paſſport in *my* name.
Art thou a Doctor? Yes, of *thinning* ſkill;
For thouſands have been poiſon'd by thy pill.
But let my ſoul be calm:—it ſha'n't be ſaid
I fear thee, O thou Monſter!—"Who's afraid?"
What though I know ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek,
Good ſterling Engliſh I can write and ſpeak:
Yet thouſands, who preſume to be my betters,
Can't ſpell their names, and ſcarcely know their letters.
Belike, the curious world would hear with joy
What trade I was deſign'd for, when a boy:
" A barber or a taylor," ſaid my mother—
" No," cry'd my father, " neither one nor t'other;
" A ſoldier, a rough ſoldier, JOHN ſhall wander,
" Pull down the French, and fight like ALEXANDER."
But unto *letters* was I always ſquinting,
So aſk'd my daddy's leave to ſtudy Printing;
And got myſelf to uncle BOWYER'S ſhop,
Where, when it pleas'd the Lord that he ſhould drop,
The trade and good-will of the ſhop was mine;
Where, without vanity, I think I *ſhine*;

And

And where, thank God, in ſpite of dull abuſe,
I'm warm, and married, and can boil my gooſe.
And had I been to ſwords and muſkets bred,
P'rhaps I had ſhin'd a CÆSAR, or the SWEDE:
Hadſt thou a ſoldier been, thou ſorry mummer,
Thy rank had never roſe above a drummer.
How dar'ſt thou ſay, that ſhould His ROYAL HIGHNESS
(A Prince renown'd for modeſty and ſhyneſs)
Be Generaliſſimo of all our forces,
A jack-aſs's old back, and not a horſe's,
Should carry the good Prince into the field,
Whoſe arm a broomſtick, for a ſtaff, ſhould wield,
That very, very broomſtick which his wife
Oft us'd to finiſh matrimonial ſtriſe?
Why doſt not praiſe the virtues of the *Queen*,
As great in ſoul, as noble in her mien,
Whoſe virtues make the ſoul of ENVY ſick,
Strong as her ſnuff, and as her di'monds thick?—
But wherefore this to PETER do I ſay?
Owls love the dark, and therefore loath the day.
The K... as wiſe a man as man can be;*
The Q... ſo mild, who cannot kill a flea;
Brave GLO'STER'S Highneſs, and his ſober wife,
Who lead the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt, calmeſt life;

RICH-

* The Duke of G.

RICHMOND and LEEDS, each Duke a firſt-rate ſtar,
One fam'd for politics, and one for war;
The open HAWKSB'RY, ſtranger to all guile,
Who never of a ſixpence robb'd our iſle;
The modeſt PITT, the Joſeph of the day,
Who never with lewd women went aſtray;
And many others, that I ſoon could mention,
Are much oblig'd, indeed, to thy invention!
But where's the oak thar never feels a blaſt?
Or ſun, at times that is not overcaſt?
Alas! e'en people dreſt in gold and ermine
May feel at times the bites of naſty vermin:
And when thou dar'ſt great Quality attack,
What art thou but a bug upon their back?
What harm, pray, hath my friend Sir JOSEPH done,
So good, and yet the ſubject of thy fun?
Juſt in his ways to women and to men—
Indeed he ſwears a little now and then.
Behold! his breakfaſts ſhine with reputation!
His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
With theſe he treats both commoners and quality,
Who praiſe, where'er they go, his hoſpitality:
Ev'n from the north and ſouth, and weſt and eaſt,
Men ſend him ſhell, and butterfly, and beaſt.

Sir William Hamilton ſends gods and mugs;
And, for his feaſt, a ſow's moſt dainty dugs.
And ſhall ſuch mob as *thou*, not worth a groat,
Dare pick a hole in ſuch a great Man's coat?
Whenever at St. James's he is ſeen,
Is not he ſpoke to by the King and Queen?
And don't the Lords at once about him preſs,
And, like his Sov'reigns, much regard profeſs?
Tell him they'll come one day to him and dine,
Behold his rarities, and taſte his wine?
Such are the honours, to delight the ſoul,
On which thy longing eyeballs vainly roll:
Such are the honours that his heart muſt flatter,
On which thy old dog's-mouth in vain may water.
Whether in Dev'nſhire thou haſt got a houſe,
I value not three capers of a louſe;
Whether in Cornwall thou a hut haſt got,
And, at elections only, boil'ſt thy pot;
Whether a Doctor, Devil, or a Friar,
I know not—but I know thou art a *liar*.
Whene'er I die, I hope that I ſhall read
This honeſt epitaph upon my head:—
" Here lies John's body; but his ſoul is ſeen
" In that fam'd work, the Ge'mman's Magazine:

" Brave,

"Brave, yet poſſeſs'd of all the *ſofter* feelings;
"Succeſsful with the Muſes in his dealings;
"Mild, yet in virtue's cauſe as quick as tinder—
"Who never car'd one f—ig for PETER PINDAR."

Mr. PETER PINDAR's Apology for the variety of entertainment in his pretty Poetical Olio, is the firſt thing I ſhall preſent to the Public.

PETER'S APOLOGY.

LADIES, I keep a rhyme-ſhop—mine's a trade;
I ſell to old and young, to man and maid:
  All cuſtomers muſt be oblig'd; and no man
Wiſhes more univerſally to pleaſe:
  I'd really crawl upon my hands and knees,
T' oblige—particularly lovely woman.

Yet ſome, (the devil take ſuch virtuous times!)
Faſtidious, pick a quarrel with my rhymes,
  And beg I'd only deal in love-ſick ſonnet—
How eaſy to bid others ceaſe to feed!
On beauty I can quickly *die* indeed,
  But, truſt me, can't *live long* upon it.

If there is not a deal of impudent *double-entendre* in this Sonnet, I do not know what purity meaneth— Sweetly wrapped up indeed, 'Squire PINDAR!

Inftead of a formal commentary on *every* compofition, I fhall make fhort work with them, by giving them their true character in a few words, as for example:

Impudence, Egotifm, and Conceit.



The expulfion of a moft excellent fet of Players from Kingfbridge in Devonfhire, with the afylum offered them by the Author's Barn in an adjoining parifh, is the foundation of the following Ode.

ODE TO MY BARN.

SWEET haunt of folitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls, and purring cats;
Who, whilft we mortals fleep, the gloom pervade,
And wifh not for the fun's all-feeing eye,
Your moufing myfteries to fpy;
Bleft, like philofophers, amidft the fhade;

When

When PERSECUTION, with an iron hand,
Dar'd drive the moral-menders from the land,
  Call'd Players—friendly to the wand'ring crew,
Thine eye with tears ſurvey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms receiv'd the mournful throng—
  Kings without ſhirts, and Queens with half a ſhoe.

Alas! what dangers gloom'd of late around!
Monarchs and Queens with halters nearly bound—
  Duke, Dukeling, Princeſs, Prince, conſign'd to jail!
And, what the very ſoul of PITY ſhocks,
The poor old LEAR was threaten'd with the ſtocks,
  CORDELIA with the cart's unfeeling tail.

Still cheriſh ſuch rare royalty forlorn—
A GARRICK in thy boſom may be born;
  A SIDDONS too, of future fair renown:
For LOVE is not a ſqueamiſh God, they ſay;
As pleas'd to ſee his rites perform'd on hay,
  As on the gooſe's ſoft and yielding down.

The ſame impudence, egotiſm, and conceit as in the firſt Ode.

TO MY BARN.

BY Lacedæmon men attack'd,
When Thebes, in days of yore, was ſack'd,
And nought the fury of the troops could hinder;
What's true, yet marv'lous to rehearſe,
So well the common ſoldiers reliſh'd verſe,
They ſcorn'd to burn the dwelling-houſe of PINDAR.

With awe did ALEXANDER view
The houſe of my great couſin, too,
And, gazing on the building, thus he ſigh'd—
" General PARMENIO, mark that houſe before ye!
" That lodging tells a melancholy ſtory!
" There PINDAR liv'd (great Bard!) and there he died.

" The King of Syracuſe, all nations know it,
" Was celebrated by this lofty Poet,
" And made immortal by his ſtrains:
" Ah! could I find like *him* a bard, to ſing me;
" Would any man, like *him* a poet bring me;
" I'd give him a good penſion for his pains.

" But

" But, ah! Parmenio, 'mongſt the ſons of men,
" This world will never ſee his like agen;
" The greateſt bard that ever breath'd is dead!
" General Parmenio, what think *you?*"—
" Indeed 'tis true, my liege, 'tis very true,"
Parmenio cry'd, and, ſighing, ſhook his head:

Then from his pocket took a knife ſo nice,
With which he chipp'd his cheeſe and onions,
And from a rafter cut a handſome ſlice,
To make rare toothpicks for the Macedonians;
Juſt like the toothpicks which we ſee
At Stratford made, from Shakeſpear's mulb'ry-tree.

What pity that the 'ſquire and knight
Knew not to *prophecy* as well as *fight*;
Then had they known the *future* men of metre;
Then had the General and the Monarch ſpy'd,
In Fate's fair book, our nation's equal pride,
That very Pindar's couſin Peter!

Daughter of thatch, and ſtone, and mud,
When I (no longer fleſh and blood)

Shall join of lyric bards ſome half-a-dozen;
Meed of high worth, and, 'midſt th' Elyſian plains,
To Horace and Alcæus read my ſtrains,
Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old couſin;

On *thee* ſhall riſing generations ſtare,
That come to Kingſbridge and to Dodbrook Fair:*
For ſuch thy hiſtory, and mine ſhall learn;
Like ALEXANDER ſhall they ev'ry one
Heave the deep ſigh, and ſay, "Since PETER's gone,
"With rev'rence let us look upon his Barn."

* Held annually at thoſe places.

The

The following Ode of Mr. PINDAR's is what rhetoricians would call ironical. The leading feature ſeems to be impudence.

ODE TO AFFECTATION.

NYMPH of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
And liſping tongue ſo ſoft, and head awry,
  And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aſpin made;
Who were thy parents, bluſhful Virgin! ſay—
Perchance DAME FOLLY gave thee to the day,
  With GAFFER IGNORANCE's aid.

Say, Virgin, where doſt thou delight to dwell?
With Maids of Honour, ſtartful Virgin? tell—
  For I have heard a deal of each fair MISS;
How wicked LORDS have whiſper'd wicked things
Beneath the noſes of *good* Queens and Kings,
  And ſigh'd for pleaſures far beyond a *kiſs!*

Great is thy delicacy, dainty Maid;
  At ſlighteſt things, thy cheek with crimſon glows:
Say, art thou not aſham'd, abaſh'd, afraid,
  Whene'er thou ſtealeſt forth to *pluck a roſe?*

Or haſt thou loſt, O Nymph, thy pretty gall;
So never pluckeſt any roſe at all?

I'm told, thou keepeſt not a ſingle male;
  Nothing but females, at thy board to cram;
That no he-lapdog near thee wags his tail,
  Nor cat by vulgar people call'd a *ram*.

I've heard too, that if e'er, by dire mishap,
  Some raviſhers ſhould make thy fav'rites wh—s,
Staring as ſtricken by a thunder-clap,
  Thy modeſty hath kick'd them out of doors.

'Tis ſaid, when wag-tails thou behold'ſt, and doves,
And ſparrows buſy with their feather'd loves;
  Lord! thou haſt trembled at their wicked tricks;
And, ſnatching up thy bluſh-concealing fan,
As if it were a lady and a man,
  Haſt only peep'd upon them through the *ſticks*.

And yet ſo variouſly thou'rt ſaid to act,
That I have heard it utter'd for a fact,

That often on old Thames's ſunny banks,
Where ſtriplings ſwim, with wanton pranks,

On

On bladders ſome outſtretch'd, and ſome on corks;
Thou ſquinting, moſt *indiff'rent* girl, art ſeen,
In contemplation of each youthful ſkin,
Admiring God Almighty's handy-works.

I'm told, thou wilt not meddle with *cod's* head;
Nor *giblets* taſte, nor innocent *lamb's-fry*—
This is a very ſtrange affair indeed!
I wonder, ſqueamiſh MAID, the reaſon why!

Some men have got *ſtrange names*, that raiſe thy *bluſh!*
(Pity a *name* ſhould ſo diſturb thy cheek!)
Then doſt thou, ſimpering, beat about the buſh,
When to thoſe men thou art inclin'd to ſpeak.

At length thou biddeſt SUSAN (with ſweet ſhame)
" Go fetch the fellow with the *filthy name*."

I've heard, that breeches, petticoats, and ſmock,
Give to thy modeſt mind a grievous ſhock;
And that thy brain (ſo lucky its device)
Chriſt'neth them *inexpreſſibles*, ſo nice!

Prim Maid, thou art no fav'rite with the world:
I hear the direſt curſes on thee hurl'd!

Sorry

Sorry am I, ſo ill thy manners ſuit:
'Tis ſaid, that if a mouſe appear to view,
We hear a formidable ſcreech enſue,
As if it were ſome huge devouring brute;

And if beneath thy petticoat he run,
Thou belloweſt as if thou wert undone,
And kickeſt at a cow-like rate, poor ſoul!
When, if thou wert to be a little quiet,
And not diſturb the nibbler by a riot,
The mouſe would go into his *proper* hole.

I've heard it ſworn to, Nymph, that in the ſtreets,
When running, dancing, capering at thy ſide,
Thy Chloe other dogs ſo brazen meets,
That, wriggling, aſk thy bitch to be their bride,
Quick haſt thou caught up Chloe in thy arms,
From violation to preſerve her charms;

And, bouncing wildly from the view
Of thoſe ſame ſaucy canine crew,
Haſt op'd ſo loud and tunefully thy throat,
(Seeming as thou hadſt learnt to ſcream by note)
Loud as the Sabine girls that try'd to 'ſcape
The ſpeechleſs horrors of a Roman rape.

No

No novels readeſt thou, O Nymph, *in ſight*;
And yet again I'm told that ev'ry night,
In *ſecret*, thou art much inclin'd to doat
On rhymes that ROCHESTER ſo warmly wrote.

Oft doſt thou wonder how thy ſex, ſo ſweet,
Can fellows, thoſe great two-legg'd monſters, meet,
And ſwoon not at each Caliban;
And wonder how thy ſex can fancy bliſſes
Contain'd within the black rough-bearded kiſſes
Of ſuch a horrid bear-like thing as man.

Thy morals, virtuous Maiden, are ſo chaſte,
I'm told, that e'en for all the mint
No *man* ſhould ever take thee round the waiſt,
And on thy lips a ſaucy kiſs imprint!

Inform me, is it ſo, moſt dainty maid?
Are thy two lips of kiſſes thus afraid?

'Tis alſo ſaid, that if a flea at night,
Pert rogue, hath dar'd thy luſcious lip to bite,
Or point his ſnout into thy ſnowy breaſt,
At once the houſe hath been alarm'd—the maids
Call'd idle, naſty, good-for-nothing jades;
Who, Eve-like, ruſhing to thy room, undreſt,

Have thought ſome ſecret raviſher ſo dread,
On Love's delicious viands to be fed,
Had ſeiz'd thee, to obtain forbidden joys;
Which *had he* done, a moſt audacious thief,
Of ev'ry maid it was the firm belief
Thou wouldſt not, Nymph, have made a greater noiſe.

And yet 'tis ſaid, again, O Nymph ſo bright,
Thou ſleep'ſt with John the coachman ev'ry night—
Vile tales! invented to deſtroy thy fame;
For, wert thou, fearful Laſs, this inſtant married,
At night, thy modeſt cheek would burn with ſhame,
Nor wouldſt thou *go*, but to the bed be *carried*:

There, when thy Strephon ruſh'd, in white array'd,
To claſp with kiſſes ſweet his white-ſtol'd maid,
And riot in the luxury of charms;
Flat as a flounder, ſeeing, hearing gone—
Mute as a fiſh, and fairly turn'd to ſtone—
O Damſel! thou wouldſt *die* within his arms.

More impudence, with a lick at one of the Ten Commandments. He talks too of his paſſions as having left him—I do not believe a word on't: all PETER's colt's-teeth are not yet gone—Oh, that I had the drawing them! Oh, that my pincers could get amongſt them! the world ſhould then ſee him make up many a pretty wry face. "*Pretty,*" did I ſay? not *pretty* neither, for the fellow is as ugly as ſin.—Oh, that I had him, like the types for my magazine, in my printing-preſs! I would give his bones a moſt glorious ſqueeze! But he is a liar, and I can prove it, for he *keeps* a girl at this moment; and a *beautiful* girl too, that he makes verſes upon—but it is VULCAN and VENUS. The Jack-aſs, perhaps, wants a bunch of nettles, I ſuppoſe, for his MUSE; ſomething *extraordinary*, to give a fillip to his languid inſpirations.

TO FORTUNE.

SAD loit'ring FORTUNE, thou art come too late:
  Ah! wherefore give me not thy ſmiles before;
  When all my youthful paſſions in a roar,
Rare hunters, fearleſs leap'd each five-bar gate?

Unknown

Unknown by thee, how often did I meet
The lovelieſt forms of nature in the ſtreet,
The fair, the black, and laſting brown!
And, while their charms enraptur'd I ſurvey'd,
This pretty legend on their lips I read—
" Kiſſes, O gentle ſhepherd, for a crown."

How oft I look'd, and ſigh'd, and look'd agen,
Upon the ſmiling Loves of ev'ry PHILLIS!
How wiſh'd myſelf a cock, and her a hen,
To crop at once her roſes and her lilies!
Not only *gratis*, but with perfect eaſe—
Without ſo much as, " Madam, if you pleaſe."

" At Otaheité," I have ſaid with tears,
" No gentleman a jail ſo horrid fears
" For taking loving liberties with laſſes:
" Soon as they heard how LOVE in England far'd,
" The glorious Otaheitans all were ſcar'd,
" And call'd us Engliſhmen a pack of aſſes.

" But they, indeed, are heathens—have no ſouls,
" But ſuch as muſt be fried on burning coals;

" But

" But I'm a *Chriſtian*, and abhor a rape:
" Yet if a laſs would *ſell* her lean and fat,
" I'm not ſo great an enemy to *that*—
" Though *that* might whelp a little kind of ſcrape;
" Since 'tis believ'd e'en *ſimple fornication*
" May ſtep between a man and his ſalvation."

Damn'd FORTUNE! thus to make the Poet groan;
To offer *now*, forſooth, thy ſhining pieces;
For *now* my paſſions nearly all are flown,
Departed to my nephews and my nieces!

Here, indignant Reader, is impudence with a vengeance! When *certain ſacred parts* of our moſt glorious ROYAL FAMILY determined in their great wiſdoms and anger to quit ungrateful England, what does this foul-mouthed Poet do, but give them a farewell laugh in verſe, when it ſhould have been the moſt lamentable elegy—*flebile carmen!* But PETER PINDAR is a *Caliban*. I do not believe that ever he cried in his life, excepting when he was flogged at ſchool—*Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens*—I wiſh

I could

I could add too, *cui lumen ademptum*; for his eyes are hunting for nothing but deformity: let him look in the glaſs then, and he will ſpy a ſufficient maſs; or open his brain-box, and he will there find a rare cargo.



ODE TO MADAM SCHW—G AND CO.

ON THEIR INTENDED VOYAGE TO GERMANY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1789.

WE wiſh you a good voyage to that ſhore
Where all your friends are impudent and poor:
  Oblige us, Madam—don't again come over—
To uſe a cant phraſe, we've been *finely fobb'd*,
Indeed have very dext'rouſly been robb'd—
  You've liv'd juſt eight and twenty years in clover.

Pray let us breathe a little—be ſo good;
We cannot ſpare ſuch quantities of blood:
  At leaſt for ſome ten years, pray croſs the main;
Then, cruel, ſhould ye think upon returning,
To put us Britons all in ſecond mourning,
  We may ſupport phlebotomy again.

To you and your lean gang we owe th' Excife:
PITT cannot any other fcheme devife,
   To pay the nation's debt, and fill your purfes.
With great refpect I here affure you, Ma'am,
Your name our common people loudly damn;
   Genteeler folks attack with filent curfes.

Madam, can *you* fpeak Latin?—No, not much—
I think you principally fpew * High-Dutch:
   But did you Latin underftand, (God blefs it)
I'd offer up the pithieft, prettieft line
Unto your Avarice's facred fhrine—
   " *Crefcit amor nummi quantum ipfa pecunia crefcit.*"

The which tranflation of this Latin line
Is this—' Alas! that maw profound of thine
   ' May like the ftomach of a whale be reckon'd:
' Throw into it the nation's treafury,
' But for a minute it will pleafure ye;
   ' That gullet would be gaping for a fecond.'

 Madam,

* The author thinks the expreffion, though a dirty one, more defcriptive than any other of the guttural German; and therefore choofes not to facrifice truth to a little *bienféance*.

Madam, we wifh you a long, long adieu—
Good riddance of the fnuff and di'mond crew!
  Your abfence, all, alone the State relieves;
For, hungry Ladies, as I'm here alive,
A houfe can never hope to thrive,
  That harboureth a neft of thieves.

An infupportable apology for keeping Miftreffes, and a laugh at that moft refpectable ftate, Matrimony.

O D E.

THAT I have often been in love, deep love,
A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove.
  By marriage never have I been disjointed;
For matrimony deals prodigious blows:
And yet for this fame ftormy ftate, God knows,
  I've groan'd—and, thank my ftars, been difappointed.

With

With Love's dear paſſion will I never war:
  Let ev'ry man for ever be in love,
E'en if he beats, in age, old Par:
  'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
It bids the blood with briſker motion ſtart,
Thawing Time's icicles around his heart.

Wedlock's a ſaucy, ſad, familiar ſtate,
Where folks are very apt to ſcold and hate:
Love keeps a *modeſt* diſtance, is divine,
Obliging, and ſays ev'ry thing that's fine.

Love writes ſweet ſonnets, deals in tender matter:
Marriage, in epigram ſo keen, and ſatire:
  Love ſeeketh always to oblige the fair;
Full of kind wiſhes, and exalted hope:
  Marriage deſires to ſee her in the air,
Suſpended, at the bottom of a rope.

Love wiſhes, in the vale or on the down,
To give his dear, dear idol a green gown:
Marriage, the brute, ſo ſnappiſh and ill-bred,
Can kick his ſighing turtle out of bed;
Turns bluffly from the charms that taſte adores,
Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and ſnores.

Wedlock at firſt, indeed, is vaſtly pleaſant;
A very ſhowy bird, a fine cock-pheaſant:
By time, it changeth to a diff'rent fowl;
Sometimes a cuckoo, oft'ner a horn-owl.

Wedlock's a lock, however, large and thick,
Which ev'ry raſcal has a key to pick.

O Love! for heav'n's ſake, never leave my heart:
No! thou and I will never, never part:
Go, Wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety, and ſigh for chains.



A bare-faced apology for leaving a loving wiſe.

TO CHLOE.

AN APOLOGY FOR GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

CHLOE, we muſt not always be in heav'n,
 For ever toying, ogling, kiſſing, billing;
The joys for which I thouſands would have giv'n,
 Will preſently be ſcarcely worth a ſhilling.

Thy

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine ſnows;
And, ſweetly ſwelling, beats the down of doves;
Thy cheek of health, a rival to the roſe;
Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the LOVES!
Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expreſſion,
That beauty fadeth by too much poſſeſſion.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
Much like economy in worldly matter:
We ſhould be prudent, never live too faſt;
Profuſion will not, cannot always laſt.

Lovers are really ſpendthrifts—'tis a ſhame:
Nothing their thoughtleſs, wild career can tame,
Till pen'ry ſtares them in the face;
And when they find an empty purſe,
Grown calmer, wiſer, how the fault they curſe,
And, limping, look with ſuch a ſneaking grace!
Job's war-horſe fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
Sunk to a humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant roſe—
Smell twenty times—and then, my dear, thy noſe
Will tell thee (not ſo much for ſcent athirſt)
The twentieth drank leſs flavour than the *firſt*.

LOVE, doubtleſs, is the ſweeteſt of all fellows;
Yet often ſhould the little God retire—
Abſence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
That keeps alive the ſacred fire.

In the ſame impudently ironical ſtyle,

ODE TO LAÏS.

O NYMPH with all the luxury of ſkin,
Pea-bloom breath, and dimpled chin;
Roſe cheek, and eyes that beat the blackeſt ſloe;
With flaxen ringlets thy ſoft boſom ſhading,
So white, ſo plump, ſo luſciouſly-perſuading;
And lips that none but mouths of Cherubs know!

Oh, leering, lure me not to Charlotte-ſtreet,
That too, too fair, ſeducing form to meet;
Warm, unattir'd, and breathing rich delight;
Where thou wilt practiſe ev'ry roguiſh art,
To bid my ſpirits all unbridled ſtart,
Run off with me full tilt, and ſteal my ſight.

Then

Then ſhall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
And die, yes, die perhaps upon my face!

Ah! ceaſe to turn, and look, and leer, and ſmile,
My too imprudent ſenſes to beguile!
  Ah! keep that taper leg ſo tempting from me,
Ah! form'd to foil a Phidias's art;
So much unlike that leg in ev'ry part
  By me abhorr'd indeed, and chriſten'd *gummy*.

In vain I turn around to run away:
Thine eyes, thoſe baſiliſks, command my ſtay:
  Whilſt through its gauze thy ſnowy boſom peeping,
Seems to that rogue intrepreter, my eye,
To heave a ſoft, deſponding, tender ſigh—
  Like goſſamer, my thoughts of goodneſs ſweeping.

Pity my dear religion's dread debility,
And hide thoſe orbs of ſweet inflammability!
Abound, I ſay, abound in grace, my feet;
And do not follow her to Charlotte-ſtreet.

Alas! alas! you have no grace, I ſee,
But wiſh to carry off poor ſtruggling *me*;

Yes, the wild bed of Beauty wiſh to ſeek!
Yet, if ye do—to make your two hearts ake,
A ſweet, a ſweet revenge I mean to take;
For, curſe me me if you ſhall not ſtay a week.

Yet let me not thus pond'ring, gaping, ſtand;
But, lo! I am not at my own command:
Bed, boſom, kiſs, embraces, ſtorm my brains,
And, lawleſs tyrants, bind my will in chains.
O lovely Laſs! too pow'rful are thy charms,
And faſcination dwells within thy arms.

The Paſſions join the fierce invading hoſt;
And I and VIRTUE are o'erwhelm'd and loſt:
Paſſions that in a martingal ſhould move;
Wild horſes, looſen'd by the hands of LOVE.

I'm off—alas! unworthy to be ſeen—
The BARD, and VIRTUE a poor captive Queen!
O LAÏS, ſhould our deeds to *ſins* amount,
Juſt Heav'n will place them all to *thy* account.

The following Stanza, on the death of Lady MOUNT E——'s favourite Pig CUPID, is verily exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence.

A CONSOLATORY STANZA

TO LADY MOUNT E——,

ON THE DEATH OF HER PIG CUPID.

O DRY that tear, ſo round and big;
 Nor waſte in ſighs your precious wind!
Death only takes a ſingle Pig—
 Your Lord and Son are ſtill behind.

Super-

Superlatively impudent, and, I hope, untrue; ſent me two days after my publication of my *Queen Elizabeth's Progreſſes*, one of which is now actually in His Majeſty's glorious Library at Buckingham-Houſe.



TO MR. J. NICHOLS,

ON HIS

HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

JOHN, though it aſks no ſubtilty of brain
  To write QUEEN BESS's Progreſs though the land;
Excuſe the freedom, if I dare maintain
  The theme too high for *thee* to take in hand.

On VANITY's damn'd rock what thouſands ſplit!
  Thou ſhouldſt have labour'd on ſome humbler [matter;
On ſomewhat on a level with thy wit—
  For inſtance—when Her Majeſty made w——,

To

To ſhow that I can be candid, even to people of no candour, I ſhall conclude this Firſt Part with a few Songs that are not totally deſtitute of merit.

TO DELIA.

WHILE poets pour their happieſt lays,
And call thee ev'ry thing divine;
Not quite ſo laviſh in thy praiſe,
To *cenſure* be the province mine.

Though born with talents to ſurpriſe,
Thou ſeldom doſt thoſe pow'rs diſplay:
Thus ſeem they trifling in thine eyes!
Thus heav'n's beſt gifts are thrown away!

Though rich in charms, thou know'ſt it not;
Such is thine ignorance profound:
And then ſuch cruelty thy lot,
Thy ſweeteſt ſmile inflicts a *wound*.

To

TO FORTUNE.

YES, FORTUNE, I have ſought thee long,
Invok'd thee oft, in proſe and ſong;
Through half Old England woo'd thee;
Through ſeas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning ſands:
But, ah! in vain purſu'd thee!

Now, FORTUNE, thou wouldſt fain be kind;
And now I'll plainly ſpeak my mind—
I care not ſtraws about thee:
For DELIA's hand alone I toil'd;
Unbrib'd by wealth, the Nymph has ſmil'd;
And bliſs is ours without thee.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, a thouſand charms are thine,
That give my heart the conſtant ſigh!
Ah! wherefore let thy Poet pine,
Who canſt with eaſe his wants ſupply?

Oh,

Oh, haſte, thy charity diſplay;
With *little* I'll contented be:
The kiſſes which thou throw'ſt away
Upon thy *dog*, will do for *me*.

I cannot, however, conclude this Firſt Part of Mr. PETER's lucubrations without a ſevere reprehenſion of his want of loyalty, as well as want of reſpect, for that firſt of Courts, ST. JAMES'S; and, moreover, to prove that diſloyalty and diſreſpect, I give the following Ode, which he, with all his impudence, dares not deny that he wrote. I ſuppoſe that it was hatched in the *laſt* reign, ſince it is impoſſible that it ſhould be in the *preſent*. One word more with him—Should his inſolence mean his *preſent* MAJESTY, he is an *ungrateful*, as well as an *inſolent* fellow; as his Majeſty has got his books bound in beſt morocco leather, (Oh, that PETER's own hide had been ſtripped off, and tanned for the purpoſe!) which are now in the library at Buckingham-houſe: nay, more, his Majeſty has condeſcended to *write notes* on the varlet's works!—yes! with *his own* moſt royal hand! Thus has this moſt unloyal, moſt diſreſpectful, moſt ungrateful,

ungrateful, and moſt pitiful rhymer,—a KING FOR A COMMENTATOR!!!—His Majeſty is pleaſed, with a ſmile, to call him the "*Merry* Wight." Might I offer an emendation to MAJESTY, it ſhould be the *wicked* Wight.

TO A FRIEND OUT OF PLACE.

SO then, thy SOV'REIGN turns away his face!
Thank God, with all thy ſoul, for the *diſgrace*.

This inſtant down upon thy knee,
And idolize the man who makes thee free;
 No more endeavour FOLLY's hand to kiſs!
At firſt I look'd with pity on thy ſtate;
But now I humbly thank the foot of FATE,
 That kindly kicks thee into bliſs.

I've been diſgrac'd too—felt a Monarch's frown,
And conſequently quitted town:
 But have my fields refus'd their ſmiles ſo ſweet?
Say, have my birds grown ſulky, with the King?
My thruſhes, linnets, larks, refus'd to ſing?
 My winding brooks, to prattle at my feet?

No!

No! no ſuch matter! Each unclouded day
On dove-like pinions gaily glides away:
In ſhort, all Nature ſeems diſpos'd to pleaſe—
Then prithee quit thy qualms; look up and laugh;
The rural pleaſures let us largely quaff,
And make our *congé* to the Gods of Eaſe.

By day, ſhall NATURE's ſimple voice
Our walks, and rides of health rejoice,
Far from an empty Court where TUMULT howls;
And ſhould at night, by chance, an hour
Be with *ennui* inclin'd to low'r,
We'll go and liſten to our owls;

Birds from whoſe throats 'tis ſaid that *wiſdom* ſprings—
How very diff'rent from the throats of *Kings!*

ADVICE

TO

THE FUTURE LAUREAT:

AN ODE.

Nil nimium studeo, Cæsar, tibi velle placere;
Nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.

CATULLUS.

So little, Cæsar's humour claims my care,
I know not if the man be black or fair.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet expresseth wonderful curiosity for knowing the future Laureat—reporteth the Candidates for the sublime office of Poetical Trumpeter—recommendeth to his Muse the praises of economy, poultry, cow-pens, pigs, dunghills, &c.—adviseth the mention of his present money-loving Majesty of Naples, also of the great people of Germany.—PETER gently criticiseth poor THOMAS, and uttereth strange things of Courts—he exclaimeth suddenly, and boasteth of his purity—he returneth sweetly to the unknown Laureat, asketh him pertinent questions, and informeth him what a Laureat should resemble.

PART II.

THE Poet feeleth a most uncommon metamorphose—breaketh out into a kind of poetical delirium—talketh of court-reformation, the arts and sciences; and seemeth to continue mad to the end of the chapter.

ADVICE

TO

THE FUTURE LAUREAT.

ODE.

WHO ſhall reſume Saint James's fiſe,
And call ideal virtues into life?
On tiptoe gàping, lo, I ſtand,
To ſee the future Laureat of the land!

Dread rivals, ſplaſhing through the dirty road,
With thund'ring ſpecimens of Ode,
The lyric bundles on each Poet's back,
Intent to gain the ſtipend and the Sack,
See MASON, HAYLEY, to the Palace ſcamper,
Like porters ſweating underneath a hamper!

And ſee the hacks of NICHOLS' Magazine
Ruſh, loyal, to berhyme a King and Queen;
And ſee, full ſpeed, to get the tuneful job,
The bellman's heart, with hopes of vict'ry, throb.

 O thou,

O thou, whate'er thy name, thy trade, thy art,
Who from obſcurity art doom'd to ſtart,
Call'd, by the Royal mandate, to proclaim
To diſtant realms a Monarch's feeble fame—
For fame of Kings, like cripples in the gout,
Demands a crutch to move about—

Whoe'er thou art, that winn'ſt the envied prize,
Oh, if for Royal ſmile thy boſom ſighs,
Of pig-economy exalt the praiſe;
Oh, flatter ſheep and bullocks in thy lays!
To ſaving wiſdom boldly ſtrike the ſtrings,
And juſtify the grazier-trade in Kings.

Deſcant on ducks and geeſe, and cocks and hens,
Hayſtacks and dairies, cowhouſes and pens;
Deſcant on dunghills, ev'ry ſort of kine;
And on the pretty article of ſwine,

Inform us, without loſs, to twig
The ſtomach of a feeding calf, or cow;
And tell us, economic, how
To ſteal a dinner from a fatt'ning pig;
And, Bard, to make us ſtill more bleſt, declare
How hogs and bullocks may grow fat on *air*.

Sing

Sing how the King of Naples ſells his fiſh,
And from his ſtomach cribs the daintieſt diſh;
Sing, to his ſubjects how he ſells his game;
So fierce for dying rich, the Monarch's flame:

Sing of th' economy of German quality;
Emp'rors, Electors, dead to hoſpitality;
Margraves, and miſerable Dukes,
Who ſqueeze their ſubjects, and who ſtarve their cooks!
Such be the burthen of thy birth-day ſong,
And, lo, our Court will liſten all day long.

Tom prov'd unequal to the Laureat's place;
Luckleſs, he warbled with an Attic grace:
The language was not underſtood at Court,
Where bow and curt'ſy, grin and ſhrug, reſort;
Sorrow for ſickneſs, joy for health, ſo civil;
And love, that wiſh'd each other to the devil!

Tom was a ſcholar—luckleſs wight!
Lodg'd with old manners in a muſty college;
He knew not that a Palace hated knowledge,
And deem'd it pedantry to ſpell and write.

Tom heard of royal libraries, indeed,
And, weakly, fancied that the books were *read*:

He knew not that an author's ſenſe
Was, at a Palace, not worth finding;
That what to notice gave a book pretence,
Was ſolely paper, print, and binding!

Some folks had never known, with all their wit,
Old Pindar's name, nor occupation,
Had not *I* ſtarted forth—a lucky hit,
And prov'd myſelf the Theban Bard's relation.

The names of Drummond, Boldero, and Hoare,
Though ſtrangers to Apollo's tuneful ear,
Are diſcords that the Palace-folks adore,
Sweet as ſincerity, as honour dear;

The name of Homer, none are found to know it,
So much the Banker ſoars beyond the Poet;
For Courts prefer, ſo claſſically weak,
A Guinea's muſic to the noiſe of Greek:
Menin aeide Thea, empty ſounds,
How mean to—"Pay the bearer fifty pounds!"

Angels,

Angels, and miniſters of grace, what's here!
See ſuppliant SAL'SB'RY to the Bard appear!
He ſighs—upon his knuckles he is down!—
His Lordſhip begs I'll take the Poet's crown.

Avaunt, my Lord!—Solicitation, fly!
I'll not be Zany to a King, not I:
I'll be no Monarch's humble thruſh,
To whiſtle from the laurel buſh;
Or, rather, a tame owl, to hoot
Whene'er it ſhall my maſters ſuit.

I have no flatt'ries cut and dried—no varniſh
For Royal qualities, ſo apt to tarniſh,
Expos'd a little to the biting air:
I've got a ſoul, and ſo no lies to ſpare;
Beſides, too proud to ſing for hire,
I ſcorn to touch a *venal* lyre.

Avaunt, ye ſceptred vulgar—purpled, ermin'd;
The Muſe ſhall make no mummies, I'm determin'd.
World, call her proſtitute, bawd, dirty b—,
If meanly *once* ſhe deals in ſpice and pitch,
And ſaves a carcaſe, by its lyric balm,
So putrid, which the very worms muſt damn.

Again to thee I turn, from dear digreſſion;
To thee, ambitious of the Sack-poſſeſſion!
O thou, the future Laureat, yet unknown,
The nightingale or magpie of a Throne!
  Reveal the ſituation of thy brain.
Or clear, or muddy is its fountain?
Of molehills can it make a mountain,
  So ſtrong the magic of its wizard ſtrain?

Laureats ſhould boaſt a buſhel of invention,
Or yield up all poetical pretenſion:
  Lo, flatt'ries form a Monarch's firſt delights!
A ſolar microſcope the Bard ſhould be,
That to a camel's ſize can ſwell a flea,
  And give the guts of aldermen to mites.

PART II.

MY ſoul aſſumes a loftier wing;
I'm chang'd, I feel myſelf a King!
I'm ſceptred—on my head the crown deſcends!
To purple turn'd my coat of parſon's grey,
Now let my Majeſty itſelf diſplay,
And ſhow that Kings and glory may be friends.

Yet, though I feel myſelf a King,
I hope, untainting, that the crown deſcends—
Not on my people's ſhoulders bids me ſpring;
And cry, forgetful of myſelf and friends,
" Blood of the Gods within my veins I find;
" Not the mean puddle of that mob, mankind."

Low at my feet the ſpaniel-courtiers cow'r;
Curl, wheedle, whine, paw, lick my ſhoe, for pow'r;
Prepar'd for ev'ry inſult, ſervile train,
To take a kicking, and to fawn again!

Off,

Off, PITT and GRENVILLE! you are not yet men;
Go, children, to your leading-ſtrings agen;
  Make not a hobby-horſe of this fair Iſle:—
Yet, were no danger in the childiſh ſway,
A Kingdom might permit a baby's play,
  And at its weakneſſes indulge a ſmile.
Off, then!—once more upon your letters look—
Go, find of politics the loſt horn-book.

Off with EXCISE your Imp, with lengthen'd claws,
And fangs deep-rooted in his hydra-jaws;
That monſter, damping FREEDOM's ſacred joys;
Fed by *your* hands, ye pair of fooliſh boys!
My ſoul, to FREEDOM wedded, FREEDOM loves;
  Then blaſt me, lightnings, when, ſo coldly cruel,
  I to pomatum ſacrifice the jewel,
Rouge, pigtail, and a pair of gloves.

Off, J——! ſome demon did create thee:
  Oh, form'd to fawn, to kneel, to lie, to flatter!
" Perdition catch my ſoul, but I do hate thee!
  " And when I hate thee not," I war with NATURE.
Such reptiles dare not 'midſt my radiance ſport—
Curs'd be ſuch ſnakes that crawl about a Court,

Diſgrace

Difgrace not, fimp'ring fycophants, my throne!—
E——, and pigmy V——r, be gone!
Br——, thou ftinkeft!—weazel, polecat, fly!
Thy manners fkock, thy form offends my eye.
As for thy principles—thy're gone long fince;
Loft, when a poor deferter from thy Prince.

——, avaunt!—thou'rt cowardly and mean;
Thy foul is fable, and thy hands unclean.
Yet to minutiæ to defcend, what need?
Enough, that thou art one of Charles's breed.

Out with that Sal'sbury!—Dundas, avaunt!
  Off, water-gruel Westmoreland, and Leeds!
You, verily, are not the men I want—
  My bounty no fuch folly feeds.

Off, Harcourt! who wouldft ftarve my kine,
Or make them, poor lean devils, dine
  On vile horfe-chefnuts—'tis a curfed meal—
Inftead of turnips, corn, and hay:
Thou fhalt not, by this avaricious way,
  Into my royal favour fteal.

Off, Uxbridge!—Leeds, too, once more get along!
You ſhall not be Lord-Preſidents of ſong;
  You throw poor St. Cecilia into fits:
You've ears, but verily they do not hear,
Juſt as you've tongues that cannot ſpeak, I fear;
  And brains that want their compliment of wits.

Off, Walsingham!—thou putt'ſt me in a ſweat:
I hate a jack-in-office martinet—
For ever ſomething *moſt important* brewing;
For ever buſy, buſy, nothing doing.

Thou plague of Poſt-office, the teazer, fretter;
Informing clerks the way to ſeal a letter;
Who, full of wiſdom, hold'ſt thyſelf the broom,
Inſtructing Suſan how to ſweep the room;
  The letter-man, to hold his bag;
The mail-guard (ſunk in ignorance forlorn!)
To load his blunderbuſs, and blow his horn;
  Off, off!—of conſequence thou rag!
Go to the fields, and gain a Nation's thanks;
Catch graſshoppers and butterflies for Banks.

I want not fellows that can only prate;
I want no whirligigs of ſtate;

No

No jack-a-lanterns, imitating fire,
Skipping, and leading men into the mire.

Thou servile copyist, WEST, begone!
With nought worth saving of thy own;
Phillis and Chloe, dancing dogs,
PINETTI, and the fortune-telling hogs,
Toymen and conj'rors, from my presence fly!
I have no children to amuse—not I.

Off, Sw——G! thou lean, old, wicked cat;
Restless and spitting, biting, mewing, mean,
Thou shalt not in my chimney-corner squat;
Thou shalt not, harridan, be Queen:
Off, to thy country, by the map forgot,
Where TYRANNY and FAMINE curse the spot!

Yet empty first thy bags of plunder'd gain,
Wages of vile political pollution;
Then vanish, thou OLD FISTULA! a drain
Enervating our glorious Constitution!

Off, HASTINGS' Wife! thy di'monds bode no good;
They shall not taint us—lo, they smell of blood!

Off,

Off, off, old GILBERT's ſpawn!—now EDGECOMBE's fury,
In manners coarſer than the dames of Drury!
O form'd for Uglineſs itſelf a foil!
Sprung from the Church, the world might well ſuppoſe
Thy blood with ſome few drops of meekneſs flows—
No, vitriol!—not one particle of oil!

I'll have no Laureat—ſacred be the Ode;
Unſullied let its torrent roll!
Few merits mine, the Muſe's wing to load;
Small grace of form, and no ſublime of ſoul:
And yet, whate'er the merits that are mine,
By verſe unvarniſh'd ſhall they ſhine.

The real Virtues dare themſelves diſplay,
And need no pedeſtal to ſhow away:
Each from herſelf her own importance draws,
And ſcorns a chatt'ring Poet's mock applauſe.

Have niggard Nature, and my ſtars, unkind,
Of ſenſe and virtues ſtript my deſert mind;
My name let SILENCE, with her veil, invade,
And cold OBLIVION pour th' eternal ſhade.

Oblig'd

Oblig'd not to an author's rhyme,
Important, down the ſtream of TIME,
O let me ſail, or not at all;
Too proud for Bards to take in tow my name,
Juſt like the Victory,* or Fame,*
That drag along the jollyboat or yawl.

Away, the little ſniv'ling ſpirit!
Away, the hate of riſing merit!
Thy heav'n-ward wing, aſpiring GENIUS, wave;
I will not, lev'ling with a jaundic'd eye,
The ſecret blunderbuſs let fly,
To give thee, O thou royal bird! a grave.

I'll have no poet-perſecution—no!
Proud of its liberty, the verſe ſhall flow;
The mouth of Pegaſus ſhall feel no curb:
If, idly wanton, Poets tax me wrong,
Theirs is the infamy, for theirs the ſong;
Such blaſts ſhall ne'er my ſoul's deep calm diſturb.

But, ſhould fair TRUTH to SATIRE lend an edge,
Bid with more force deſcend her thund'ring ſledge,
My

* Ships of the line.

My juſtice dares not break that poet's pipe;
And, like a ſchool-boy, to the tiger's den,
Who wanton flings a cat, a cock, or hen,
I will not give him to *MACDONALD's gripe.

Wiſe, let me huſh of prejudice the ſtorm,
Diſarm him for the future, and reform:
Yes; 'ſtead of giving him a *law-jobation*,
Revenge the blow by reformation.

To TEOS, which of yore was reckon'd far,
HIPPARCHUS really ſent a man of war,
To bring ANACREON, honied bard, to court;
So PLATO ſays, a man of good report.

How diff'rent, Monarchs of the preſent day!
From modern Kings each bee-like minſtrel ſculks,
Whoſe love would clap the bards on board the hulks,
Or ſend them out to warble at † THIEVES BAY.

Come, Science, and the Arts, around me bloom;
Thrice-welcome, half my empire claim:
The eye of GENIUS ſhall not wear a gloom,
Nor BOYDELL daſh my cheek with ſhame.

Hiſtorians,

* The Attorney-General.

† Commonly called *Botany*-Bay.

Hiſtorians, Poets, Painters, ev'ry merit,
Shall feel King PETER's foſt'ring ſpirit.

Yes, men of genius, be my equals, free—
Imperious conſequence ye ſhall not feel;
For ſhow collected, juſt to bend the knee,
And grace, like ſlaves of yore, a chariot-wheel:

Avaunt, the paraſitic dedication!
A trap to catch my ſmile, deceive the Nation,
And make the wide-mouth'd million bleſs my name.
Ah! let my *deeds* alone, inſtead of *lies*,
Proclaim me open, gen'rous, good, and wiſe;
Thoſe manly heralds of a virtuous fame.

Here, from your hovels, ſons of ſcience, come:
Oh, haſte! and call King PETER's houſe your home:
Your huts, your ſolitary mountains, quit,
And make my court a galaxy of wit.

Come, VIRTUE, though a dungeon hide thy face,
(For to thy lot too oft misfortune falls)
Whoſe angel-form, from jails can blot diſgrace,
And caſt a ſacred ſplendor o'er the walls.

Thus ſhall our moments glide on golden wings;
Thus will we triumph with expanded hearts;
At times be merry upon thriſty Kings,
And ſmile at Majeſty that ſtarves the arts.
Ambitious, if with WISDOM thus we wed;
A Farthing ſhall not bluſh to bear OUR head!

A

COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

THE ABYSSINIAN TRAVELLER.

———— *Non Fabula mendax.*
WONDERS!—WONDERS!!—WONDERS!!!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

PERMIT a poor ſon of Apollo to make an offering of his pamphlet (a ſort of widow's mite), for the pleaſure received from your five quartos. Aware of the dangers of launching into the foaming ſea of uſual dedication, in which many an unfortunate author has been drowned, I tremble at my preſent attempt. Exalted panegyric too frequently incurs the ſuſpicion of a ſneer. *Your* dedication, illuſtrious Sir, to the beſt of Kings, ſtrikes me as the moſt perfect model of imitation—it is a column of Attic elegance and ſimplicity, erected to a deſerving Monarch. Pray, Sir, did his auguſt Majeſty honour it with a peruſal before publication? It truly forms the *ne plus ultra* of human panegyric; and what is marvellous, cannot be ſuſpected of adulation. Pray, Sir, how much might his Majeſty give you for it?

What a ſimilarity, illuſtrious Sir, between yourſelf and Mr. JAMES BOSWELL! and yet what a diſtance! Both glorioully ambitious, both great ſcholars, both intellectually adorned, both popular gentlemen, both dealers in hiſtory, and both deſcended from kings! But Mr. JAMES BOSWELL's ambition was not of ſo bold a wing as yours. *He* was content with a journey to Scotland, to exhibit Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the lexicographer, to the *literati* of that country: *your* more exalted ideas could only be ſatisfied with a diſplay of the head-quarters of the IMMORTAL NILE, who had puzzled the purſuits of men for ſeven thouſand years. Whilſt Mr. BOSWELL entertains only with a breakfaſt on ſpal-

dings (*alias* dried whitings), the ſublimer BRUCE treats us with a diſh of lion. Whilſt BOSWELL brings us acquainted with plain Scottiſh gentlewomen only, the gallant BRUCE charms us with romantic tales of QUEEN SITTINIA, &c. Whilſt Mr. BOSWELL preſents us only with an anecdote of a flannel night-cap made by Miſs M'LEOD, for the Doctor's bald head; the ſublimer BRUCE tells us of a piece of ſattin, and ſix handſome crimſon and green handkerchiefs, moſt gallantly tranſmitted to the beautiful AISCACH, of TEAWA. Whilſt Mr. BOSWELL amuſes us only with with his drunken bout, and conſequently a ſimple emetic ſcene, the ſoaring BRUCE greets us with the more important hiſtory of a thundering DIARRHÆA. Whilſt Mr. BOSWELL prides himſelf only upon his deſcent from a Scottiſh King, the penetrating BRUCE diſcovers an origin from KING SOLOMON and the QUEEN OF SHEBA; which, under the roſe, muſt be eſtabliſhing a baſtardy in the family, as the Abyſſinian Queen could be nothing more than Solomon's concubine, their marriage having never been proved.

Pray, Sir, what may his Majeſty intend to do with your invaluable drawings, &c. &c.? Are they to be engraved, *pro bono publico*, at the expence of the royal purſe; or kept *cautiouſly* locked up in a drawer at Buckingham-houſe, to induce the *dilettanti* to ſigh for the publication? Poſſibly they are deſtined to be a poſthumous work of the greateſt of Kings; but not like poſthumous works in general, to diſgrace the dead.

I am, ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

P. P.

A

COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE.



SWEET is the tale, however ſtrange its air,
That bids the public eye *aſtonied* ſtare!
Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its ſhape,
That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder gape!
Behold, our infancies in tales delight,
That bolt like hedgehog-quills the hair upright.
Of ghoſts how pleas'd is ev'ry child to hear!
To ſuch is Jack the Giant-killer dear!
Dread monſters, iſſuing from the flame or flood,
Charm, though with horror cloth'd they chill the blood!
What makes a tale ſo ſleepy, languid, dull?
Things as they happen'd—not of marvel full.
What gives a zeſt, and keeps alive attention?
A tale that wears the viſage of invention:
A tale of lions, ſpectres, ſhipwreck, thunder;
A wonder, or firſt couſin to a wonder.

Myſterious conduct! yet 'tis NATURE's plan
To ſow with wonder's ſeeds the ſoul of man,
That ev'ry where in ſweet profuſion riſe,
And ſprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes!

What to the *vaſty* deep *SIR JOSEPH gave,
As of the world, the ſport of wind and wave?
What bade the Knight, amid thoſe ſcenes remote,
Sleep with Queen Oborea in the boat?
What, unconfounded, leap to Newton's chair?
What, but to make a world with wonder ſtare?
What bids a KING on Wimbledon, Blackheath,
So oft rejoice the regiments of death;
While Britain's mightier bulwark ſlighted lies,
And, vainly groaning, for its Cæſar ſighs?
What, with the vulgar pigs of Aſcot taken,
Devour on † Aſcot-heath his annual bacon?
What bade that great, great man, a goodly ſight,
Watch his wife's di'mond petticoat all night;

And

* Sir Joſeph Banks.

† Conſtantly, *yea*, with annual conſtancy, do their *auguſt Majeſties* devour the fine fat bacon of Aſcot at the time of the races, and, after deeply loading their royal ſtomachs with this ſavoury meat, in grateful return load Aſcot and the bacon with royal approbation.

And what that wife of great, great, great renown,
Make her own caps, and darn a thread-bare gown?
What bade the charming * LADY MARY fly
MARCHESI's ſqueeze, for PACCHIEROTTI's ſigh?
What MASTER EDGECUMBE deal in rhiming ware?
What, but to put all † Cawſand in a ſtare?
Sweet child of verſe, who, with importance big,
Pleas'd its own ſelf, and eterniz'd a pig; ‡
Whilſt, mad an equal weight of praiſe to ſhare,
OLD MOUNT plays Punchinello to a hair.
What makes a girl the ſhops for novels rove?
The ſweet impoſſibilities of love;
Quixotic deeds to catch the flying fair,
To pant at dangers, and at marvels ſtare.
What prompteth Chloe, conſcious of the charms
That crowd the ſouls of ſwains with wild alarms,

To

* Lady Mary Duncan.

† A ſmall fiſhing-town near Mount Edgecumbe.

‡ This pig, Cupid, who many years ago fell in love with the Earl, has a monument erected to his memory, with an inſcription on it by Lord Valletort, the Earl's ſon.—It is ſaid, that his Majeſty, when at Mount Edgecumbe, happening to be gravely pondering near his grave, the Queen, who was at ſome diſtance, aſked him, what he was looking at ſo ſeriouſly. His Majeſty, with a great deal of humour, immediately replied, "The family vault, Charly; family vault, family vault."

To give the ſwelling boſom's milk-white ſkin
A veil of gauze ſo marvelouſly thin?
What but a kind intention of the fair
To treat the eyes of ſhepherds with a ſtare?
Behold! RELIGION's ſelf, celeſtial dame,
Founds on the rock of miracle her fame:
A ſacred building, that defies decay,
That ſin's wild waves can never waſh away!
What made* JOHN ROLLE (except for EXON's ſtare)
Drill-ſerjeant to the aldermen and may'r,
E'er from the hall he led his choſen bands,
To view the KING OF NATIONS, and kiſs hands?
How rarely man the haunts of wiſdom ſeeks,
Pleas'd with the life of cabbages and leeks!
Though form'd to plough the ſoil, divinely ſtrong,
'Tis famine goads him, like an ox, along:

But

* Mr. JOHN ROLLE's dread of a failure in the *etiquette* of preſentment to his Majeſty when at Exeter, prevailed on himſelf to take a deal of trouble with gentlemen who were to be introduced at the *Levee*: but, in ſpite of all his intellectual powers, which, like his corporeal, are of more than ordinary texture, much diſorder happened; indeed the beſt of Kings was three or four times nearly overturned. Many were the gentlemen that Mr. ROLLE was forced to place himſelf behind, to pull down properly on their knees; and many were the gentlemen he was obliged to run after, and make face to the right about, who uncourteouſly, though unwittingly, in quitting the preſence, had turned their unpoliſhed tails on Majeſty.

But BRUCE, on CURIOSITY'S wild wings,
Darts, hawk-like, where the game of marvel ſprings.
Let envy kindle with the bluſh of ſhame,
That dares to call thee, BRUCE, a thief of fame.
Pleas'd to thy wonder's vortex to be drawn,
A thouſand volumes could not make me yawn:
And (O accept a ſalutary hint)—
The world will read as faſt as thou canſt print.

Curs'd by the gooſe's and the critic's quill,
What tortures tear us, and what horrors thrill!
Thus that ſmall imp, a tooth, a ſimple bone,
Can make fair ladies and great heroes groan;
Tear hopeleſs virgins from their happy dream,
And bid for doctors 'ſtead of ſweethearts ſcream;
In tears the tender toſſing infant ſteep,
And from its eyelids bruſh the dews of ſleep,
Where, with a cheek in cherub bluſhes dreſt,
It ſeeks, with fruitleſs cries, its vaniſh'd reſt.
Far diff'rent, THOU, erect in conſcious pride,
Coloſſal dar'ſt the critic hoſt beſtride;
Like yelping coward curs canſt make them ſkip,
And tremble at the thunder of thy whip.

How

How hard that thou, a busy working bee,
Shouldst range from flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree;
Fly loaded home from shrubs of richest prime,
Egyptian, Nubian, Abyssinian thyme;
And plund'ring * drones upon thine honey thrive,
Who never gave an atom to the hive!
Huge WHALE of marvel-hunters, further say,
And glad the present and the future day;
Speak! did no angel, proud to intervene,
Bear thee, like Habbakuk, from scene to scene?

Lo! moon-ey'd WONDER opes her lap to thee:
How niggardly, alas! to luckless me!
Wherere'er through trackless woods thy luckier way,
Marvels, like dew-drops, beam on ev'ry spray.
Blest man! whate'er thou wishest to behold,
Nature as strongly wishes to unfold;
Of all her wardrobe offers every rag,
Of which thy skill hath form'd a conj'ror's bag.
Thy deeds are giants, covering ours with shame!
Poor wasted pigmies! skeletons of fame!
To thee how kindly hath thy genius giv'n
The massy keys of yonder star-clad heav'n;

With

* Alluding to an Abridgement of Mr. Bruce's Travels.

With leave, whene'er thou wiſheſt to unlock it,
To put a few eclipſes in thy pocket!
NATURE, where'er thou tread'ſt, exalts her form;
The whiſp'ring zephyr ſwells a howling ſtorm;
Where pebbles lay, and riv'lets purl'd before,
Huge promontories riſe, and oceans roar.
Thrice-envy'd man (if truth each volume ſings),
Thy life how happy! hand and glove with kings!
A ſimple ſwain, a ſtranger to a throne,
I ne'er ſat down with kings to pick a bone!
For ſmiles I gap'd not, crouch'd not for aſſiſtance;
But paid my ſalutations at a diſtance:
Yet live, O KINGS, to ſee a diſtant date,
Becauſe I've got a pretty good eſtate;
A comely ſpot near Helicon, that thrives;
A leaſehold though, that hangs upon your lives;
Set to GEORGE KEARSLEY, at a moderate rent;
Enough for me, poor ſwain, it brings content.
Were heav'n to place a crown upon my head,
So meek, ſo modeſt, I ſhould faint with dread;
And like ſome honeſt biſhop, with a ſigh,
"Pity my greatneſs, Lord!" would be my cry.
Poets, like ſpiders, now-a-days muſt ſpin,
E'en from *themſelves*, the threads of life ſo thin.

Nought

Nought pleaſeth now the rulers of great nations,
But books of wonders, and ſweet dedications.
Kings, like the mountains of the moon, indeed,
Proud of their ſtature, lift a lofty head;
Heads, like the mountains alſo, cold and raw,
That, ice-envelop'd, ſeldom feel a thaw.
Oh, may the worſt of ills my ſoul betide,
For *me* if ever love-ſick lady dy'd!
If fatal darts from theſe two eyes of mine,
Play'd havock with fair ladies hearts, like thine:
No, no! I ever a hard bargain drove,
And purchas'd ev'ry atom of my love.
O BRUCE, I own, all candour, that I look
With envy, downright envy, on thy book;
A book like Pſalmanazar's, form'd to laſt,
That gives th' hiſtoric eye a ſweet repaſt;
A book like Mandeville's, that yields delight,
And puts poor probability to flight;
A book that e'en Pontopidan would own;
A book moſt humbly offer'd to the Throne;
A book, how happy, which the King of Iſles
Admires (ſays rumour), and receiv'd with ſmiles!

The fool, with equal gape, aſtoniſh'd ſees,
Through WONDER's glaſſes, elephants and fleas;

But thou, in WONDER's ſchool long bred, full grown,
Art pleas'd indeed with elephants alone:
Hadſt thou been GOD, an inſult to thy ſight,
Thy majeſty had ſcorn'd to make a mite.
Know, where th' Atlantic holds th' unwieldly whale,
My heart has panted at the monſter's tail:
Had BRUCE been there, th' invincible, the brave,
How had he daſh'd at once beneath the wave!
Bold with his dirk the mighty fiſh purſu'd,
And ſtain'd whole leagues of ocean with his blood;
Then riſing glorious from the great attack,
Grac'd with the wat'ry tyrant on his back!

'Mid thoſe fair * iſles, the happy iſles of old,
Plains that the ghoſts of kings and chiefs patrol'd,
Theſe eyes have ſeen; but, let me truth confeſs,
No royal ſpectre came, theſe eyes to bleſs:
To no one chieftain-phantom too, I vow,
With rev'rence, did I ever make my bow:
Gone to make room, poor ghoſts, ſo FATE inclines,
For gangs of lazy Spaniards and their vines.
But had thy foot, illuſtrious Trav'ler, trod,
Like me, the precincts of th' Elyſian ſod;

Full

* The Canaries, or the Inſulæ Fortunatæ of the Ancients.

Full of enquiry, eaſy, unconfounded,
By ſpectres hadſt thou quickly been ſurrounded;
Then had we heard thy book of wonder boaſt,
How Bruce the brave ſhook hands with ev'ry ghoſt!
In vain did I phænomena purſue,
For Wonder waits upon the choſen few.
Whate'er I ſaw requir'd no witch's ſtorm—
Slight deeds, that Nature could with eaſe perform!
Audacious, to purloin my fleſh and fiſh,
No golden eagles hopp'd into my diſh;
Nor crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
To mark my figure, left their oozy bed;
Nor loaded camels, to provoke my ſtare,
Sublimely whirl'd, like ſtraws, amid the air;
Nor, happy in a ſtomach form'd of ſteel,
On roaring lions have I made a meal.
Unequal *mine* with lions' bones to cope;
Thy jaws can only on ſuch viands ope.
Oh, hadſt thou trod, like me, the happy iſle,
Whoſe * mountain treats all mountains with a ſmile;
Bold hadſt thou climb'd th' aſcent, an eaſy matter,
And, nobly daring, ſous'd into the *crater*;
Then out agen hadſt vaulted with a hop,
Quick as a ſweeper from a chimney-top.

Oh,

* Teneriffe.

Oh, had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
The * isle which glads the heart with richest wine!
Beneath its vines, with common clusters crown'd,
At eve my wand'ring steps a passage found,
Where rose the hut, and, neither rich nor poor,
The wife and husband, seated at the door,
Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
The wire of music to the setting sun;
Where, blest, a tender offspring, rang'd around,
Join'd their small voices to the silver sound.
But had *thine* eye this simple scene explor'd,
The man at once had sprung a sceptred lord;
Princes and princesses the *bearns* had been;
The hut a palace, and the wife a queen;
Their golden harps had ravish'd thy two ears,
And beggar'd all the music of the spheres;
So kind is NATURE always pleas'd to be,
When visited by favourites, like *thee!*
Strange! thou hast seen the land, that, to its shame,
Ne'er heard our good -----'s virtues, nor his name!
I've only seen those regions, let me say,
Where his great *virtues* never found their way.

* Madeira.

Alas, I never met with royal ſcenes!
No vomits gave to Abyſſinian queens!
Drew not from royal arms the purple tide,
Nor ſcotch'd with fleams a ſceptred lady's hide;
Nor, in anatomy ſo very ſtout,
Ventur'd to turn a princeſs inſide out;
Nor, bluſhing, ſtripp'd me to the very ſkin,
To give a royal blackamoor a grin.
I never ſaw (with ignorance I own)
Mule-mounted Monarchs ſeek th' imperial throne;
Which mule the carpet ſpoil'd—a dirty beaſt!
Firſt ſtal'd, then—What?—Oblivion cloud the reſt.
I ſaw no king, whoſe ſubjects form'd a riot,
And, imp-like, howl'd around him for his quiet.
Nor have I been where men (what loſs, alas!)
Kill half a cow, and turn the reſt to graſs.
Where'er, great Trav'ler, thou art pleas'd to tread,
The teeming ſkies rain wonders on thy head:
No common birth to greet thine eye appears,
But ſacred labours of a thouſand years.
Where'er the Nile ſhall pour the ſmall'eſt ſluice,
The rills ſhall curl into the name of Bruce.
And, lo! a univerſe his praiſe ſhall utter,
Who, firſt of mortals, found the parent gutter;

And, let me add, of gutters too the QUEEN,
Without whofe womb the Nile had never been.
Thus many a man, whofe deeds have made a pother,
Has had a fcurvy father or a mother.
O form'd in art and fcience to furpafs;
To whom e'en VALOUR is an arrant afs;
O BRUCE, moft furely TRAVEL's eldeft fon;
Tell, prithee, all that thou haft feen and done!
I fear thou hideft half thy feats, unkind;
A thoufand wonders, ah! remain behind!
Where is the chariot-wheel with PHAROAH's name,
Fifh'd from the old Red Sea to fwell thy fame?
Where the horfe-fhoe with PHAROAH's arms, and found
Where wicked PHAROAH and his hoft were drown'd?
Where of that ftone a flice, and frefh account,
Giv'n by the LORD to MOSES on the Mount?
And where a flice of that ftone's elder brother,
That, broken, forc'd th' ALL-WISE t'engrave another?
Where of the cradle too, a facred rufh?
Where a true charcoal of the burning bufh?
And oh, the jewel, curious gem, difclofe,
That dangled from the Queen of Sheba's nofe,
When, with hard queftions, and two roguifh eyes,
She rode to puzzle Solomon the Wife!

Sagacious Terrier in DISCOVERY's mine,
Shall NATURE form no more a noſe like thine?
No more diſplay'd the pearls of wonder beam,
When thou, great man, art paſt the Stygian ſtream?
To Afric wilt thou never, BRUCE, return?
Howl, Britain! Europe, Abyſſinia mourn!
Droop ſhall DISCOVERY's wing, her boſom ſigh,
And MARVEL meet no more the raviſh'd eye;
NATURE outſtep her modeſty no more;
Her cataracts of wonder ceaſe to roar,
Forc'd to a common channel to ſubſide,
And pour no longer an aſtounding tide?
O bid not yet the lucky labours ceaſe;
Still let the Land of Wonder feel increaſe:
Thy loads of dung, delightful ordure, yield,
And bloſſom with fertility the field:
Gates, hedges mend, that IGNORANCE pull'd down,
And bring in triumph back each kidnapp'd town.
Though ENVY damns thy volumes of ſurpriſe,
Bleſt I devour them with unſated eyes!
What though ſour JOHNSON cry'd, with cynic ſneer,
" I deem'd at firſt, indeed, BRUCE had been there;
" But ſoon the eye of keen inveſtigation
" Prov'd all the fellow's tale a fabrication."

But

But who, alas! on JOHNSON'S word relies,
Who ſaw the too kind North with jaundic'd eyes;
Who rode to Hawthornden's fair ſcene by night,
For fear a Scottiſh tree might wound his ſight;
And, bent from decent candour to depart,
Allow'd a Scotchman neither head nor heart?
Grant fiction half thy volumes of ſurpriſe,
High in the ſcale of merit ſhalt thou riſe:
Still to FAME'S temple doſt thou boaſt pretenſion;
For thine the *rara avis* of invention!
And lo! amidſt thy work of lab'ring years,
A dignity of egotiſm appears;
A ſtyle that claſſic authors ſhould purſue;
A ſtyle that peerleſs *KATERFELTO knew!
Thou dear man-mountain of diſcovery, run;
Again attempt an Abyſſinian ſun!
Yes, go; a ſecond journey, BRUCE, purſue;
More volumes of rich hiſt'ry bring to view.
O run, ere TIME the ſpectred tombs invade,
And ſeize the crumbling wonders from the ſhade;
Crowd with fair columns, ſtruck by TIME, thy page,
And ſnatch the falling grandeur from his rage:
Give that old TIME a vomit too, and draw
More of Egyptian marvels from his maw;

 Bid

* A late celebrated philoſopher and conjuror.

Bid him difgorge (by moderns call'd *a bum*),
Scratch'd by ten thoufand trav'lers, Memnon's bum;
And, what all rarities muft needs furpafs,
The tail, the curious tail of Balaam's afs.
Say, what fhould ftop, O BRUCE, thy grand career;
Of FAME the fav'rite, and no child of FEAR?
DANGER's huge form, fo dread to vulgar eyes,
Pants at thy prefence, and a coward flies.
Where other trav'lers, fraught with terror, roam,
Lo! BRUCE in Wonder-Land is quite at home;
The fame cool eye on NATURE's forms looks down;
Lions and rats, the courtier and the clown.
Whate'er thine action, wonder crowds the tale;
It fmells of Brobdignag—it boafts a fcale!
Fond of the lofty, BRUCE no pigmy loves—
Who likes a pigmy, that a giant moves?
Again—what pigmy, with a form of lath,
Loft in his fhadow, likes the MAN OF GATH?
The bowerly hoftefs, for a cart-horfe fit,
Scorns DAPHNE's reed-like fhape, and calls her *chit*;
Whilft on the rough *robuftious* lump of Nature,
Contemptuous DAPHNE whifpers, "What a creature!"
Pity! purfuits like thine fhould feel a paufe!
More than half-fmother'd by fair FAME's applaufe,

I fee

I ſee thee ſafe return'd from MARVEL's mine,
Whoſe gems in ev'ry rock ſo precious ſhine;
Proud of the product of a world unknown,
Unloading all thy treaſure at the throne;
While courtiers cry aloud with one accord,
"Moſt marv'lous is the reign of George the Third!"
How like the butchers boys we ſometimes meet,
Stuck round with bladders, in a London ſtreet;
In full-blown majeſty who move, and drop
The bloated burden in an OILMAN's ſhop;
While country bumpkins, gazing at the door,
Cry they "*ne'er zeed zo vine a zight bevore!*"

I ſee old NILE, the king of floods, ariſe,
Shake hands, and welcome thee with happy eyes;
Otters and alligators in his train,
Made by thy five immortal volumes vain;
Weaſels and polecats, ſheregrigs, carrion-crows,
Seen and ſmelt only by thine eyes and noſe.
"Son of the Arts, and Couſin of a King,
"Loud as a kettle-drum whoſe actions ring,"
Exclaims the king of floods, "thy books I've read,
"And, for thy birth-place, envy Brother TWEED."
O BRUCE, by FAME for ever to be ſung;
Job's war-horſe fierce, thy neck with thunder hung:

When envious DEATH ſhall put thee in his ſtable,
Snipp'd life's fine thread, that ſhould have been a cable;
Lo! to thy mem'ry ſhall the marble ſwell,
Mauſoleum huge, and all thy actions tell!
Here, in fair ſculpture, the recording ſtones
Shall give thee glorious, cracking lions bones;
There, which the ſqueamiſh ſouls of Britain ſhocks,
Rich ſteaks devouring from the living ox:
Here, ſtaring on thee from the realm of water,
Full many a virtuoſo alligator;
There, BRUCE informing queens, in naked pride,
The feel and colour of a Scotſman's hide:
Here of the genealogy a tree,
Branching from SOLOMON'S wiſe trunk to thee;
There, with a valour nought could dare withſtand,
BRUCE fighting an hyæna hand to hand;
Which dread hyæna (what a beaſt uncouth!)
Fought with a pound of candles in his mouth:
Here temples burſting glorious on the view,
Which HIST'RY, though a goſſip, never knew;
There columns ſtarting from the earth and flood,
Juſt like the razor-fiſh from ſand and mud:
Here a wiſe Monarch, with voracious looks,
Receiving all thy drawings and thy books;

Whilſt

Whilſt FAME behind him all ſo ſolemn ſings
The lib'ral ſpirit of the beſt of Kings.

Man ſays, O BRUCE, that thou wert hardly us'd;
That our great King at firſt thy book refus'd;
Indeed look'd grimly 'midſt his courtier crew,
Who, gentle courtiers! all look'd *grimly* too!
Thus when in black the lofty SKY looks down,
The ſympathizing SEA reflects a frown;
Vale, cattle, reptile, inſect, man and maid,
All mope, and ſeem to ſorrow in the ſhade.

Steep is th' aſcent, and narrow is the road,
Ah me! that leads to FAME's divine abode:
Yet thick, (through lanes, like pilgrimaging rats,
Unaw'd by mortals, and unſcar'd by cats)
What crawling hoſts attempt her ſacred fane,
And dizzy, drunk-like, tumble back again;
Faſt as the ſwains, whoſe arms the damſels fill,
Embrace of elegance! down Greenwich-Hill;
Whilſt thou, Briarcus like, with dauntleſs air,
Reſolv'd to raviſh FAME, immortal Fair,
Juſt like our London bullies with the w——,
Haſt ſcal'd the cloud-capt height, and forc'd her doors!

O form'd

O form'd the trav'lers of the eaſt to ſcare,
Although thy pow'rs are mighty, learn to ſpare:
Dog ſhould not prey on dog, the proverb ſays:
Allow then brother-trav'lers, crumbs of praiſe;
Like thee, let others reap applauſe, and riſe
By daring viſits to Egyptian ſkies:
But calmly, lo! thou canſt not ſee them paſs;
"This is a rogue or fool, and that's an aſs."
Thus on a tree, whene'er the weather's fine,
JACK KETCH, the SPIDER, weaves the fatal line;
Beneath a leaf he hides with watchful eye,
Now darts, and roping hangs the trav'ling FLY.
Again, moſt tireſome, let me ſay, Go, go,
Proceed, and *all about it* let us know:
Led ſafely by thine enterpriſing ſtar,
Hyænas ſhall not with thy journey war:
Uneat by tigers, dare the foreſt's gloom,
To bid the barren field of knowledge bloom:
Wave o'er new pyramids thine eagle wings;
And, hound-like, ſcent freſh tombs of ancient kings,
Which TIME had buried with the mighty dead,
And cold OBLIVION ſwallow'd in her ſhade;
And mind, ('tis HIST'RY's province to *ſurpriſe*)
That tales are ſweeteſt, that ſound moſt like lies.

As

As the confeſſed ſuperiority of Miſter BRUCE *to Miſter* BOSWELL *entitles him to a more eminent mark of diſtinction, I have added an* ODE, *in my beſt Manner, to this* Complimentary Epiſtle, *which the Congratulatory Epiſtle to Miſter* BOSWELL *cannot boaſt.*

ODE TO JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

O BRUCE, for this his ſhort and ſweet epiſtle,
Perhaps thou bid'ſt the gentle bard "go whiſtle;"
Or ſomewhat worſe, *perchaunce*, that rhymes to *knight*;
That is to ſay, knights of the blade,
One time ſo buſy in the dubbing trade,
That, like to ſilver, it was ſhoulder'd bright.

Pity! by hungry critics thou ſhouldſt fall,
So clever, and ſo form'd to pleaſe us all!
Thou too, by royal favour all-ſurrounded,
As balm ſo rich, like cloves and nutmegs pounded!
Thus the BAG FOX, (how cruelly, alack!)
Turn'd out with turpentine upon his back,

Amidſt

Amidſt the war of hounds and hunters flies;
Shews ſport; but, luckleſs, by his fragrance dies!

Safe from the fury of the critic hounds,
O Bruce, thou treadeſt Abyſſinian grounds;
Nor can our Britiſh noſes hunt thy ſoil:
Indeed, thou need'ſt not dread th' event;
Surrounding clouds deſtroy the ſcent,
And mock their moſt ſagacious toil:
Yes, in thy darkneſs thou ſhalt leave the dogs;
For hares, the hunters ſay, run beſt in fogs.

Of thee and me, two great phyſicians,
How diff'rent are the diſpoſitions!
Thy ſoul delights in wonder, pomp, and buſtle;
Mine in th' *un*marvellous and placid ſcene,
Plain as the * hut of our good King and Queen;
I imitate the ſtationary muſcle.

Yet, boldly thou, O Bruce, again proceed;
Of wonder ope the fountain head;
Deluge the land with Abyſſinian ware;
Whilſt I, a ſimple ſon of peace,
The world of *bagatelle* increaſe,
By love-ſick ſonnets to the fair:

Now

* A houſe cloſe by the glorious caſtle of Windſor.

Now to Sir JOSEPH, now a Duke, now Wren,
Now Robin Red-breaſt, dedicate the pen;
Now Glow-worw, child of ſhade and light, not flame;
To whom, of wicked wits the tuneful art,
So very apt, indeed, from truth to ſtart,
Compares the nightly ſtreet-meand'ring dame.

Mild INSECT, harmleſs as myſelf, I ween;
Thou little planet of the rural ſcene,
When ſummer warms the vallies with her rays;
Accept a trifling ſonnet to *thy* praiſe.

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

BRIGHT ſtranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in ſafety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, oh, nightly be thy ſplendor giv'n!
Oh, could a wiſh of mine the ſkies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
With ev'ry ſweeteſt dew of Heav'n!

Say,

Say, doſt thou kindly light the Fairy train,
Amidſt their gambols on the ſtilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moiſten'd blade?
What lamp ſo fit, ſo pure as thine,
Amidſt the gentle elfin band to ſhine,
And chaſe the horrors of the midnight ſhade!

Oh! may no feather'd foe diſturb thy bow'r,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour!
Oh! may no ruthleſs torrent of the ſky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy ſeat;
Nor tempeſts tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midſt the humming myriads die!

Queen of the inſect world, what leaves delight?
Of ſuch theſe willing hands a bow'r ſhall form,
To guard thee from the ruſhing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the ſtorm.

Sweet Child of Stillneſs, 'midſt the awful calm
Of pauſing Nature thou art pleas'd to dwell;
In happy ſilence to enjoy thy balm,
And ſhed through life a luſtre round thy cell.

How

How diff'rent man, the imp of noiſe and ſtriſe,
Who courts the ſtorm that tears and darkens life;
Bleſt when the paſſions wild the ſoul invade!
How nobler far to bid thoſe whirlwinds ceaſe;
To taſte, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And, ſilent, ſhine in ſolitude and ſhade!

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